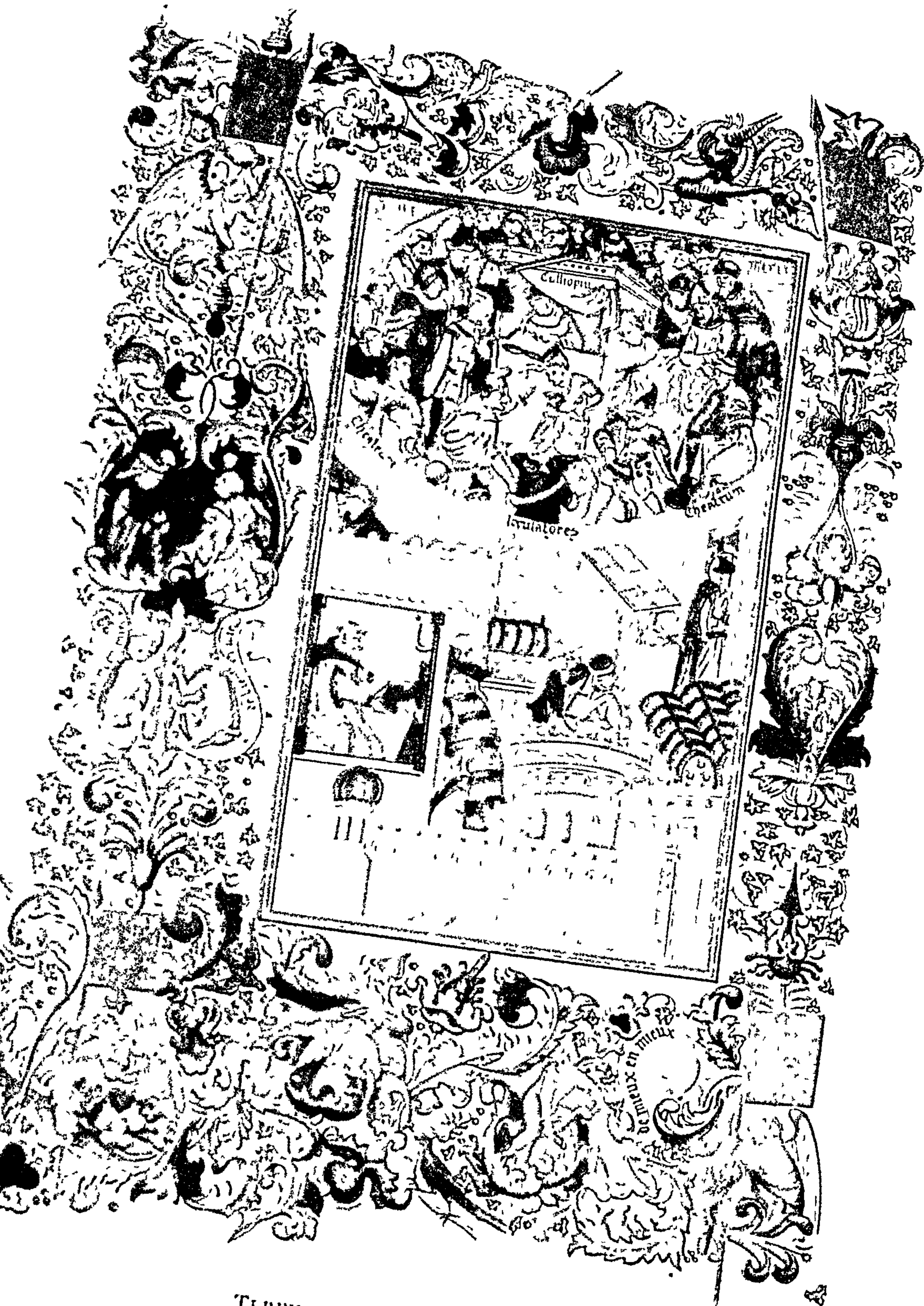
THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE



TERENCE. (Fifteenth Century.)

A page from a MS of the Comedies of Terence, in the Library of the Arsenal, Paris

The International LIBRARY of FAMOUS LITERATURE

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES AND CRITICAL ESSAYS

BY

MANY EMINENT WRITERS.

EDITED BY

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

of the British Museum

(1851-1899)

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

M. LEON VALLÉE

Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

DR. ALOIS BRANDL

Professor of Literature in the Imperial University, Berlin

AND

DONALD G. MITCHELL

(IK MARVEL)

the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor."

With Nearly Five Hundred Full-page Illustrations and Coloured Plates

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME X

LONDON

ISSUED BY

The Standard

1900

NOTE.

It has been the Editor's continual endeavour to render due acknowledgment, in the proper place, for permission generously granted to make use of extracts from copyrighted publications Should any error or omission be found, he requests that it may be brought to his notice, that it may be corrected in subsequent editions.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME X.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME X

INTRODUCTION

TO VOL. X

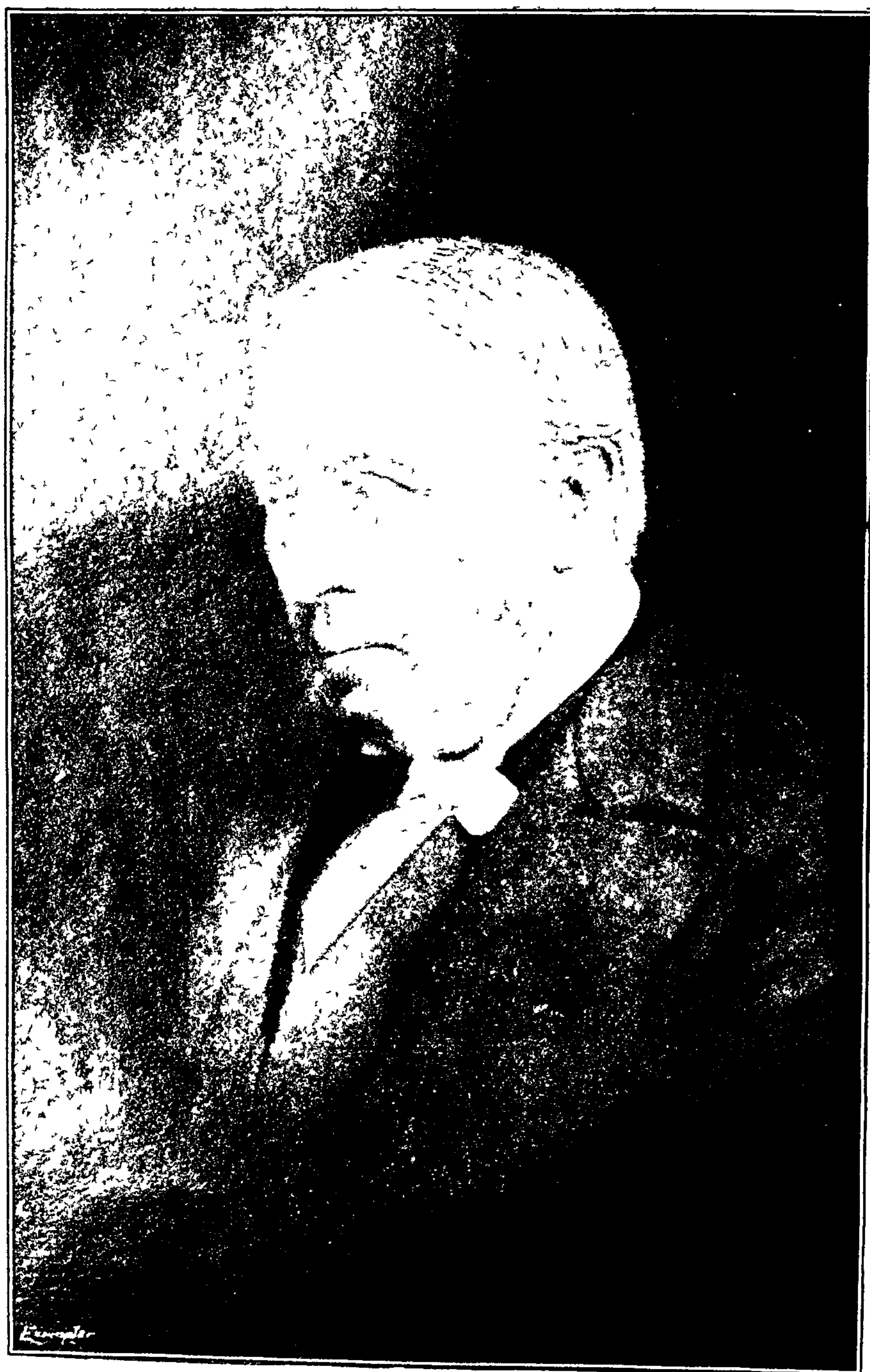
"THE LITERATURE OF HISTORY"

WRITTEN FOR

"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY
of Trinity College, Dublin
Author of "The Greek World Under Roman Sway," &c., &c.



PROFESSOR J P MAHAFFY

THE LITERATURE OF HISTORY

BY PROFESSOR MAHAFFY

IT is seldom fully appreciated, what a very large share of the world's literature is history of some sort. The primitive savage is probably the only kind of man who takes no interest in it; except it be that the memory of the dead is often carefully obliterated by him, and the names, or even words suggesting the names, of his fathers, tabooed from his speech. But as soon as a spark of civilisation illumines this primitive darkness, men begin to take an interest in other men, not only beyond their own immediate surroundings, but beyond the limits of their own generation. Interest in the past and provision for the future are perhaps the essential mental differences between the civilised man and the savage

According as this care for the past and the future increases, all literature divides itself into that which concerns the forces of nature and that which concerns the history of man. Almost all the literature of imagination starts from this latter. Epic poems profess to tell the history of heroes Tragic poems profess to analyse their emotions at some great crisis of their lives. Lyric poems are of interest, chiefly as giving us the history of the poet's soul. Even the modern novel, which is avowedly fictitious, must base itself upon the history of ordinary men, and borrows most of its plots from actual occurrences in their lives. The historical novel is a manifest bridge between the actual occurrences of past time, and the desire to know more of the motives, of the colour, of the character of the actors, than has been handed down in contemporary documents. This kind of novel, if professorial, like the

Egyptian books of Ebers, may approach the tamest record of the facts; if artistic, like those of Walter Scott, it may be almost a work of pure imagination. But the historical interest is always there, and it may be doubted whether the story of any invented being, formally divorced from the annals of known men, will ever excite the keen and permanent interest which the history of such a man as Alexander of Macedon or Napoleon will always command. The mass of fiction which gathered round the name of the former all pretends to be history; the vast libraries of Napoleonic books contain plenty of fiction, but the fiction is of little interest in comparison with the real history of that wonderful life.

As history in the widest sense therefore embraces the greater part of literature, we must here confine ourselves to what is strictly such—the efforts made by many writers in many nations for the last 3000 years either to ascertain the history of men who lived before them, who live away from them, or else to give us a picture of the society in which they themselves have lived

So long as the belief in a golden age, in a heroic past, dominated the imagination of men, so long both epic poems and annals were occupied with the uncertain and legendary past. The history of Herodotus is justly regarded as the masterpiece in a new line, the attempt to narrate a great struggle which was still in the memory of old men, and also to show how the earlier conditions of Greece and of Asia led up to this struggle And here for the first time the literary side of such a work was made important in contrast to the dry annals or mere enumeration of events, which was the earlier method of escaping from the fables of the romancers into the domain of real facts. The antagonism to the ornamental or poetical treatment was too strong in these annals Sober men then made the mistake which sober men do now; they imagined that if we could only ascertain the bare facts, we should have before us the true history of the past Such a notion is chimerical; unless we have living men reproduced with their passions and the logic of their feeling, we have no real human history. The historical novel gives us a far closer approximation to the whole truth than the chronological table Hence the genius of Herodotus,

like the genius of the Old Testament historians, hit upon the great truth that every worthy portrait is a character-portrait, and that the perfection of such a portrait depends as much upon the painter as upon the subject of the painting Herodotus' individual men and women, nay, his individual city-states, live in our imagination. He has done most of all men to make the history of Greece a subject of eternal interest. Plutarch is his only rival in this respect Had these two authors been lost, the educated public in all the European nations would long since have lost touch with the Greeks, and the interest in Greek things might have been confined to the lesser audience of artists and scholars.

If it be felt that Herodotus has still the obscure feeling of making history an epic poem, that he has too many digressions and halting-places—yet how precious they are!—the Greeks have supplied us with a strong antidote. By reason of that curious law, which forbids literary genius to appear sporadically (as in the exceptional case of Dante), but rather in clusters (as in the Periclean, Elizabethan, and Napoleonic epochs), we have as a great rival and contemporary of Herodotus the historian Thucydides. In deliberate antagonism to the free and easy gossiping of the old school traveller, who often delays the great march of his immortal epic by refreshing his readers with posies from the flowery fields of anecdote, this other literary genius lets us know clearly, without condescending to say it oftener than in one brief sentence, that the permanent value of history (in his opinion) lies not in the social or artistic side, but in the progress of political movements, in the conflicts of great principles, which mould the character and condition of nations. To him the war between Athens and Sparta, even down to its petty and monotonous raids, is far more important than the sculpture of Phidias, the poetry of Sophocles, the buildings of Ictinus and Mnesicles With him, as with a great school of modern historians, from Macchiavelli to Seeley, politics dominate the world, and therefore political history exceeds all other in value and in interest

But is it possible for any thoughtful man, living and taking part in the political controversies of his day, to give us an objective

record of his own time? This is what Thucydides professes to do; and so well has he concealed his partialities by his seriousness and his affected accuracy, that his literary genius has imposed upon the world of scholars from that day up to the present critical age. We know now that his subjectivity was no less dominating than that of Herodotus But it was disguised, as the subjectivity of a great painter is disguised from the vulgar by the accuracy of the likeness he paints. The contemporaries of Rembrandt may have insisted upon the fidelity with which he reproduced his Burgomasters, his old women, and his Jews. We now value his portraits not as likenesses, but as expressions of the painter's genius; and that is the real value of the history of Thucydides If Herodotus be the Vandyck who gives us a gallery of the grandees of Hellas and of Asia, Thucydides is the Rembrandt who expresses his own people, be they coarse or even ugly, with the force and spirit of his gloomy genius.

These are the two immortal types, even among our masters the Greeks, for all their successors seem weak beside them. Xenophon has all the technique of a historical artist, but he wants the strong character, the subjectivity which produces the harmony of a great work. Polybius has the subjectivity, the strong character of a historian, but he is so deficient in the technique that he is neglected by the world.

It cannot but be interesting to inquire how far these eternal contrasts are manifested in the great writers who have kept alive the torch of artistic history in modern times, but the subject is too vast to allow us here more than some general reflections. The solidarity of Europe, the myriad relations of great kingdoms in constant communication, have made the task so vast that no human mind can fill the whole canvas of contemporary history with an adequate and harmonious picture Thus Alison's Europe must have been a failure as a great work of art, nor would it have been attempted by any true historical genius The subject was too vast, and the events too close to the writer to admit of his producing a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί The only contemporary history which can claim a high place in art is in the form of memoirs such as those

of St. Simon, or of Boswell, which reflect the surface of an interesting society from day to day. The men who have shown a true genius for history in modern times have selected epochs from past centuries, in which the characters and the events were of such importance that they maintained their interest in the minds of civilised men

Foremost among those of English race comes Gibbon, the Herodotus of modern times in the wide range of his subject, in the clearness of his grasp, in the wealth of his imagination, but inferior to Herodotus as an artist, in that the artificial pomp of style is too prominent, and often distracts the reader's attention from the narrative; whereas the old Greek had attained that higher stage in which art seems to be nature in its apparent simplicity and the total absence of affectation Still Gibbon's history is a great and enduring work of art, which will never be superseded by the more pragmatic writing of modern men. He held fast to the old classical principle, that the historian must be rich in imagination, and not wanting in eloquence. Next to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, among the histories written in English, comes (in my opinion) Grote's *History of Greece.* Like Thucydides in his seriousness, his exclusive attention to politics, his decently veiled desire to refute the views of his predecessors, Grote was wanting in rhetorical skill, still more in that pathetic terseness which makes the narrative of Thucydides so impressive. It is in fact in paraphrasing his ancient models that Grote shows to the greatest advantage. But though his history has been called a huge political pamphlet in support of philosophical radicalism, his breadth, his learning, his thoroughness in working out his sources, make his *History of Greece* stand out ahead of the many shorter histories furnished by European scholars. For he was not only a scholar, but a politician, he knew how theoretical contradictions in a constitution are avoided by practical compromises, and if he neglected art, archæology, and, in general, the picturesqueness of his subject, he can still be used to rectify the want of insight in politics which the professorial historians of France and Germany are wont to display.

The research of Germany and the brilliancy of France have not produced any masterpieces which can rank with those of Gibbon or Grote. But they have, of course, produced many excellent and even great contributions to history. Two among the Germans impress me as greater than the rest—Mommsen's *History of Rome*, and *Histories of Medieval Athens and of Rome*, by Gregorovius. Both are written with far more finish of style than is usual in Germany, and both are monuments of great and accurate learning. In Mommsen's book this learning is as it were disguised by the absence of foot-notes, and still more by a certain petulance of style which suggests a mind prejudiced upon certain leading points of questions. The suspicion thus raised by the style of this remarkable book[1] may be confirmed by careful criticism of its authorities. On the other hand, a knowledge of Mommsen's special studies shows his gigantic power in gathering the materials for history. The greatest of all the predecessors of these men, Niebuhr, though the originator of a new method, was not great enough as a writer to maintain his position against modern competition. Yet his successors, with the exception of Mommsen, are rather respectable than great as artists. Many of them are first-rate scholars, but that is not our business here.

As might be expected from a nation that produces such excellent prose, the French have given us a whole series of eminent historians, but it is perhaps the high level of their style that has hindered any one of them from holding any primacy over his fellows. Guizot, Taine, Thiers, Renan, Montalembert, Henri Martin, and many others, have given us brilliant expositions of sundry periods in European history, but there is seldom absent from them that subjectivity which marks a Frenchman, and which mars his authority among other nations as a judge of historical evidence. There is also, in most of them, an over-attention to style, an anxiety to say brilliant things, which rather dazzle the

[1] The English reader is fortunate in this case to have an unusually excellent English translation (that of Dr Dickson) to his hand. The translation of Gregorovius' *History of Rome*, which is now in progress, is not sufficiently known to me to warrant any opinion upon it.

reader than illumine the subject in hand. Possibly any of them may be superseded more easily than de Tocqueville, whose studies on Democracy are, however, examples of political philosophy rather than of history.

But such generalities upon foreign historians are empty without some fuller justification for the writer's impressions. Let us return to the English writers who have made the present century, and even the present generation, famous for its historical studies. There are two Americans who stand among our foremost—Motley, the historian of the great period of Dutch history, and Parkman, upon a smaller canvas, but with no inferior hand, portraying the long struggle of France and England for the possession of North America. In our own country two eminent men, who afford such marked contrasts as to invite comparison, have but lately passed from among us—Freeman and Froude. The latter was a great writer, and had moreover a brilliant imagination—that faculty which may mar a historian, though it is absolutely indispensable for his greatness But though he has been convicted of many inaccuracies, his grasp and insight are so often true that I cannot but regard him as a far greater historian than his adversary and critic Freeman, who had greater talents for research, far greater accuracy in details, but a certain boorishness which will turn men away from him. He constantly displays his learning not only with pedantic pride, but asserts or implies the inferiority of other workers in the same field with insolence. He turns aside in his *History of Greek Federations* to write notes on Napoleon III., which might have been written by V. Hugo In spite, therefore, of his rugged learning, his large grasp of the whole world's history, his careful research, he will be forgotten when the brilliant and graceful Froude is still read, and still speaking to thousands where Freeman speaks to scores, just as the masters of the English people in history are Shakespeare and Walter Scott, rather than Bishop Stubbs or Sir John Seeley. For this is the extremest form of the contrast between the picturesque writer and the laborious investigator. It is, I know, the rule among the students of the Research School to deny all merit or value as

historians to imaginative writers Nevertheless, I will maintain that ten thousand average people have got a general idea, and a true idea, of Louis XI. from *Quentin Durward*, or from *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, for one who gets it by grubbing up the contemporary chronicles. It may be added that to interest the general public in historical reading is no small duty, and no small gain in our most modern civilisation.

Intermediate in position between Froude and Freeman, I put my two personal friends, Green and Lecky, who are probably the most popular writers of history that England has seen since the days of Gibbon. Green was carried off by disease, long before his work, under normal circumstances, would have ceased. Mr. Lecky is still a prominent figure in England, but rather as a politician than a historian, seeing that he exchanged the study for the Senate, and contemplative for practical life. He is not therefore likely to give us another book on history. His eight volumes on *England in the Eighteenth Century* would, however, in themselves be an ample record of his genius, even had they not been preceded by those remarkable volumes on the History of European Culture, which first made his name a household word throughout the Empire. It is indeed doubtful whether his graceful and finished style equals that of Froude, or whether his research that of Freeman; but he combines qualities which they did not, and therefore may be classed above them by any independent critic. Perhaps it is impossible for any man to write as brilliantly as Froude, if he writes with judicial calmness, if he makes allowance for his opponents, and strives to be impartial in the midst of political controversies. Mr. Lecky's narrative is not like the rushing Aufidus, which carries away men and cattle with its sudden floods, but the peaceful Liris, wearing the banks with its quiet stream.

But though Mr. Lecky knows well the necessity of eloquence to make a history, he knows equally well how to subordinate it to his purpose. In his closing two volumes, which narrate the Irish Rebellion of 1798, his feeling that no one else was likely to go through the evidence again, made him abandon the beauty of his work, for the purpose of giving us a digest of all the most trust-

worthy contemporary evidence in the very words of his authorities. Thus these inestimable volumes give us little more than a catalogue of extracts, gathered and set forth with modest, and therefore more admirable, skill and care And therefore they may fairly be judged as specimens of his research, not of his style, unless it be to show that he is no slave to style, and can lay it aside for higher purposes Yet had his whole book been of the same quality, it would have been read by students only and not by men and women of the world.

John Richard Green was a brilliant man of another type, and his single volume on the growth and education of the English people, the Volksgeist of England, at once attained, and has maintained exceptional popularity. But as this book is not upon the large scale of Lecky's *Eighteenth Century*, so it shows traces of less careful research His accounts, for example, of military operations are manifestly perfunctory, and convey no real comprehension to the reader. He could never have described a battle as Sir G. Trevelyan (who might have stood among our foremost historians, but for the distractions of party politics) has recently described the battle of Bunker's Hill. On the other hand, his accounts of popular movements, for example the revulsion of the people from the Protectorate to the old Royalty, are as brilliant as anything we have in English historical literature

There is no place in this essay given to political philosophy—to the history of ideas apart from their historical setting, such as the works of Mr Lecky above mentioned. But I will not lay down my pen without saying that in one of them — Buckle's huge fragment of a huge conception on the civilisation of Europe—I found more stimulus, more suggestion, more incitement to think and to study than in any other book of its day, nor do I know any work which can perfectly replace it in the spiritual education of a historian. This is but a personal confession, other men may have been incited by other causes, to whom Buckle might not have been palatable. Green was turned to think of history, by the accident that when a boy he was shaken by the hand, in obtaining a prize, by an old President of Magdalen, who said to him: "Remember

that the hand you now shake, was shaken by the great Doctor Johnson." And other men have been determined by other accidents, apparently trivial, which awoke in them a dormant faculty. If I may mention mine own case, it was the freedom from all school work, a want of sufficient occupation, and the chance of stumbling upon Grote's *Greece*, which set me, at the age of fourteen, to the study of classical history, and yet Grote possessed neither the imagination nor the eloquence which would impress a childish reader Both these qualities are there, but in their transformed condition of clearness in complicated descriptions, impressiveness in giving political lessons, and a certain general dignity which no small man can ever attain Other men have other tastes and other favourites, but history affords types and varieties to please every kind of higher intelligence, for is it not, as Cicero eloquently describes it: *testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitae, nuntia vetustatis?*

THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY

OF

FAMOUS LITERATURE.



FROM "EVELINA."

By FRANCES BURNEY

[FRANCES BURNEY, later Madame D'Arblay, English novelist, was born at Lynn Regis, June 13, 1752 Her first novel, "Evelina," was published in 1778, her second, "Cecilia," in 1782, the third, "Camilla," in 1796, after her marriage to a French "*Émigré*" artillery officer, her last, "The Wanderer," in 1814 She brought out a tragedy, "Edwy and Elvina," in 1794. She wrote also the "Memoirs of Dr. Burney" (her father), published in 1832 She died January 6, 1840. Her "Letters and Diaries" were published 1842–1846.

HOLBORN, *June 17th.*

YESTERDAY Mr. Smith carried his point, of making a party for Vauxhall, consisting of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, all the Branghtons, Mr. Brown, himself,—and me!—for I find all endeavors vain to escape anything which these people desire I should not.

There were twenty disputes previous to our setting out; first, as to the *time* of our going: Mr. Branghton, his son, and young Brown were for six o'clock; and all the ladies and Mr. Smith were for eight;—the latter, however, conquered.

Then, as to the *way* we should go; some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Branghton himself was for walking: but the boat, at length, was decided upon. Indeed, this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleasant.

The Garden is very pretty, but too formal; I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother.

The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra make a most brilliant and gay appearance; and, had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it was a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly.

Mr. Smith endeavored to attach himself to me, with such officious assiduity, and impertinent freedom, that he quite sickened me. Indeed, M. Du Bois was the only man of the party to whom, voluntarily, I ever addressed myself. He is civil and respectful, and I have found nobody else so since I left Howard Grove. His English is very bad, but I prefer it to speaking French myself, which I dare not venture to do. I converse with him frequently, both to disengage myself from others, and to oblige Madame Duval, who is always pleased when he is attended to.

As we were walking about the orchestra, I heard a bell ring, and, in a moment, Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping; "Stopping, Ma'am!" cried he, "why, we must run on, or we shall lose the cascade!"

And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. Young Branghton, in particular, laughed till he could hardly stand.

The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively.

But this was not the only surprise which was to divert them at my expense; for they led me about the garden, purposely to enjoy my first sight of various other deceptions.

About ten o'clock, Mr. Smith having chosen a *box* in a very conspicuous place, we all went to supper. Much fault was found with everything that was ordered, though not a morsel of anything was left; and the dearness of provisions, with con-

jectures upon what profit was made by them, supplied discourse during the whole meal.

When wine and cider were brought, Mr. Smith said, "Now let's enjoy ourselves; now is the time, or never. Well, Ma'am, and how do you like Vauxhall?"

"Like it!" cried young Branghton, "why, how can she help liking it? She has never seen such a place before, that I'll answer for."

"For my part," said Miss Branghton, "I like it because it is not vulgar."

"This must have been a fine treat for you, Miss," said Mr. Branghton; "why, I suppose you was never so happy in all your life before?"

I endeavored to express my satisfaction with some pleasure, yet I believe they were much amazed at my coldness.

"Miss ought to stay in town till the last night," said young Branghton, "and then, it's my belief, she'd say something to it! Why, Lord, it's the best night of any; there's always a riot,—and there the folks run about,—and then there's such squealing and squalling!—and there all the lamps are broke,—and the women run skimper scamper—I declare I would not take five guineas to miss the last night!"

I was very glad when they all grew tired of sitting, and called for the waiter to pay the bill. The Miss Branghtons said they would walk on, while the gentlemen settled the account, and asked me to accompany them; which, however, I declined.

"You girls may do as you please," said Madame Duval; "but as to me, I promise you, I shan't go nowhere without the gentlemen."

"No more, I suppose, will my *Cousin*," said Miss Branghton, looking reproachfully towards Mr. Smith.

This reflection, which I feared would flatter his vanity, made me, most unfortunately, request Madame Duval's permission to attend them. She granted it, and away we went, having promised to meet in the room.

To the room, therefore, I would immediately have gone: but the sisters agreed that they would first have a *little pleasure*, and they tittered, and talked so loud, that they attracted universal notice.

"Lord, Polly," said the eldest, "suppose we were to take a turn in the dark walks?"

"Ay, do," answered she, "and then we'll hide ourselves, and then Mr. Brown will think we are lost."

I remonstrated very warmly against this plan, telling them it would endanger our missing the rest of the party all the evening.

"O dear," cried Miss Branghton, "I thought how uneasy Miss would be, without a beau!"

This impertinence I did not think worth answering; and, quite by compulsion, I followed them down a long alley, in which there was hardly any light.

By the time we came near the end, a large party of gentlemen, apparently very riotous, and who were hallooing, leaning on one another, and laughing immoderately, seemed to rush suddenly from behind some trees, and, meeting us face to face, put their arms at their sides, and formed a kind of circle, which first stopped our proceeding, and then our retreating, for we were presently entirely inclosed. The Miss Branghtons screamed aloud, and I was frightened exceedingly: our screams were answered with bursts of laughter, and, for some minutes, we were kept prisoners, till at last, one of them, rudely seizing hold of me, said I was a pretty little creature.

Terrified to death, I struggled with such vehemence to disengage myself from him, that I succeeded, in spite of his efforts to detain me; and immediately, and with a swiftness which fear only could have given me, I flew rather than ran up the walk, hoping to secure my safety by returning to the lights and company we had so foolishly left: but before I could possibly accomplish my purpose, I was met by another party of men, one of whom placed himself so directly in my way, calling out, "Whither so fast, my love?" that I could only have proceeded by running into his arms.

In a moment, both my hands, by different persons, were caught hold of; and one of them, in a most familiar manner, desired, when I ran next, to accompany me in a race; while the rest of the party stood still and laughed.

I was almost distracted with terror, and so breathless with running that I could not speak, till another, advancing, said I was as handsome as an angel, and desired to be of the party. I then just articulated, "For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, let me pass."

Another then rushing suddenly forward exclaimed, "Heaven and earth! what voice is that?"

"The voice of the prettiest little actress I have seen this age," answered one of my persecutors.

"No, — no, — no, —" I *panted* out, "I am no actress, — pray let me go, — pray let me pass."

"By all that's sacred," cried the same voice, which I then knew for Sir Clement Willoughby's, "'tis herself!"

"Sir Clement Willoughby," cried I. "O Sir, assist — assist me — or I shall die with terror!"

"Gentlemen," cried he, disengaging them all from me in an instant, "pray leave this lady to me."

Loud laughs proceeded from every mouth, and two or three said, "*Willoughby has all the luck!*" But one of them, in a passionate manner, vowed he would not give me up, for that he had the first right to me, and would support it.

"You are mistaken," said Sir Clement; "this lady is — I will explain myself to you another time; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken."

And then, taking my willing hand, he led me off, amidst the loud acclamations, laughter, and gross merriment of his impertinent companions.

As soon as we had escaped from them, Sir Clement, with a voice of surprise, exclaimed, "My dearest creature, what wonder, what strange revolution, has brought you to such a spot as this?"

Ashamed of my situation, and extremely mortified to be thus recognized by him, I was for some time silent, and when he repeated his question, only stammered out, "I have, — I hardly know how, — lost myself from my party."

He caught my hand, and eagerly pressing it, in a passionate voice said, "O that I had sooner met with thee!"

Surprised at a freedom so unexpected, I angrily broke from him, saying, "Is this the protection you give me, Sir Clement?"

And then I saw, what the perturbation of my mind had prevented my sooner noticing, that he had led me, though I know not how, into another of the dark alleys, instead of the place whither I meant to go.

"Good God!" I cried, "where am I? — What way are you going?"

"Where," answered he, "we shall be least observed."

Astonished at this speech, I stopped short, and declared I would go no further.

I perceived Madame Duval, and the rest, looking at one of the paintings.

I must own to you, honestly, my dear Sir, that an involuntary repugnance seized me, at presenting such a set to Sir Clement, — he who had been used to see me in parties so different! — My pace slackened as I approached them, — but they presently perceived me.

"*Ah, Mademoiselle!*" cried M. Du Bois, "*Que je suis charmé de vous voir!*"

"Pray, Miss," cried Mr. Brown, "where's Miss Polly?"

"Why, Miss, you've been a long while gone," said Mr. Branghton; "we thought you'd been lost. But what have you done with your cousins?"

I hesitated, — for Sir Clement regarded me with a look of wonder.

"*Pardi,*" cried Madame Duval, "I shan't let you leave me again in a hurry. Why, here we've been in such a fright! — and, all the while, I suppose, you've been thinking nothing about the matter."

"Well," said young Branghton, "as long as Miss is come back, I don't mind, for as to Bid and Poll, they can take care of themselves. But the best joke is, Mr. Smith is gone all about a looking for you."

These speeches were made almost in a breath: but when, at last, they waited for an answer, I told them that, in walking up one of the long alleys, we had been frightened and separated.

"The long alleys!" repeated Mr. Branghton, "and, pray, what had you to do in the long alleys? why, to be sure, you must all of you have had a mind to be affronted!"

This speech was not more impertinent to me, than surprising to Sir Clement, who regarded all the party with evident astonishment. However, I told young Branghton no time ought to be lost, for that his sisters might require his immediate protection.

"But how will they get it?" cried this brutal brother; "if they've a mind to behave in such a manner as that, they ought to protect themselves; and so they may for me."

"Well," said the simple Mr. Brown, "whether you go or no, I think I may as well see after Miss Polly."

The father, then interfering, insisted that his son should accompany him; and away they went.

It was now that Madame Duval first perceived Sir Clement;



VAUXHALL GARDENS

to whom turning with a look of great displeasure, she angrily said, "*Ma foi*, so you are comed here, of all the people in the world! — I wonder, child, you would let such a — such a *person* as that keep company with you."

"I am very sorry, Madam," said Sir Clement, in a tone of surprise, "if I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; but I believe you will not regret the honor I now have of attending Miss Anville, when you hear that I have been so happy as to do her some service."

Just as Madame Duval, with her usual *Ma foi*, was beginning to reply, the attention of Sir Clement was wholly drawn from her, by the appearance of Mr. Smith, who coming suddenly behind me, and freely putting his hands on my shoulders, cried, "Oho, my little runaway, have I found you at last? I have been scampering all over the gardens for you, for I was determined to find you, if you were above ground. — But how could you be so cruel as to leave us?"

I turned round to him, and looked with a degree of contempt that I hoped would have quieted him; but he had not the sense to understand me; and, attempting to take my hand, he added, "Such a demure-looking lady as you are, who'd have thought of your leading one such a dance? — Come, now, don't be so coy, — only think what a trouble I have had in running after you!"

"The trouble, Sir," said I, "was of your own choice, — not mine." And I walked round to the other side of Madame Duval.

Perhaps I was too proud, — but I could not endure that Sir Clement, whose eyes followed him with looks of the most surprised curiosity, should witness his unwelcome familiarity.

Upon my removal, he came up to me and, in a low voice, said, "You are not, then, with the Mirvans?"

"No, Sir."

"And pray, may I ask, — have you left them long?"

"No, Sir."

"How unfortunate I am! — but yesterday I sent to acquaint the Captain I should reach the Grove by to-morrow noon! However, I shall get away as fast as possible. Shall you be long in town?"

"I believe not, Sir."

"And then, when you leave it, — which way — will you allow me to ask, which way you shall travel?"

"Indeed, — I don't know."

"Not know! — But do you return to the Mirvans any more?"

"I — I can't tell, Sir."

And then I addressed myself to Madame Duval, with such a pretended earnestness that he was obliged to be silent.

As he cannot but observe the great change in my situation, which he knows not how to account for, there is something in all these questions, and this unrestrained curiosity, that I did not expect from a man who, when he pleases, can be so well-bred as Sir Clement Willoughby. He seems disposed to think that the alteration in my companions authorizes an alteration in his manners. It is true, he has always treated me with uncommon freedom, but never before with so disrespectful an abruptness. This observation, which he has given me cause to make, of his *changing with the tide*, has sunk him more in my opinion than any other part of his conduct.

Yet I could almost have laughed, when I looked at Mr. Smith, who no sooner saw me addressed by Sir Clement, than, retreating aloof from the company, he seemed to lose at once all his happy self-sufficiency and conceit; looking now at the baronet, now at himself, surveying, with sorrowful eyes, his dress, struck with his air, his gestures, his easy gayety; he gazed at him with envious admiration, and seemed himself, with conscious inferiority, to shrink into nothing.

Soon after, Mr. Brown, running up to us, called out, "La, what, i'n't Miss Polly come yet?"

"Come!" said Mr. Branghton, "why, I thought you went to fetch her yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, but couldn't find her; — yet I dare say I've been over half the garden."

"Half! but why did not you go over it all?"

"Why, so I will: but only I thought I'd just come and see if she was here first."

"But where's Tom?"

"Why, I don't know; for he would not stay with me, all as ever I could say; for we met some young gentlemen of his acquaintance, and so he bid me go and look by myself, for he said, says he, 'I can divert myself better another way,' says he."

This account being given, away went this silly young man; and Mr. Branghton, extremely incensed, said he would go and see after them himself.

"So now," cried Madame Duval, "he's gone too! Why, at this rate, we shall have to wait for one or other of them all night!"

Observing that Sir Clement seemed disposed to renew his inquiries, I turned towards one of the paintings, and, pretending to be very much occupied in looking at it, asked M. Du Bois some questions concerning the figures.

"O, *mon Dieu!*" cried Madame Duval, "don't ask him; your best way is to ask Mr. Smith, for he's been here the oftenest. Come, Mr. Smith, I dare say you can tell us all about them."

"Why, yes, Ma'am, yes," said Mr. Smith, who, brightening up at this application, advanced towards us, with an air of assumed importance, which, however, sat very uneasily upon him, and begged to know what he should explain first; "For I have attended," said he, "to all these paintings, and know everything in them perfectly well; for I am rather fond of pictures, Ma'am; and, really, I must say, I think a pretty picture is a — a very — is really a very — is something very pretty."

"So do I too," said Madame Duval, "but pray now, Sir, tell us who that is meant for," pointing to a figure of Neptune.

"That! — why that, Ma'am, is, — Lord bless me, I can't think how I come to be so stupid, but really I have forgot his name, — and yet, I know it as well as my own, too, — however, he's a *General*, Ma'am, they are all Generals."

I saw Sir Clement bite his lips; and, indeed, so did I mine.

"Well," said Madame Duval, "it's the oddest dress for a General ever I see!"

"He seems so capital a figure," said Sir Clement to Mr. Smith, "that I imagine he must be *Generalissimo* of the whole army."

"Yes, Sir, yes," answered Mr. Smith, respectfully bowing, and highly delighted at being thus referred to, "you are perfectly right, — but I cannot for my life think of his name; — perhaps, Sir, you may remember it?"

"No, really," replied Sir Clement, "my acquaintance among the Generals is not so extensive."

The ironical tone of voice in which Sir Clement spoke entirely disconcerted Mr. Smith; who, again retiring to an humble distance, seemed sensibly mortified at the failure of his attempt to recover his consequence.

as ever you can. However, I know I may thank my cousin for it!"

"If you mean *me*, Madam," said I, very much shocked, "I am quite ignorant in what manner I can have been accessory to your distress."

"Why, by running away so. If you'd stayed with us, I'll answer for it, Mr. Smith and M. Du Bois would have come to look for us; but I suppose they could not leave your ladyship."

The folly and unreasonableness of this speech would admit of no answer. But what a scene was this for Sir Clement! his surprise was evident; and, I must acknowledge, my confusion was equally great.

We had now to wait for young Branghton, who did not appear for some time; and, during this interval, it was with difficulty that I avoided Sir Clement, who was on the rack of curiosity, and dying to speak to me.

When, at last, the hopeful youth returned, a long and frightful quarrel ensued between him and his father, in which his sisters occasionally joined, concerning his neglect; and he defended himself only by a brutal mirth, which he indulged at their expense.

Every one, now, seemed inclined to depart,—when, as usual, a dispute arose, upon the *way* of our going, whether in a coach or a boat. After much debating, it was determined that we should make two parties, one by the water and the other by land; for Madame Duval declared she would not, upon any account, go into a boat at night.

Sir Clement then said that if she had no carriage in waiting, he should be happy to see her and me safe home, as his was in readiness.

Fury started into her eyes, and passion inflamed every feature, as she answered, "*Pardi*, no,—you may take care of yourself, if you please; but as to me, I promise you I shan't trust myself with no such person."

He pretended not to comprehend her meaning, yet, to waive a discussion, acquiesced in her refusal. The coach party fixed upon consisted of Madame Duval, M. Du Bois, Miss Branghton, and myself.

I now began to rejoice, in private, that, at least, our lodgings would be neither seen nor known by Sir Clement. We soon met with a hackney coach, into which he handed me, and then took leave.

Madame Duval, having already given the coachman her direction, he mounted the box, and we were just driving off, when Sir Clement exclaimed, "By Heaven, this is the very coach I had in waiting for myself!"

"This coach, your honor!" said the man; "no, that it i'n't."

Sir Clement, however, swore that it was, and, presently, the man, begging his pardon, said he had really forgotten that he was engaged.

I have no doubt but that this scheme occurred to him at the moment, and that he made some sign to the coachman, which induced him to support it: for there is not the least probability that the accident really happened, as it is most likely his own chariot was in waiting.

The man then opened the coach door, and Sir Clement, advancing to it, said, "I don't believe there is another carriage to be had, or I would not incommode you; but, as it may be disagreeable to you to wait here any longer, I beg you will not get out, for you shall be set down before I am carried home, if you will be so good as to make a little room."

And so saying, in he jumped, and seated himself between M. Du Bois and me, while our astonishment at the whole transaction was too great for speech. He then ordered the coachman to drive on, according to the directions he had already received.

For the first ten minutes, no one uttered a word; and then, Madame Duval, no longer able to contain herself, exclaimed, "*Ma foi*, if this isn't one of the most impudentest things ever I see!"

Sir Clement, regardless of this rebuke, attended only to me; however, I answered nothing he said, when I could possibly avoid so doing. Miss Branghton made several attempts to attract his notice, but in vain, for he would not take the trouble of paying her any regard.

Madame Duval, during the rest of the ride, addressed herself to M. Du Bois in French, and in that language exclaimed with great vehemence against boldness and assurance.

I was extremely glad when I thought our journey must be nearly at an end, for my situation was very uneasy to me, as Sir Clement perpetually endeavored to take my hand. I looked out of the coach window, to see if we were near home; Sir Clement, stooping over me, did the same, and then, in a



MADAME D'ARBLAY

voice of infinite wonder, called out, "Where the d——l is the man driving to?—why, we are in Broad St. Giles'!"

"O, he's very right," cried Madame Duval, "so never trouble your head about that, for I shan't go by no directions of yours, I promise you."

When, at last, we stopped, at *a Hosier's* in *High Holborn*—Sir Clement said nothing, but his *eyes*, I saw, were very busily employed in viewing the place, and the situation of the house. The coach, he said, belonged to him, and therefore he insisted upon paying for it; and then he took leave. M. Du Bois walked home with Miss Branghton, and Madame Duval and I retired to our apartments.

How disagreeable an evening's adventure! Not one of the party seemed satisfied except Sir Clement, who was in high spirits: but Madame Duval was enraged at meeting with him; Mr. Branghton, angry with his children; the frolic of the Miss Branghtons had exceeded their plan, and ended in their own distress; their brother was provoked that there had been no riot; Mr. Brown was tired; and Mr. Smith mortified. As to myself, I must acknowledge, nothing could be more disagreeable to me than being seen by Sir Clement Willoughby with a party at once so vulgar in themselves, and so familiar to me.



DIARY OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

BY FRANCES BURNEY.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S LITTLE BOY AT COURT.

ABOUT a week after this theatrical regale, I went to the Queen's house, to make known I had only a few more days to remain at Chelsea. I arrived just as the royal family had set out for Windsor; but Miss Bachmeister, fortunately, had only ascended her coach to follow. I alighted, and went to tell my errand. Mrs. Bremyere, Mrs. Cheveley, and Miss Planta were her party. The latter promised to speak for me to the queen; but, gathering I had my little boy in my father's carriage, she made me send for him. They took him in, loaded him with *bonbons* and admiration, and would have loaded him with caresses to boot, but the little wretch resisted that part of the entertainment.

Upon their return from Windsor, you will not suppose me made very unhappy to receive the following billet: —

March 8, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you will be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come upstairs in Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu! Yours most affectionately,
M. PLANTA.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables; for her royal highness has at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, sash, etc., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the most good-humored pleasure, and, finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness, as well as sense, to play round, and court him by sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to her royal notice. She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and a sweetness that made one almost sigh she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

There came in presently Miss D——, a young lady about thirteen, who seems in some measure under the protection of her Royal Highness, who had rescued her poor injured and amiable mother, Lady D——, from extreme distress, in which she had been involved by her unworthy husband's connection with the infamous Lady W——, who, more hard-hearted than even bailiffs, had forced certain of those gentry, in an execution she had ordered in Sir H. D——'s house, to seize even all the children's playthings! as well as their clothes, and that when Lady D—— had but just lain in, and was nearly dying! This charming princess, who had been particularly acquainted with Lady D—— during her own illness at Kew Palace, where the queen permitted the intercourse, came forward upon this distress, and gave her a small independent house in the neighborhood of Kew, with every advantage she could annex to it. But she is now lately no more, and, by the sort of reception given to her

daughter, I fancy the princess transfers to her that kind benevolence the mother no longer wants.

Just then, Miss Planta came to summon us to the Princess Augusta. She received me with her customary sweetness, and called the little boy to her. He went fearfully and cautiously, yet with a look of curiosity at the state of her head, and the operations of her *friseur*, that seemed to draw him on more powerfully than her commands. He would not, however, be touched, always flying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. This would much have vexed me, if I had not seen the ready allowance she made for his retired life, and total want of use to the sight of anybody out of our family, except the Lockes, amongst whom I told her his peculiar preference for Amelia. "Come then," cried she, "come hither, my dear, and tell me all about her,—is she very good to you?—do you like her very much?"

He was now examining her fine carpet, and no answer was to be procured. I would have apologized, but she would not let me. "'Tis so natural," she cried, "that he should be more amused with those shapes and colors than with my stupid questions."

Princess Mary now came in, and, earnestly looking at him, exclaimed, "He's beautiful!—what eyes!—do look at his eyes!"

"Come hither, my dear," again cried Princess Augusta, "come hither;" and, catching him to her for a moment and holding up his hair, to lift up his face and make him look at her, she smiled very archly, and cried, "O! horrid eyes!—shocking eyes!—take them away!"

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had been sending for. You may suppose him caught now! He seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cobbler, a watchman, and all he could grasp; but would not give his little person or cheeks, to my great confusion, for any of them.

I was fain to call him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught from the woods, and whatever could indicate his rustic life, and apprehension of new faces,—to prevent their being hurt; and their excessive good nature helped all my excuses, nay, made them needless, except to myself.

Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. "Ay, do! that's

right, my dear!" cried Princess Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds: "take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden."

And now, last of all, came in Princess Amelia, and, strange to relate! the child was instantly delighted with her! She came first up to me, and, to my inexpressible surprise and enchantment, she gave me her sweet beautiful face to kiss! — an honor I had thought now forever over, though she had so frequently gratified me with it formerly. Still more touched, however, than astonished, I would have kissed her hand, but, withdrawing it, saying, "No, no, — you know I hate that!" she again presented me her ruby lips, and with an expression of such ingenuous sweetness and innocence as was truly captivating. She is and will be another Princess Augusta.

She then turned to the child, and his eyes met hers with a look of the same pleasure that they were sought. She stooped down to take his unresisting hands, and, exclaiming, "Dear little thing!" took him in her arms, to his own as obvious content as hers.

"He likes her!" cried Princess Augusta, "a little rogue! see how he likes her!"

"Dear little thing!" with double the emphasis, repeated the young princess, now sitting down and taking him upon her knee; "and how does M. d'Arblay do?"

The child now left all his new playthings, his admired carpet, and his privilege of jumping from room to room, for the gentle pleasure of sitting in her lap and receiving her caresses. I could not be very angry, you will believe, yet I would have given the world I could have made him equally grateful to the Princess Augusta.

This last charming personage, I now found, was going to sit for her picture — I fancy to send to the Duchess of Wurtemberg. She gave me leave to attend her with my bantling. The other princesses retired to dress for Court.

It was with great difficulty I could part my little love from his grand collection of new playthings, all of which he had dragged into the painting room, and wanted now to pull them downstairs to the queen's apartment. I persuaded him, however, to relinquish the design without a quarrel, by promising we would return for them.

HIS PRESENTATION TO THE QUEEN.

I was not a little anxious, you will believe, in this presentation of my unconsciously honored rogue, who entered the White closet totally unimpressed with any awe, and only with a sensation of disappointment in not meeting again the gay young party, and variety of playthings, he had left above. The queen, nevertheless, was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready displayed upon the table for him.

But her look was serious and full of care, and, though perfectly gracious, none of her winning smiles brightened her countenance, and her voice was never cheerful. I have since known that the Irish conspiracy with France was just then discovered, and O'Connor that very morning taken. No wonder she should have felt a shock that pervaded her whole mind and manners! If we all are struck with horror at such developments of treason, danger, and guilt, what must they prove to the royal family, at whom they are regularly aimed? How my heart has ached for them in that horrible business!

"And how does your papa do?" said the queen.

"He's at Telsea," answered the child.

"And how does grandpapa do?"

"He's in the toach," he replied.

"And what a pretty frock you've got on! Who made it you, mamma, or little aunty?"

The little boy now grew restless, and pulled me about, with a desire to change his situation. I was a good deal embarrassed, as I saw the queen meant to enter into conversation as usual; which I knew to be impossible, unless he had some entertainment to occupy him. She perceived this soon, and had the goodness immediately to open the Noah's ark herself, which she had meant he should take away with him to examine and possess at once. But he was now soon in raptures; and, as the various animals were produced, looked with a delight that danced in all his features; and when any appeared of which he knew the name, he capered with joy; such as, "O! a tow [cow]!" But at the dog, he clapped his little hands, and running close to her Majesty, leant upon her lap, exclaiming, "O, it's bowwow!"

"And do you know this, little man?" said the queen, showing him a cat.

"Yes," cried he, again jumping as he leant upon her, "its name is talled pussie!"

And at the appearance of Noah, in a green mantle, and leaning on a stick, he said, "At's [that's] the shepherd's boy!"

The queen now inquired about my dear father, and heard all I had to say relative to his apartments, with an air of interest, yet not as if it was new to her. I have great reason to believe the accommodation then arranging, and since settled, as to his continuance in the College, has been deeply influenced by some royal hint. . . .

I imagined she had just heard of the marriage of Charlotte, for she inquired after my sister Frances, whom she had never mentioned before since I quitted my post. I was obliged briefly to relate the transaction, seeking to adorn it by stating Mr. Broome's being the author of "Simkin's Letters." She agreed in their uncommon wit and humor.

My little rebel, meanwhile, finding his animals were not given into his own hands, but removed from their mischief, was struggling all this time to get at the Tunbridge ware of the queen's workbox; and, in defiance of all my efforts to prevent him, he seized one piece, which he called a hammer, and began violently knocking the table with it. I would fain have taken it away silently; but he resisted such grave authority, and so continually took it back, that the queen, to my great confusion, now gave it him. Soon, however, tired also of this, he ran away from me into the next room, which was their Majesties' bedroom, and in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James', for the Court attire.

I was excessively ashamed, and obliged to fetch him back in my arms, and there to keep him. "Get down, little man," said the queen; "you are too heavy for your mamma."

He took not the smallest notice of this admonition. The queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck, and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him.

The queen now imagined he did not know whom she meant, and said, "What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?"

He now lifted up his head, and before I could answer, called out, in a fondling manner, "Mamma, mamma!"

"O!" said she, smiling, "he knows who I mean!"

His restlessness still interrupting all attention, in defiance

of my earnest whispers for quietness, she now said, "Perhaps he is hungry," and rang her bell, and ordered a page to bring some cakes.

He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down to eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it; he nodded his little head and composedly answered, "Sanky, queen!" This could not help amusing her, nor me, neither, for I had no expectation of quite so succinct an answer.

The carriages were now come for St. James', and the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth came into the apartment. The little monkey, in a fit of renewed lassitude after his cake, had flung himself on the floor, to repose at his ease. He rose, however, upon their appearance, and the sweet Princess Augusta said to the queen, "He has been so good, upstairs, mamma, that nothing could be better behaved." I could have kissed her for this instinctive kindness, excited by a momentary view of my embarrassment at his little airs and liberties.

The queen heard her with an air of approving, as well as understanding, her motive, and spoke to me with the utmost condescension of him, though I cannot recollect how, for I was a good deal fidgeted lest he should come to some disgrace, by any actual mischief or positive rebellion. I escaped pretty well, however, and they all left us with smiles and graciousness. . . .

You will not be much surprised to hear that papa came to help us out of the coach, at our return to Chelsea, eager to know how our little rebel had conducted himself, and how he had been received. The sight of his playthings, you will believe, was not very disagreeable. The ark, watchman, and cobbler I shall keep for him till he may himself judge their worth beyond their price.



DIARY OF WILHELMINE OF BAYREUTH.

[Wilhelmine, the favorite sister of Frederick the Great, was born in 1709, married the Margrave of Bayreuth in 1731; and died in 1758. Her memoirs were published in 1810.]

On the evening of the 12th of August, as my mother was sitting near Mademoiselle von Below, and taking off her headdress, they heard a terrible noise in my mother's boudoir. This room was beautifully decorated with china, some pieces

being most rare, and embossed with crystal and precious stones. All the crown plate, too, and my mother's jewel case, were kept in this room. The queen at once exclaimed that all her china had been broken, and that it must be looked after. Mademoiselle von Bülow and three maids immediately entered the boudoir, but they found everything in order and nothing broken. The noise was repeated three times, and they also heard a great disturbance in the corridor connecting the king and queen's rooms, at the end of which sentinels were always posted. The queen said, "I cannot stand this; I must go and see myself what is the matter." Upon this the queen, Mademoiselle von Bülow, and the maids each took a candle and stepped out into the corridor. As they did so they heard sighing and groaning close to them, but could discover nobody. They asked the sentinels if they had seen anything, and they answered, No, but they had heard the same noise. My mother, who was very courageous, caused every nook and corner to be searched, even the king's rooms, but nothing whatever was discovered. My mother and those that were present with her on this occasion gave me an account of everything next day.

A few days afterwards the queen gave a concert. I generally accompanied on the piano and guitar, and every amateur in Berlin was present. When I had played long enough, I rose to go into another room, where some ladies were playing at cards. I was suddenly stopped by Katt, who said to me, "For God's sake, and for the love you bear your brother, listen to me for a moment. I am distracted. I have been calumniated to the queen and to yourself, and you have been made to believe that I have put the idea of flight into the crown prince's head. I swear to your Royal Highness, by all that is most holy, the whole plan was settled long before I knew anything of it. You can assure the queen most emphatically from me that I have written to him, and told him that if he carries out his intention I shall not follow him. But there is nothing to fear this time: I will answer for it with my head."

"I already see your head shaking," I replied, "and fear it will soon be lying at your feet. What pleasure can it have afforded you to have proclaimed everywhere that my brother had the intention of taking flight? And who allowed you to have a snuffbox with my portrait on it?"

Katt then answered me, "As regards your first question, I

merely mentioned your brother's idea to M. von Lövner, and a few others whom I knew I could trust; then as to your second remark, I did not think it such a serious matter to have shown a portrait of you which I had myself painted."

"You are playing a dangerous game," I replied, "and I fear that I shall prove but too true a prophet."

He grew very pale, and answered, "Well, if misfortune is to be my fate, then it will be in a good cause, and I know that the crown prince will never desert me."

This was my last conversation with Katt, and I never saw him again. I had not thought that I could so truly have foretold what was in store for him, and I said it then only to make him more modest and discreet.

The next day was the 15th of August, the king's birthday, and every one came to congratulate my mother. On such occasions the Court was very numerously attended. I had another long conversation with Grumkow. He had got rid of his fit of moroseness, and held forth at length on my father's many great qualities. He finished up the conversation by saying, "I shall soon have an opportunity of proving to your Royal Highness how truly I am devoted to you." He said this in such a marked manner that I could not make out what he meant by it. Mademoiselle von Bulow was on such a good footing with him that she teased him on every possible occasion. Sometimes the jokes went too far, so that I cautioned her to be careful, but her great vivacity carried her beyond herself. On the present occasion she and Grumkow were, as usual, having a friendly altercation; but he wound up the dispute by using almost the same words as he had addressed to me, "You will shortly find out how true a friend of yours I am."

The queen had prepared a fête at Monbijou for the next day, which was to be a surprise for us all. It was also to celebrate a second time the king's birthday. I shall never forget this day. My mother had arranged the supper table most beautifully, and each guest found a charming little present under his napkin. We were all in the highest spirits, except Countess Finkenstein and Mademoiselle von Bülow, who never uttered a word. After supper there was a ball, and as I loved dancing I enjoyed myself to my heart's content. Mademoiselle von Bulow said several times, "It is late, I wish the dancing would stop!" to which I replied, "Oh, do let me have the

pleasure of dancing as long as possible. I shall not soon have the opportunity again." "That is very likely," she answered. At the end of half an hour she touched my arm and said, "Do put an end to the ball; you have danced quite enough. You are so engrossed by it that you neither see nor hear." "But what is the matter?" I answered, in great astonishment. "Look at your mother," Mademoiselle von Bulow said, pointing to the queen, who was standing in a corner of the room, talking in whispers to Countess Finkenstein, Madame von Konnken, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. All four were pale as death, and showed symptoms of the greatest alarm. I asked at once what was the matter, and if it concerned my brother. Mademoiselle von Bulow shrugged her shoulders and said she knew nothing. The queen at last took leave of the company and got into her carriage with me, but she never spoke one word the whole way home. My heart began beating furiously; I was in a terrible state of agitation, and yet I dared not ask her a single question.

No sooner had I reached my room than I tormented Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld to tell me what had happened. "You will learn it but too soon," she replied. Yet as she saw the state of mind in which I was, she continued, "The queen was anxious not to disturb your rest, and has therefore forbidden me to mention anything of what has occurred." As, however, she now saw in what great distress I was, she thought it better to tell me the truth than to let me suppose even worse news. She then proceeded to say that the king had sent a messenger to the mistress of the robes, Madame von Konnken, to tell her he had been obliged to arrest the crown prince, as he had discovered his intention of taking flight. Madame von Konnken was to tell this to the queen, as he wished to spare her health, and she was to give her the inclosed letter. "The crown prince was arrested on the 11th," Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld continued — "the very same day on which the queen heard all that noise in the corridor." I thought I must have fainted on hearing all this. My grief about my brother knew no bounds, and I spent a terrible night.

Early next morning my mother at once sent for me, and showed me the king's letter, which had evidently been written in the first heat of passion: "I have arrested and imprisoned the scoundrel (Schurke), and shall treat him as his crime and cowardice deserve. I no longer acknowledge him as my son.

He has cast dishonor on me as well as on my family. Such a wretch as he is does not deserve to live." My mother and I were beside ourselves with misery.

The queen then told me that Katt had been secretly arrested next day, and all his papers and possessions seized. Marshal Natzmer had been intrusted with this task.

As this whole occurrence sounds very strange, I must try and explain it all. Grumkow had been in possession of the fact of the crown prince's arrest since the 15th, and could not resist telling several people of his great satisfaction at it. M. von Lòvner, the Danish envoy, had been informed by his spies of the probable arrest of Katt, and had written him a note advising him to fly before it was too late. Katt accordingly went next morning to Marshal Natzmer and asked leave to go to Friedrichsfelde, where the Margrave Albert had invited him to dinner. As Natzmer had not then received any orders from the king, he gave him permission to go. Katt had ordered a saddle to be made on purpose for him, in which he could put money and papers and even clothes. This saddle was unfortunately not quite finished, and this delayed his departure, and he employed the time he was kept waiting in burning letters and papers. Just as he was about to mount his horse Marshal Natzmer appeared and desired him to give up his sword. Natzmer had waited three hours after receiving the king's orders to arrest Katt, in order to give the unfortunate young man a chance of escape, and was therefore not a little surprised when he still found him in Berlin.

When my mother had somewhat recovered from her first burst of grief, she asked me if I had known of my brother's intentions. I answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded to tell her everything that had passed on the subject, saying that I had not told her anything of it that she might not be involved if he did carry out his plan, but that after what Katt had lately told me I had not been in the least prepared for this catastrophe. "But what has he done with our letters?" the queen said. "We are lost if they are discovered." "I have often spoken to him about this," I answered, "and he has always assured me that he had destroyed them." "But I know him better," my mother replied, "and I am sure they are among Katt's papers." "That is possible," I said, "and if so, then my head is in danger." "And mine too," the queen answered. "I have sent for Countess Finkenstein and Made-

moiselle von Sonnsfeld, to consult with them as to what can be done." And we really heard next day that all my brother's papers were among Katt's things. The officers who had been present when these were seized described to me all the different boxes, and I recognized from the description the casket which contained our letters. After much consideration, the queen determined to seek the aid of her chaplain, Reinbeck, in this matter. He was to ask Natzmer to find some means of getting the casket out of Katt's house. Reinbeck was unfortunately ill, and could not come. These letters were of the utmost importance to us. In several of them I had expressed myself in very strong terms about the king. I repeat it here again, that I have reproached myself over and over again for having been wanting in respect towards him. In spite of my sharp words I loved my father dearly, and it was more from a desire to show off my cleverness than from any evil motive that I wrote about him as I did. But to return to my subject.

Next morning Countess Finkenstein came to my room in a great state of alarm, exclaiming, "I am lost! Yesterday on my return from the queen I found a casket sealed with Katt's arms addressed to the queen at my house, accompanied by this note." She gave it to me to read, and its contents were as follows: "Pray have the goodness to deliver this casket into the queen's hands; it contains her correspondence and the princess' with the crown prince." "Four trusty friends brought the box and letter to my servants," Countess Finkenstein continued; "I do not know what I am to decide on doing. Am I to say anything to the queen about it, or shall I send it to the king? If I do this last, then I may be certain of sharing Katt's fate." We teased and begged her so long that she consented, although in fear and trembling, to speak with the queen about it. My mother was greatly relieved at this good news, till she reflected where she was to hide the casket. If we made a mystery about it, and Katt were to mention it during the inquiry held on his conduct, then Countess Finkenstein would be ruined, and my mother would lay herself open to every kind of suspicion, and consequently would be exposed to the king's fury. If, on the other hand, the casket were brought openly to the queen, then my father would hear of it, and he would force the queen to give up these luckless letters to him, by doing which she would herself work her own destruction.

After due consideration, and weighing carefully all the ad-

vantages and disadvantages, it was decided to make no mystery of the matter, and the casket was brought to the queen, who locked it up in her boudoir in the presence of all her household.

No sooner had one difficulty been surmounted than another presented itself. The question now was how to destroy the letters. The queen was of opinion that they had best be burned, and the king told quite simply that they were of no importance of any kind, and that she had not thought it necessary to show them to him. This proposition, however, met with general disapproval, and the whole day was spent in useless discussion. The next day I and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld again carefully considered what could be done. At last I said, "I have thought of a last resource, but we must be careful that we risk nothing. The seal on the casket is only of leather; we must break it, break the lock, take out our letters and write others, which we must put in the casket in their stead. I think we shall hardly need even to break the seal, and if the queen will only promise solemnly not to say anything to Ramen about it, I will at once set to work." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld entirely approved of my idea, and we proposed its execution to the queen, who agreed. We explained to her how all-important it was to keep it a profound secret from Ramen, who saw so many people, and might let drop a word which would at once rouse suspicion. The queen promised to say nothing to her about it, and kept her word. That afternoon she sent all her ladies away, and kept me alone with her. As the casket was too heavy for the queen and me to lift, we had to take her page into our confidence; but we ran no risk in doing so, for he was an old, tried, and faithful servant. It was not possible to undo the cords which were tied round the casket without breaking the seal, and this necessity made us tremble. However, when we came to examine the seal we found it a very simple one. The arms on it were composed of a dog surrounded by implements of war, and we thought we might easily find one like it; and, as good luck would have it, the queen's page's own seal was very similar to it. We broke open the lock, and began our examination of the letters.

The sight of them caused me a deadly fear. I had often secretly written to my brother, and, to escape discovery in case the letters fell into the king's hands, we had used lemon juice instead of ink. If you held the letter close to the fire you could decipher the writing. My letters contained chiefly abuse

of Ramen, and complaints of her influence over the queen. The effect these letters would produce on my mother, if she read them, would be anything but pleasant for me. And this would have happened had not the chaplain, Reinbeck, been announced to her at this moment, and extricated me from the difficulty. As the queen had sent for Reinbeck some days previously, she could not do otherwise than receive him. My mother was so nervous at all that was taking place that she said to me, as she left the room, "For goodness' sake burn every single one of these horrid letters." I did not require to be told this twice, and all my letters, five hundred in number, fell a prey to the flames. I then next destroyed my mother's letters, and had just finished my task when she returned. We then proceeded to look through the other papers. We found two French passports made out in the name of Ferrand, a letter from my brother to Katt, and some quite unimportant papers. Then we lighted on a bag with a thousand pistoles, some notes and meditations in my brother's handwriting, and some jewels in gold, as also in precious stones.

His letter to Katt was written as follows: "I am leaving, dear Katt, and have taken such precautions that I risk nothing. I go first to Leipsic, where I shall give myself out a Marquis d'Ambreville. Keith is already informed of all, and goes straight to England. Don't lose any time, for I hope to find you at Leipsic. Good-by! Be of good courage." We thought it best to burn all these things. For several days we were busily occupied in writing letters with different dates. But how could we possibly manage to write twelve or fifteen hundred of these missives? We therefore took sheets of paper with the dates of different years, and folded them so tightly together that the devil even would have noticed nothing. Yet, in spite of all our trouble, the casket was still so empty that that would have betrayed us, so my mother filled it up with a quantity of snuffboxes and other knickknacks. I did not like this, and offered to write a hundred more letters, but the queen would not hear of it. We therefore replaced the lock and fastened up the casket, and no one could ever have discovered that it had been tampered with.

The king arrived on the evening of the 27th, his household having preceded him. We asked in vain after my brother; nobody could give us any news of him, or knew where he was. They could only tell us of the circumstances and manner of his

arrest. As this account tallies with all my brother has since told us about it, I think it will be well if I repeat it here.

When my brother arrived at Anspach, he complained bitterly to the Margrave of the ill usage he received at the king's hands. He added that, not satisfied with abusing him before his family, he had publicly insulted him, and had on several occasions even said to him, "If my father treated me as I do you, I should have run away a thousand times over. But you, you are such an arrant coward, you have courage for nothing." This reiterated remark at last determined my brother on carrying out his intention. He asked the Margrave to lend him his fastest horse, saying he wished to go for a ride; but as the former knew nothing of my brother's plan, he put off the ride till after the king's departure. As my brother saw his first attempt thwarted, he thought of another. Katt's messenger met my brother a few miles beyond Anspach. I knew of this messenger, but I have never learned what the contents of the letters he brought were. He answered at once that he intended to take flight two days later, and that he advised him to do the same: they would meet at the Hague. My brother again assured Katt that his plan would certainly succeed. If he were pursued, he could then take refuge in the monasteries which were on his road. He sent this answer back by the same messenger. The crown prince had unfortunately forgotten to address the letter to Berlin. A cousin of Katt's was stationed ten or twelve miles from Anspach, and the messenger, instead of going on to Berlin, delivered the letter to this officer.

The king meanwhile had continued his journey to the neighborhood of Frankfort, and found himself compelled with his suite to spend the night in some barns in a small village. The crown prince had a barn appropriated to him, in which he, Colonel Rochow, and his valet were to sleep. The king had made Keith's brother his page. This young man was very stupid, so that my brother had said nothing to him of his intentions. He determined, however, to take advantage of this lad's stupidity, and told him to wake him at four in the morning, as he wished to go to the neighboring village in quest of adventures; also to get him horses, which was an easy thing, as a horse fair was being held close by. The page did as he was told, but mistook the bed, and woke the valet instead of the crown prince. This man had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had not observed anything, so he lay quiet, watch-

ing the course of events. My brother rose hastily, dressed himself in a French uniform instead of his own, and left the barn. The valet instantly told Rochow what he had seen, and he rushed to the king's generals and suite and told them of it. These were Generals Bedenbruck, Waldow, and Derchow. The last named was a thorough scoundrel, and as true a son of Satan as ever walked this earth; he was, besides, a sworn enemy to my brother. These four gentlemen at once went out to look for the prince, and after having searched the village thoroughly found him in the market place, leaning against a carriage. His French uniform startled them at once, and they asked him, at first respectfully, what he was doing there. My brother has often told me since that his despair and fury at having been discovered were so great that, but that he had no arms, he would have attempted violence. He answered them very brusquely. "Sir," they said, "the king is awake, and intends starting in half an hour; for goodness' sake change your clothes before he sees you!" The prince refused to do so, and said he was going for a walk, and would be back before the king left. They were still disputing when Keith appeared with the horses. My brother endeavored to jump on one of them, but the gentlemen surrounded him and took him back to the barn, where they forced him to change his uniform. His state of mind resembled that of a madman. They reached Frankfort that evening, and next morning the king received a messenger sent by Katt's cousin, sending him my brother's letter. The king at once summoned Rochow and Waldow, and communicated this beautiful news to them. It is said that the valet had already told my father of the scene enacted that morning.

The king desired the two gentlemen to watch my brother, and to answer for him with their lives. He then commanded the crown prince to be immediately brought on board the yacht on which they were going from Frankfort to Wesel, and his orders were at once obeyed. This was the 11th of August.

My father came on board the yacht next morning. As soon as he caught sight of my brother, he sprang upon him, and would have throttled him had not General Waldow liberated him. The king tore my brother's hair out in handfuls, and in one moment beat him till he bled. At length the entreaties of the gentlemen prevailed on the king to allow the crown prince to be removed to another vessel. They took his sword from

him and all his clothes, but discovered no papers of any kind, for the valet had taken possession of these before the search commenced, and burned them in my brother's presence. In doing this he had rendered my mother and myself a signal service. Nothing further of importance took place during the journey. The king never saw my brother, but swore he should die — an oath which he repeated constantly.

My brother meanwhile tried his utmost to discover some means of eluding the watchfulness of the two gentlemen.

In this manner Wesel was at last reached. The king strengthened the watch put on the prince by adding a company of soldiers, and treated him like a State prisoner. The next day he sent for my brother. There was nobody present with the king but General Mosel, a brave officer and a most upright man.

At first my father asked my brother in a furious tone why he wished "to desert"; this was his own expression. "Why did I wish to do so?" the prince replied, in a firm, calm voice, "because you do not treat me like your son, but like a slave." "You are a mean deserter; you have neither courage nor honor!" the king screamed at him.

"I have as much as you have," the prince answered, "and I have only done that which, as you yourself told me, a hundred times over, you would have done had you been in my place." This answer, and the voice in which it was made, drove the king into a perfect frenzy. He drew his sword, and would have pierced my brother through with it, had not General Mosel thrown himself between them. This honest man called out, "My sovereign, kill me, but spare your son!" He defended my brother so well with his own person that the king could not strike at him. From that day my father and my brother were never allowed to meet. It was represented to the king that my brother's life was at all times in his power, but that such behavior was opposed to all the principles of Christianity. Upon this the king never asked again to see his son.

A few days only were spent at Wesel, and the journey was then continued to Berlin. My brother — this was the king's order — was to follow in four days. My father, who did not sufficiently trust his two Arguses, appointed a third, General Dostow, who was as great a scoundrel as Derchow. In spite of the king's orders, Weldow and Rochow allowed the crown prince to receive visits. In that part of the country my brother

was adored; his generosity, courtesy, and goodness had won him all hearts. The cruel treatment he had received from the king was an excuse for everything, but at the same time made all tremble for his life. He had found numbers of people who would gladly have risked their lives to set him at liberty. Ropes had already been brought him, by which to let himself down from the windows, and a disguise in the shape of a peasant's dress, in which to escape, when General Dostow's appearance spoiled all his plans. As Dostow was a great favorite with the king, and was anxious to pay him as much court as possible, he offered to take the sole watch over the prince, pretending that he wished to lighten Waldow and Rochow's work. From this time forward my brother was so incessantly watched that it was quite impossible to try to think of escaping. He started four days after the king, and was by his orders taken to some place six or seven miles beyond Berlin.

After the king's arrival, the queen went alone to see him in his room. As soon as he saw her he said, in a furious tone, "Your son is dead!" and then at once, "Where is the casket with the letters?"

My poor mother cried out in great distress, saying how was it possible to believe that he could have made his son a victim of his "barbarous" fury.

"He is dead," the king repeated, "and I will have the casket." The queen fetched it, and as she brought it called out, "Oh, my God, my God!" I heard these lamentations, which pierced me through and through. The king had scarcely got hold of the casket, when he broke it open and tore the papers out of it, and therewith left the room. The queen lost not a moment in taking possession of the seals and whatever else there was which could rouse suspicion, and gave them to me to burn. My mother afterwards came and told us all that had passed between her and the king. God alone knows what I endured during this terrible tale, and I burst out crying violently.

At this moment my father entered the room In the terrible state of uncertainty in which we were as to my brother's fate, I did not know what I had best do. My sisters and I approached the king to kiss his hand, but he had no sooner caught sight of me than he became black with rage, and hit me so violently in the face, one blow striking my temple, that I fell insensible to the ground The king wanted to kick me

and repeat his blows; but the queen and my sisters surrounded me like a wall, and prevented his touching me. One of my sisters, seeing me lying, as it were, lifeless, fetched a glass of water with a little spirits, to try and restore me to consciousness. The king was struggling meanwhile with my defenders, and prevented my being lifted up from the ground. After much rubbing, and smelling strong salts, I recovered sufficiently to be placed on a stool which stood in the window. How gladly would I have remained in my unconscious condition! It is impossible for me to describe our despairing condition. The king was almost choked with rage, and had a wild look in his eyes, while his face was red and swollen, and his mouth foaming. The queen was crying and wringing her hands. My sisters were kneeling at my father's feet—even our little tiny sister of three years old—all sobbing bitterly. Madame von Konnken and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld stood there pale as death, unable to speak, and I—I was in the very depths of despair. I was shivering from head to foot, and a cold perspiration poured off my face. My father now said that my brother was not dead, but that "by all holy angels," he would kill him! These reiterated assertions roused me from my lethargy, and I cried out, "Spare my brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels!" The king was too angry to understand what I was saying, and Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, fearing that I should repeat these imprudent words, stuffed her pocket handkerchief into my mouth just as I was going to do so. My father now began to abuse me. He said I was the cause of all the trouble that had fallen on us, and that I should pay for it with my head. He could not then have granted me a greater favor than to have carried out his threat. My grief was so intense that I would gladly have left this world.

During this scene I saw poor Katt being led between two gendarmes to the king. He looked pale and disordered; and as he caught sight of me, he took off his hat, and I observed his distressed and frightened expression. My brother's boxes and his own were carried behind him. Immediately afterwards the king was informed of Katt's presence, and he rushed off saying, "Now at last I shall have proofs enough against the scoundrel Fritz to cost him his head." The mistress of the robes followed him, saying, "For God's sake, if you wish to put the crown prince to death, at least do not kill the queen!

I can assure you that she has known absolutely nothing of the whole business, and if you are kind to her you may succeed in obtaining much help from her." Madame von Konnken then continued in another tone: "Hitherto you have laid great stress on being a just and pious king, and God blessed you for it; but now you wish to become a tyrant. Take heed that God's wrath does not fall on you. Sacrifice your son to your fury, and be sure that God's vengeance will light upon you. Remember Peter the Great and Philip the Second: they died without heirs, and their memory is held in abhorrence." The king looked at her, and said, "You are very bold to say such things, but you are a good woman, and mean well. Go and calm my wife." I really admired this lady's courage in speaking at such a moment in the manner she did, because she ran the risk of being sent to Spandau. We were, on the other hand, much astonished when Ramen in the queen's presence insisted on having been ignorant of what had occurred. I was at last dragged out of the queen's room, for I shook all over, and was incapable of walking a step. I was brought into an apartment into which the king never came.

My father had meanwhile sent for Grumkow, Mylius, and Gerber to come to his room. Mylius was fiscal general, and a very bad man, and Gerber auditor general. As soon as the king entered the room, Katt threw himself on his knees before him. My father fell upon him, hit him with his stick, and treated him shamefully. The inquiry then commenced. Katt confessed at once that he had agreed with the crown prince about his flight, but that there had never been any designs against the king, and that their only intention had been to escape into England to be safe from his anger, and to put themselves under English protection. On being asked what had become of my letters and those of my mother, he answered that he had given them back to the queen. Katt was then asked if I had known of the plot: his answer was "No." He was then questioned as to whether he had been intrusted with letters from the crown prince to me, and if I had ever given him any for my brother. He replied that he remembered giving me a letter from the prince one Sunday morning as I came out of the Dom (Cathedral), but that he had no idea what were its contents. He had never any letters intrusted to him by me. Katt then confessed to having been several times secretly to Potsdam, where Lieutenant Span had let him into

the town; that Keith knew of the plan, and was to have accompanied them in their flight. After the inquiry was over, my brother's boxes and Katt's were searched, but not a single letter was discovered. Grumkow, who had hoped to have caught us this time safely in his net, was in despair at this, and said to the king, "These devils of women are cleverer than we are, and have cheated us."

The king returned again to the queen and said to her, "I have not made a mistake; I knew it must be so. Your worthless daughter has been mixed up in this plot. Katt has just confessed that he gave her letters from the prince; I shall have her conduct rigorously inquired into! Command her in my name not to leave her room. In three days I will have her removed to a place where she may repent of her misdeeds. Tell her this, and that she is to be ready to start as soon as her examination is closed." The king was in a great rage as he said this. The queen swore that I had never received any letter through Katt, and offered to go and ask me about it.

I must call to remembrance what I said about that letter, which I suppressed on account of Ramen. I now gave myself up for lost, and I was rather glad than otherwise. In order not to involve the queen I determined to brave it out alone, and I at once answered Madame von Konnken that I was surprised that my mother remembered nothing about the letter, as it had been given me in public, and had contained only the most ordinary expressions of friendship. I had burned it, but I remembered every word, and if the king wished would write it all down. The queen, to whom I had shown the letter, must have forgotten all about it.

Madame von Konnken brought my answer to my father, who then left the room to be present at the close of Katt's examination. I was able to persuade my mother that she had read the letter, till at last she really believed she had done so. The queen now gave me the king's orders, crying bitterly as she did so. She impressed on me the importance of never mentioning the casket. "But if I have to take an oath about it, what shall I do then?" I asked her, and she answered that the sore straits in which we were must condone what, in another case, would be a grave fault. I promised her absolute obedience, but added, "I cannot do anything my conscience disapproves of. The good God will not desert me. I will rather sacrifice all than expose you to danger, but I cannot

take a false oath." We then took leave of each other, my mother holding me for some time in her arms, and at last we parted in deep sorrow.

The whole town was horror-struck at the misery and sorrow which had fallen on our family. People spoke of me and my fate openly in the streets, for my mother's rooms were on the ground floor, and the windows stood open, so that passers-by must have witnessed that terrible scene. As I was carried to my room that day, I had to pass through quite a crowd, who all were sobbing and crying. Things were very much exaggerated, and in several parts of the town the rumor of my death was circulated, and also that of my brother, and this only tended to increase the general feeling of hopelessness.

I spent a very sad night, disturbed by dark and sinister forebodings. Fear of death did not trouble me, and I was not disturbed about the journey: but what I dreaded beyond description was being separated from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld, and being given over into strange hands. These sad reflections kept me awake till the news was brought me in the morning that the sentinels before my room had been doubled. I had scarcely risen when Ramen appeared and brought me a message from my mother to the effect that the king would send the same people to examine me as had conducted Katt's inquiry, and that she begged me to be careful and not to forget my promise. I was much put out at receiving such a message through so suspicious a person, who could at any moment, by betraying the queen and myself to the king, ruin us.

She then continued in a hypocritical tone to say that my mother "was in great anxiety" about my examination, and feared I "should not retain my firmness." "I cannot understand," I replied, "how the queen can trouble herself about such a trivial matter. I need not be afraid, as I have had nothing whatever to do with the whole business, and if the king has me examined I shall simply say what I know about it." "Yes," she answered, "and other terrible things are happening. Your departure is decided on, and you are to be taken to a convent called 'The Holy Grave.' There you will be kept as a State prisoner. Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld and all your own people are to be taken away from you, and you will be much to be pitied." I replied that the king was my father and my master, and that he would decide my fate as he pleased. "I trust in God and in my innocence, and know that Providence

will watch over me." Ramen then proceeded to say, "You are only so full of courage because you believe these are mere threats; but I have seen the written order for your imprisonment, signed by the king himself. Besides which you must see by all that has taken place that the king is in earnest. Poor Mademoiselle von Bulow has received commands to leave the Court in two days, and to retire with her family to Lithuania. Lieutenant Span, who let Katt secretly into Potsdam, is cashiered, and has been sent to Spandau. A mistress of the crown prince who lives at Potsdam is to be flogged by the public hangman, and turned out of the town. Duhau (he was my brother's master, and devoted to him) is exiled to Memel. Jaques (his librarian) is also sent there, and your governess would have shared the same fate had she not been, as good luck would have it, not on good terms with the queen during this last winter." Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld had had a quarrel with the queen because she had said that she thought it had been a mistake to insist on Grumkow's dismissal. It would have been best, in her opinion, had my marriage first been settled, and then the dismissal insisted on. This had annoyed my mother, and she had in consequence treated my governess rather unkindly. I do not understand how I could listen to all this quietly. God does indeed give strength in the time of our sorest need. My great composure saved me, and made this old Megæra believe that I was either innocent or that nothing would shake my courage. When she had left me, I felt I need no longer control myself. The ruin of so many excellent people cut me to the heart. My brother's fate inspired me with deadly fear, and the separation from Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld filled me with the bitterest sorrow.

The day went by. I hourly expected my examination to commence, and every little sound made my heart beat faster. But I waited in vain; no one appeared, and I began to feel calmer. My face as well as my body were so bruised by my fall, and I was so exhausted, that when the evening drew on I lay down.

The next morning Ramen made her appearance. She again repeated my mother's injunctions as to courage and determination, and then added that my inquiry had not yet taken place because it had been determined to confront me with my brother and Katt, and that to prevent the possibility of any disturbance, the crown prince would be brought to Berlin only in the

dusk of the evening. I answered Ramen in the same way at which, the previous day, the queen had been so vexed. She thought I must be so overcome with fear that I should lose my head and mention the casket, because otherwise she could not understand my determination to say all I knew about this sad business. In the afternoon she sent me her faithful old page to implore me not to betray anything. I confided to him in what a difficult position I was placed by having Ramen sent to me with such messages, and begged him to assure the queen that she need fear nothing, and that I should never say anything which could compromise her. All I ventured to beg of her was not to send so often to me, as it might awaken the king's suspicions, but if she had any message to send it through her page and not through Ramen, who knew nothing about the business of the letters. I was obliged to treat the matter from this point of view to avoid vexing my mother. I knew she would have been annoyed if she had found out that I distrusted Ramen.

Another day passed in the same manner, and I remained standing at the window till one in the morning, only to have the comfort of seeing my brother pass by. The thought of seeing him made me wish ardently to be confronted with him at my examination. This wish was not fulfilled. My brother was taken to Kustrin on the 5th of September, and shut up in the fortress of that place. All his household and all his possessions were taken from him, so that he had nothing but the shirt and clothes he wore. Nobody waited on him, and his only means of occupation were a Bible and Prayer Book.

His expenditure was limited to fourpence a day. The room in which he was imprisoned received all its light from one tiny aperture. He had a candle only when his supper was brought him at seven o'clock; all the rest of the time he had to sit in the dark. What an awful fate for a prince that was already held in such high esteem! So much sorrow could only make him bitter and harsh.



JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

From a painting by Thomas Stothard

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

By WILLIAM COWPER

[WILLIAM COWPER, English poet, was born at Great Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, November 15, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, where he remained from his tenth to his eighteenth year, and was called to the bar, but never practiced. He early showed symptoms of melancholia, and in 1763 had an attack of suicidal mania, which necessitated a temporary confinement in a private asylum at St Albans On his release he resided with the Unwins at Huntingdon, and the Rev John Newton at Olney, and was tenderly cared for by Lady Austen and Lady Hesketh. Towards the close of his life his mental infirmities overcame him completely, and he died at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800. His first volume of poems (1782) contained. "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Table Talk," etc. "The Task," with "Tirocinium" and the famous "John Gilpin," appeared in 1785. He also published translations of Madame Guyon's poems, of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and of Milton's Latin and Italian poems]

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
  Of famous London town

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
  "Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
  No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
  All in a chaise and pair

"My sister, and my sister's child,
  Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
  On horseback after we"

He soon replied, — "I do admire
  Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
  Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin,—"That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
Three customers come in

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more

'Twas long before the customers
  Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
  "The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me
  My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
  When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
  Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
  And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
  Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
  To make his balance true

Then over all, that he might be
  Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
  He manfully did throw

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And here he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:" —
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him. —

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!



THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

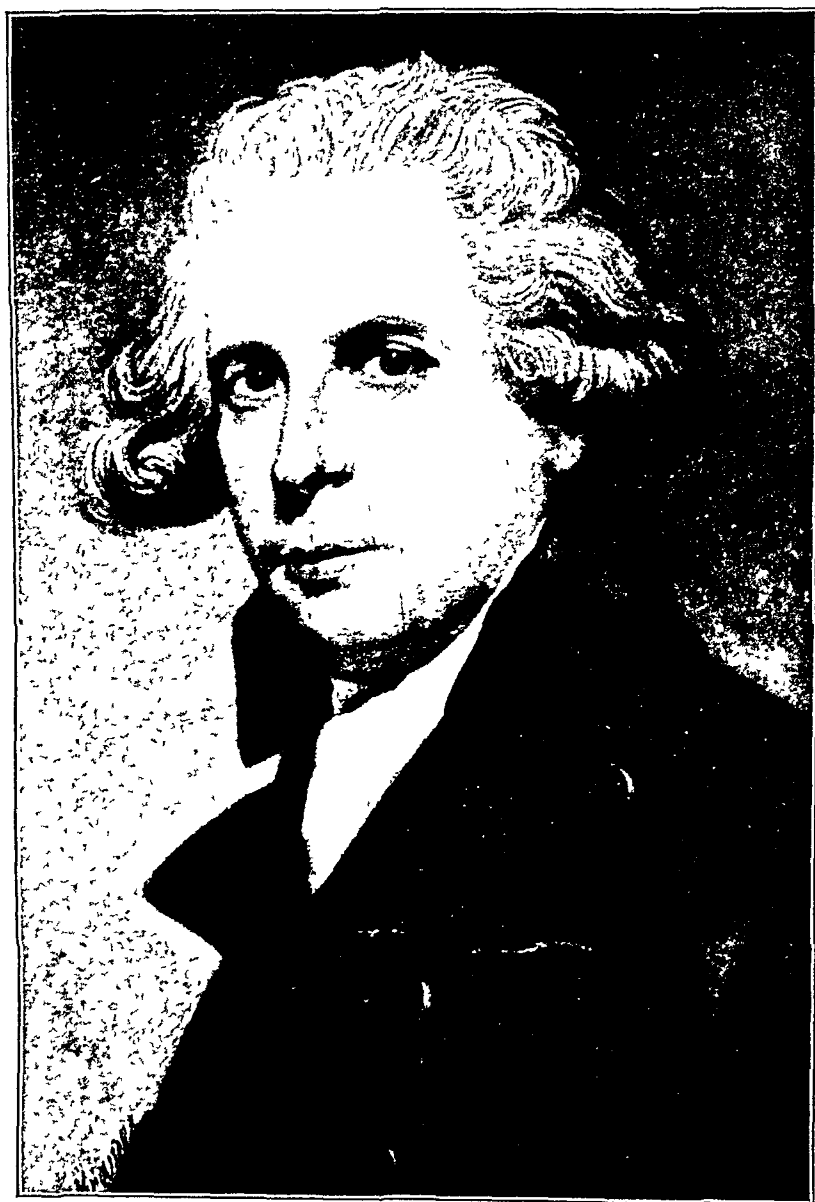
BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN: A British dramatist, born in Dublin, September 30, 1751, died in London, July 7, 1816 His father was an actor, his mother the author of several plays, and his mind naturally turned toward the drama His first play, "The Rivals" (1774), was performed January 17, 1775, at Covent Garden Theater, and at first met with utter failure It was later revised and reproduced, and was successful. Among his other plays are: "St Patrick's Day, or, the Scheming Lieutenant," first produced May 2, 1775, the book of a comic opera, "Duenna," November 21, 1775, "A Trip to Scarborough," February 24, 1775, "The School for Scandal," May 8, 1777, and "The Critic," October 30, 1779 In 1776 he succeeded David Garrick as manager of the Drury Lane Theater, and in 1780 he entered politics as a member of Parliament. He subsequently neglected his dramatic work for politics, was financially ruined, and finally arrested for debt]

Scene: A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House*.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

By permission of F Bruckmann, Munich

fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution — a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter Rowley.

Rowley — Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

Sir Peter — Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley — What can have happened since yesterday?

Sir Peter — A good question to a married man!

Rowley — Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir Peter — Why, has anybody told you she was dead?

Rowley — Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir Peter — But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest-tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley — Indeed!

Sir Peter — Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

Rowley — You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of

the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honored master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir Peter — You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence; of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but, for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

Rowley — I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir Peter — What! let me hear.

Rowley — Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir Peter — How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley — I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir Peter — Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together: — but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

Rowley — Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir Peter — Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits — however, he shall have his way; but, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley — Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir Peter — What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption! Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be soon at my house, though — I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley — By no means.

Sir Peter—For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'll have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley—I understand you:—but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir Peter—Egad, and so we must—and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it. [*Exeunt*

Scene: A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House*

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter—Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle—Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter—Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle—Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter—Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teazle—My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Peter—No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady Teazle—And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter—Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle—No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter—Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

Lady Teazle—Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

Sir Peter—Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle—And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox chase.

Sir Peter—I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach horse.

Lady Teazle—No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach horse.

Sir Peter—This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle—Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is——

Sir Peter—My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle—Hem! hem!

Sir Peter—I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself, for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle — Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter — 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle — Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter — The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle — For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter — Ay — there again — taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle — That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Peter — Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teazle — Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter — Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle — What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter — Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle — Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter — Grace indeed!

Lady Teazle — But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's, too.

Sir Peter — Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle — Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter — So — I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

Scene: A Room in LADY SNEERWELL'S *House.*

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, *and* JOSEPH SURFACE, *discovered.*

Lady Sneerwell — Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Joseph Surface — Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Benjamin — O plague on't, uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crabtree — No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore!

Sir Benjamin — But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricle was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which, I took out my pocketbook, and in one moment produced the following: —

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronis:
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

Crabtree — There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

Joseph Surface — A very Phœbus, mounted — indeed, Sir Benjamin!

Sir Benjamin — Oh dear, sir! trifles — trifles.

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* MARIA.

Mrs. Candour — I must have a copy.

Lady Sneerwell — Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teazle — I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneerwell—Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria—I take very little pleasure in cards—however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

Lady Teazle—I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me before Sir Peter came. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Candour—Now, I'll die; but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

Lady Teazle—What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Candour—They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermilion to be handsome.

Lady Sneerwell—Oh, surely she is a pretty woman.

Crabtree—I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Candour—She has a charming fresh color.

Lady Teazle—Yes, when it is fresh put on.

Mrs. Candour—Oh, fie! I'll swear her color is natural: I have seen it come and go!

Lady Teazle—I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

Sir Benjamin—True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes; but, what's more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

Mrs. Candour—Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

Crabtree—Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

Mrs. Candour—Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benjamin—Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneerwell—Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre calks her wrinkles.

Sir Benjamin—Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but, when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

Crabtree—Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

Mrs. Candour — Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

Sir Benjamin — Why, she has very pretty teeth.

Lady Teazle — Yes; and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on ajar, as it were — thus. [*Shows her teeth.*

Mrs. Candour — How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teazle — Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were — thus: *How do you do, madam? Yes, madam.* [*Mimics.*

Lady Sneerwell — Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teazle — In defense of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — Ladies, your most obedient. — [*Aside*] Mercy on me, here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.

Mrs. Candour — I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious — and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

Sir Peter — That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Candour — Oh, they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

Lady Teazle — What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

Mrs. Candour — Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and, when she takes so much pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneerwell — That's very true, indeed.

Lady Teazle — Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pulleys; and often, in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

Mrs. Candour—I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir Peter—Yes, a good defense, truly.

Mrs. Candour—Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

Crabtree—Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

Mrs. Candour—Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and, as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six and thirty.

Lady Sneerwell—Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Candour—True, and then as to her manner: upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar baker at Bristol.

Sir Benjamin—Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir Peter—Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Candour—For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

Sir Peter—No, to be sure!

Sir Benjamin—Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

Lady Teazle—Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottoes—made up of paint and proverb.

Mrs. Candour—Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crabtree—Oh, to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benjamin—So she has, indeed—an Irish front——

Crabtree—Caledonian locks——

Sir Benjamin—Dutch nose——

Crabtree—Austrian lips——

Sir Benjamin — Complexion of a Spaniard ——

Crabtree — And teeth *à la Chinoise* ——

Sir Benjamin — In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa — where no two guests are of a nation ——

Crabtree — Or a congress at the close of a general war — wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

Mrs. Candour — Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Peter — Mercy on my life! — a person they dine with twice a week! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Candour — Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so — for give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle ——

Sir Peter — Madam, madam, I beg your pardon — there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

Lady Sneerwell — Ha! ha! ha! well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature — too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir Peter — Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle — True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Benjamin — Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

Lady Teazle — But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

Sir Peter — 'Fore Heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

Lady Sneerwell — O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir Peter — Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneerwell — Go, you monster!

Mrs. Candour — But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

Sir Peter — Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the

drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

Crabtree—Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneerwell—Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Enter Servant, *who whispers* SIR PETER.

Sir Peter—I'll be with them directly. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll get away unperceived. [*Aside.*

Lady Sneerwell—Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir Peter—Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. [*Exit.*

Sir Benjamin—Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

Lady Teazle—Oh, pray don't mind that; come, do let's hear them. [*Exeunt all but* JOSEPH SURFACE *and* MARIA.

Joseph Surface—Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria—How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humor, Heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

Joseph Surface—Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are; they have no malice at heart.

Maria—Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

Joseph Surface—Undoubtedly, madam; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Maria—Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

Joseph Surface—Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favored rival.

Maria—Ungenerously urged! But, whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall

not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

Joseph Surface — Nay, but, Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear —— [*Kneels.*

Reënter LADY TEAZLE *behind.*

[*Aside*] Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle. — [*Aloud to* MARIA] You must not — no, you shall not — for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle ——

Maria — Lady Teazle!

Joseph Surface — Yet were Sir Peter to suspect ——

Lady Teazle [*coming forward*] — What is this, pray? Does he take her for me? — Child, you are wanted in the next room. — [*Exit* MARIA.] What is all this, pray?

Joseph Surface — Oh, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavoring to reason with her when you came in.

Lady Teazle — Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender mode of reasoning — do you usually argue on your knees?

Joseph Surface — Oh, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast — But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady Teazle — No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires.

Joseph Surface — True — a mere Platonic cicisbeo, what every wife is entitled to.

Lady Teazle — Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill humor may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to ——

Joseph Surface — The only revenge in your power. Well, I applaud your moderation.

Lady Teazle — Go — you are an insinuating wretch! But we shall be missed — let us join the company.

Joseph Surface — But we had best not return together.

Lady Teazle — Well, don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. [*Exit.*

Joseph Surface — A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have

run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last. [*Exit.*

Scene: A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* ROWLEY.

Sir Oliver—Ha! ha! ha! so my old friend is married, hey?—a young wife out of the country. Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last!

Rowley—But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliver—Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance!—Poor Peter! But you say he has entirely given up Charles—never sees him, hey?

Rowley—His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously been led into by a scandalous society in the neighborhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles' ill name. Whereas the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favorite.

Sir Oliver—Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time, and will rob a young fellow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you! No, no: if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

Rowley—Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. Ah, sir, it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him, and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliver—What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were

neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was?

Rowley — Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. But here comes Sir Peter.

Sir Oliver — Egad, so he does! Mercy on me! he's greatly altered, and seems to have a settled married look! One may read husband in his face at this distance!

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — Ha! Sir Oliver — my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliver — Thank you, thank you, Sir Peter! and i' faith I am glad to find you well, believe me!

Sir Peter — Oh! 'tis a long time since we met — fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

Sir Oliver — Ay, I have had my share. But, what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy? Well, well, it can't be helped; and so — I wish you joy with all my heart!

Sir Peter — Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver. — Yes, I have entered into — the happy state; but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir Oliver — True, true, Sir Peter; old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting. No, no, no.

Rowley [*aside to* SIR OLIVER] — Take care, pray, sir.

Sir Oliver — Well, so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, hey?

Sir Peter — Wild! Ah, my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be — everybody in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliver — I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Psha! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter — What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver — Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir Peter — Well, well — you'll be convinced when you

know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliver—Oh, plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles' errors: but, before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Rowley—And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir Peter—Oh, my life on Joseph's honor!

Sir Oliver—Well—come give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

Sir Peter—*Allons*, then!

Sir Oliver—And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree. [*Exeunt.*

Scene: A Room in SIR PETER TEAZLE'S *House.*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter—I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

Maria—No, sir; he was engaged.

Sir Peter—Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Maria—Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir Peter—So, here's perverseness! No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

Maria — This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir Peter — Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Maria — Never to his brother!

Sir Peter — Go, perverse and obstinate! But take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

Maria — I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. [*Exit.*

Sir Peter — Was ever man so crossed as I am, everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter — [LADY TEAZLE *sings without.*] But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humor. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teazle — Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter — Ah, Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady Teazle — I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter — Two hundred pounds; what, an't I to be in a good humor without paying for it! But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

Lady Teazle — Oh, no — there — my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

Sir Peter — And you shall no longer reproach me with not



LADY TEAZLE

giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teazle—If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter—Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady Teazle—I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir Peter—Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive—

Lady Teazle—Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter—Indeed!

Lady Teazle—Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Peter—Thank you.

Lady Teazle—And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter—And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady Teazle—And never differ again?

Sir Peter—No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady Teazle—I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter—Now see, my angel! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teazle—Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir Peter—There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teazle—Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir Peter — There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teazle — No, I'm sure I don't: but, if you will be so peevish ——

Sir Peter — There now! who begins first?

Lady Teazle — Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing — but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teazle — Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter — Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

Lady Teazle — You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter — Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady Teazle — So much the better.

Sir Peter — No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you — a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighborhood!

Lady Teazle — And I am sure I was a fool to marry you — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Peter — Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teazle — No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter — I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds ——

Lady Teazle — Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter — Very well, madam! very well! a separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady Teazle — Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir

Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so bye! bye! [*Exit.*

Sir Peter—Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I'm the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

Scene: A Library in JOSEPH SURFACE'S *House.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE *and* Servant.

Joseph Surface—No letter from Lady Teazle?

Servant—No, sir.

Joseph Surface [*aside*]—I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles' imprudence and bad character are great points in my favor. [*Knocking without.*

Servant—Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Joseph Surface—Hold! See whether it is or not, before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you if it should be my brother.

Servant—'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

Joseph Surface—Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do;—my opposite neighbor is a maiden lady of so curious a temper. [Servant *draws the screen, and exit.*] I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teazle—What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? O Lud! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

Joseph Surface—O madam, punctuality is a species of constancy very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

[*Places chairs, and sits after* LADY TEAZLE *is seated.*

Lady Teazle — Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know, Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too — that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Joseph Surface — I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*

Lady Teazle — I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

Joseph Surface [*aside*] — Indeed I do not. — [*Aloud*] Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

Lady Teazle — Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me.

Joseph Surface — Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance — without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for, when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady Teazle — No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody — that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter, too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart — indeed 'tis monstrous!

Joseph Surface — But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honor of her sex to endeavor to outwit him.

Lady Teazle — Indeed! So that, if he suspects me without cause, it follows that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't?

Joseph Surface — Undoubtedly — for your husband should never be deceived in you: and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady Teazle — To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence ——

Joseph Surface — Ah, my dear madam, there is the great

mistake! 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions? why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady Teazle — 'Tis very true!

Joseph Surface — Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humor and agree with your husband.

Lady Teazle — Do you think so?

Joseph Surface — Oh, I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for — in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady Teazle — So, so; then I perceive your prescription is that I must sin in my own defense, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation?

Joseph Surface — Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

Lady Teazle — Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

Joseph Surface — An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady Teazle — Why, if my understanding were once convinced ——

Joseph Surface — Oh, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes — Heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honor to desire it.

Lady Teazle — Don't you think we may as well leave honor out of the argument? [*Rises.*

Joseph Surface — Ah, the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

Lady Teazle — I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own to you that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your honorable logic, after all.

Joseph Surface — Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of —— [*Taking her hand.*

Reënter Servant.

'Sdeath, you blockhead — what do you want?

Servant — I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

Joseph Surface — Sir Peter! — Oons — the devil!

Lady Teazle — Sir Peter! O Lud! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

Servant — Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

Lady Teazle — Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic — Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs — I'll get behind here — and if ever I'm so imprudent again ——

[*Goes behind the screen.*

Joseph Surface — Give me that book.

[*Sits down.* Servant *pretends to adjust his chair.*

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir Peter — Ay, ever improving himself — Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface —— [*Pats* JOSEPH *on the shoulder.*

Joseph Surface — Oh, my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon — [*Gaping, throws away the book.*] I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

Sir Peter — 'Tis very neat indeed. Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge — hung, I perceive, with maps.

Joseph Surface — Oh, yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir Peter — I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

Joseph Surface — Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry either. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — Well, I have a little private business ——

Joseph Surface — You need not stay. [*To* Servant.

Servant — No, sir. [*Exit.*

Joseph Surface — Here's a chair, Sir Peter — I beg ——

Sir Peter — Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburden my mind to you — a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

Joseph Surface—Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir Peter—Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Joseph Surface—Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir Peter—Yes! and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Joseph Surface—How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir Peter—Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathize with me!

Joseph Surface—Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir Peter—I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

Joseph Surface—I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir Peter—Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Joseph Surface—My brother! impossible!

Sir Peter—Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

Joseph Surface—Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

Sir Peter—True; but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

Joseph Surface—Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir Peter—Ay; but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Joseph Surface—That's very true.

Sir Peter—And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Joseph Surface—That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

Sir Peter—Laugh! ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

Joseph Surface—No, you must never make it public.

Sir Peter—But then again—that the nephew of my old

friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Joseph Surface — Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude barbs the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

Sir Peter — Ay — I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian: in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him — my advice!

Joseph Surface — Oh, 'tis not to be credited! There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine — I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

Sir Peter — What a difference there is between you! What noble sentiments!

Joseph Surface — Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honor.

Sir Peter — I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future; and, if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

Joseph Surface — This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. — [*Aside*] I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

Sir Peter — Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Joseph Surface — Nor I, if I could help it. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

Joseph Surface [*softly*] — Oh, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir Peter — I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Joseph Surface [*softly*] — I beg you will not mention it.

What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! — [*Aside*] 'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way!

Sir Peter — And though you are averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

Joseph Surface — Pray, Sir Peter, now oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is intrusted with his friend's distresses can never ——

Reënter Servant.

Well, sir?

Servant — Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Joseph Surface — 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within — I'm out for the day.

Sir Peter — Stay — hold — a thought has struck me: — you shall be at home.

Joseph Surface — Well, well, let him up. — [*Exit* Servant.] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere, then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Joseph Surface — Oh, fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick? — to trepan my brother, too?

Sir Peter — Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: [*going up*] here, behind the screen will be — Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already — I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

Joseph Surface — Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner, a silly rogue that plagues me; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir Peter — Ah, Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you — But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Joseph Surface — Oh, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it!

Sir Peter — No! then, faith, let her hear it out. — Here's a closet will do as well.

Joseph Surface — Well, go in there.

Sir Peter — Sly rogue! sly rogue! [*Goes into the closet.*

Joseph Surface — A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

Lady Teazle [*peeping*] — Couldn't I steal off?

Joseph Surface — Keep close, my angel!

Sir Peter [*peeping*] — Joseph, tax him home.

Joseph Surface — Back, my dear friend!

Lady Teazle [*peeping*] — Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

Joseph Surface — Be still, my life!

Sir Peter [*peeping*] — You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

Joseph Surface — In, in, my dear Sir Peter! — 'Fore Gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Charles Surface — Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

Joseph Surface — Neither, brother, I assure you.

Charles Surface — But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

Joseph Surface — He was, brother; but, hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Charles Surface — What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Joseph Surface — No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Charles Surface — Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men. But how so, pray?

Joseph Surface — To be plain with you, brother, he thinks you are endeavoring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Charles Surface — Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word. — Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that

he has got a young wife, has he?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

Joseph Surface—This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh——

Charles Surface—True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honor.

Joseph Surface—Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [*Raising his voice.*

Charles Surface—To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement. Besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Joseph Surface—But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

Charles Surface—Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonorable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

Joseph Surface—Well!

Charles Surface—Why, I believe I should be obliged to——

Joseph Surface—What?

Charles Surface—To borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, i' faith, I always understood you were her favorite.

Joseph Surface—Oh, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

Charles Surface—Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

Joseph Surface—Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Charles Surface—Egad, I'm serious! Don't you remember one day, when I called here——

Joseph Surface—Nay, prithee, Charles——

Charles Surface—And found you together—

Joseph Surface—Zounds, sir, I insist——

Charles Surface—And another time when your servant——

Joseph Surface—Brother, brother, a word with you!—[*Aside*] Gad, I must stop him.

Charles Surface—Informed, I say, that——

Joseph Surface—Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter

has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Charles Surface — How. Sir Peter! Where is he?

Joseph Surface — Softly, there! [*Points to the closet.*

Charles Surface — Oh, 'fore Heaven, I'll have him out. Sir Peter, come forth!

Joseph Surface — No, no ——

Charles Surface — I say, Sir Peter, come into court. — [*Pulls in* SIR PETER.] What! my old guardian! — What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.? Oh, fie! Oh, fie!

Sir Peter — Give me your hand, Charles — I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph — 'twas my plan!

Charles Surface — Indeed!

Sir Peter — But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Charles Surface — Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more. Wasn't it, Joseph?

Sir Peter — Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Charles Surface — Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir Peter — Yes, yes, I know his honor too well.

Charles Surface — But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that. Mightn't he, Joseph?

Sir Peter — Well, well, I believe you.

Joseph Surface — Would they were both out of the room! [*Aside.*

Sir Peter — And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

Reënter Servant, *and whispers* JOSEPH SURFACE.

Servant — Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

Joseph Surface — Lady Sneerwell! Gad's life! she must not come here. [*Exit* Servant.] Gentlemen, I beg pardon — I must wait on you downstairs: here is a person come on particular business.

Charles Surface — Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

Joseph Surface [*aside*] — They must not be left together.

— [*Aloud*] I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly. [*Aside to* SIR PETER] Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

Sir Peter [*aside to* JOSEPH SURFACE] — I! not for the world! [*Exit* JOSEPH SURFACE.] Ah, Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

Charles Surface — Psha! he is too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

Sir Peter — No, no, — come, come, — you wrong him. No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect. — [*Aside*] I have a great mind to tell him — we should have such a laugh at Joseph.

Charles Surface — Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit!

Sir Peter — Hark'ee — you must not abuse him: he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

Charles Surface — Why, you won't tell him?

Sir Peter — No — but — this way. — [*Aside*] Egad, I'll tell him — [*Aloud*] Hark'ee — have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles Surface — I should like it of all things.

Sir Peter — Then, i' faith, we will! I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

[*Whispers.*

Charles Surface — What! Joseph? you jest.

Sir Peter — Hush! — a little French milliner — and the best of the jest is — she's in the room now.

Charles Surface — The devil she is!

Sir Peter — Hush! I tell you. [*Points to the screen.*

Charles Surface — Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

Sir Peter — No, no, he's coming: — you shan't indeed!

Charles Surface — Oh, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

Sir Peter — Not for the world! — Joseph will never forgive me.

Charles Surface — I'll stand by you ——

Sir Peter — Odds, here he is!

[CHARLES SURFACE *throws down the screen.*

Reënter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Charles Surface — Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful.

Sir Peter — Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

Charles Surface — Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! — Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too? — Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! — Well — though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another; so I'll leave you to yourselves. — [*Going.*] Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness. — Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

[*Exit.*

Joseph Surface — Sir Peter — notwithstanding — I confess — that appearances are against me — if you will afford me your patience — I make no doubt — but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter — If you please, sir.

Joseph Surface — The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria — I say, sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper — and knowing my friendship to the family — she, sir, I say — called here — in order that — I might explain these pretensions — but on your coming — being apprehensive — as I said — of your jealousy — she withdrew — and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir Peter — A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.

Lady Teazle — For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir Peter — How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady Teazle — There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir Peter — I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph Surface [*aside to* LADY TEAZLE] — 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady Teazle — Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir Peter—Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady Teazle—Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came here on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came, seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honor to his baseness.

Sir Peter—Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed!

Joseph Surface—The woman's mad!

Lady Teazle—No, sir; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honorable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[*Exit.*

Joseph Surface—Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows——

Sir Peter—That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph Surface—You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to——

Sir Peter—Oh, damn your sentiments!

[*Exeunt* SIR PETER *and* JOSEPH SURFACE, *talking.*



THE CALIPH VATHEK.

BY WILLIAM BECKFORD

[WILLIAM BECKFORD, an eccentric English millionaire and author, was born at Fonthill, Wiltshire, in 1760, and on the death of his father, who was twice lord mayor of London, inherited a vast fortune, producing an annual revenue of over £100,000. After a grand tour of the Continent he entered Parliament, and in 1787 published, in French, "The History of Vathek," an Oriental romance, of which Byron said, "Even 'Rasselas' must bow before it; the Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis" An English translation was

published anonymously in 1784, and has superseded the original Beckford erected a vast mansion at Fonthill and a palatial residence at Bath, the former being sold in 1822 for £330,000 In addition to "Vathek," Beckford wrote: "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters," "Italy, with Sketches of Portugal and Spain," "Recollections," etc. He died May 2, 1844]

VATHEK, ninth Caliph of the race of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun Al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded, and his indulgences unrestrained, for he was by no means scrupulous, nor did he think with the Caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy Paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremmi, which his father Motassem had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added therefore five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of his senses.

In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day according to their constant consumption, whilst the most delicious wines and the choicest cordials flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called "The Eternal or Unsatiating Banquet."

The second was styled "The Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul." It was inhabited by the most skillful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named "The Delight of the Eyes, or the Support

of Memory," was one entire enchantment. Rarities collected from every corner of the earth were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight, there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist on his part exhibited, in their several classes, the various gifts that Heaven has bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for he was of all men the most curious.

"The Palace of Perfumes," which was termed likewise "The Incentive to Pleasure," consisted of various halls where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be avoided by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odors.

The fifth palace, denominated "The Retreat of Joy, or the Dangerous," was frequented by troops of young females beautiful as the houris and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the Caliph allowed to approach them; for he was by no means disposed to be jealous, as his own women were secluded within the palace he inhabited himself.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign immersed in pleasure was not less tolerable to his subjects than one that employed himself in creating them foes. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the Caliph would not allow him to rest there; he had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but liked them not to push their opposition with warmth; he stopped the mouths of those with presents whose mouths could be stopped, whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood, — a remedy that often succeeded.

always been courteous to strangers, but from this instant he redoubled his attention, and ordered it to be announced by sound of trumpet, through all the streets of Samarah, that no one of his subjects, on peril of displeasure, should either lodge or detain a traveler, but forthwith bring him to the palace.

Not long after this proclamation there arrived in his metropolis a man so hideous that the very guards who arrested him were forced to shut their eyes as they led him along. The Caliph himself appeared startled at so horrible a visage, but joy succeeded to this emotion of terror when the stranger displayed to his view such rarities as he had never before seen, and of which he had no conception.

In reality nothing was ever so extraordinary as the merchandise this stranger produced; most of his curiosities, which were not less admirable for their workmanship than splendor, had, besides, their several virtues described on a parchment fastened to each. There were slippers which enabled the feet to walk; knives that cut without the motion of a hand; sabers which dealt the blow at the person they were wished to strike, and the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown.

The sabers, whose blades emitted a dazzling radiance, fixed more than all the Caliph's attention, who promised himself to decipher at his leisure the uncouth characters engraven on their sides. Without, therefore, demanding their price, he ordered all the coined gold to be brought from his treasury, and commanded the merchant to take what he pleased; the stranger complied with modesty and silence.

Vathek, imagining that the merchant's taciturnity was occasioned by the awe which his presence inspired, encouraged him to advance, and asked him, with an air of condescension, "Who he was? whence he came? and where he obtained such beautiful commodities?" The man, or rather monster, instead of making a reply, thrice rubbed his forehead, which, as well as his body, was blacker than ebony, four times clapped his paunch, the projection of which was enormous, opened wide his huge eyes, which glowed like firebrands, began to laugh with a hideous noise, and discovered his long amber-colored teeth bestreaked with green.

The Caliph, though a little startled, renewed his inquiries, but without being able to procure a reply; at which, beginning to be ruffled, he exclaimed: "Knowest thou, varlet, who I am?

and at whom thou art aiming thy sabre?" Then, addressing his guards, "Have ye heard him speak? Is he dumb?"

"He hath spoken," they replied, "though but little."

"Let him speak again then," said Vathek, "and tell me who he is, from whence he came, and where he procured these singular curiosities, or I swear by the ass of Balaam that I will make him rue his pertinacity."

The menace was accompanied by the Caliph with one of his angry and perilous glances, which the stranger sustained without the slightest emotion, although his eyes were fixed on the terrible eye of the Prince.

No words can describe the amazement of the courtiers when they beheld this rude merchant withstand the encounter unshocked. They all fell prostrate with their faces on the ground to avoid the risk of their lives, and continued in the same abject posture till the Caliph exclaimed in a furious tone: "Up, cowards! seize the miscreant! see that he be committed to prison and guarded by the best of my soldiers! Let him, however, retain the money I gave him. It is not my intent to take from him his property, I only want him to speak."

No sooner had he uttered these words than the stranger was surrounded, pinioned with strong fetters, and hurried away to the prison of the great tower, which was encompassed by seven empalements of iron bars, and armed with spikes in every direction longer and sharper than spits.

The Caliph, nevertheless, remained in the most violent agitation; he sat down indeed to eat, but of the three hundred covers that were daily placed before him could taste of no more than thirty-two. A diet to which he had been so little accustomed was sufficient of itself to prevent him from sleeping; what then must be its effect when joined to the anxiety that preyed upon his spirits? At the first glimpse of dawn he hastened to the prison, again to importune this intractable stranger; but the rage of Vathek exceeded all bounds on finding the prison empty, the grates burst asunder, and his guards lying lifeless around him. In the paroxysm of his passion he fell furiously on the poor carcasses, and kicked them till evening without intermission. His courtiers and viziers exerted their efforts to soothe his extravagance, but finding every expedient ineffectual they all united in one vociferation: "The Caliph is gone mad! the Caliph is out of his senses!"

This outcry, which soon resounded through the streets of

Samarah, at length reaching the ears of Carathis his mother, she flew in the utmost consternation to try her ascendency on the mind of her son. Her tears and caresses called off his attention, and he was prevailed upon by her entreaties to be brought back to the palace.

Carathis, apprehensive of leaving Vathek to himself, caused him to be put to bed, and seating herself by him, endeavored by her conversation to heal and compose him. Nor could any one have attempted it with better success, for the Caliph not only loved her as a mother, but respected her as a person of superior genius; it was she who had induced him, being a Greek herself, to adopt all the sciences and systems of her country, which good Mussulmans hold in such thorough abhorrence. Judicial astrology was one of those systems in which Carathis was a perfect adept; she began therefore with reminding her son of the promise which the stars had made him, and intimated an intention of consulting them again.

"Alas!" sighed the Caliph, as soon as he could speak, "what a fool have I been! not for the kicks bestowed on my guards who so tamely submitted to death, but for never considering that this extraordinary man was the same the planets had foretold, whom, instead of illtreating, I should have conciliated by all the arts of persuasion."

"The past," said Carathis, "cannot be recalled, but it behooves us to think of the future; perhaps you may again see the object you so much regret; it is possible the inscriptions on the sabers will afford information. Eat, therefore, and take thy repose, my dear son; we will consider, to-morrow, in what manner to act."

Vathek yielded to her counsel as well as he could, and arose in the morning with a mind more at ease. The sabers he commanded to be instantly brought, and poring upon them through a green glass, that their glittering might not dazzle, he set himself in earnest to decipher the inscriptions; but his reiterated attempts were all of them nugatory; in vain did he beat his head and bite his nails, not a letter of the whole was he able to ascertain. So unlucky a disappointment would have undone him again, had not Carathis by good fortune entered the apartment.

"Have patience, son!" said she; "you certainly are possessed of every important science, but the knowledge of languages is a trifle at best, and the accomplishment of none but

a pedant. Issue forth a proclamation that you will confer such rewards as become your greatness upon any one that shall interpret what you do not understand, and what it is beneath you to learn; you will soon find your curiosity gratified."

"That may be," said the Caliph; "but in the mean time I shall be horribly disgusted by a crowd of smatterers, who will come to the trial as much for the pleasure of retailing their jargon as from the hope of gaining the reward. To avoid this evil, it will be proper to add that I will put every candidate to death who shall fail to give satisfaction; for, thank Heaven! I have skill enough to distinguish between one that translates and one that invents."

"Of that I have no doubt," replied Carathis; "but to put the ignorant to death is somewhat severe, and may be productive of dangerous effects; content yourself with commanding their beards to be burnt,—beards in a state are not quite so essential as men."

The Caliph submitted to the reasons of his mother, and sending for Morakanabad, his prime vizier, said: "Let the common criers proclaim, not only in Samarah, but throughout every city in my empire, that whosoever will repair hither and decipher certain characters which appear to be inexplicable, shall experience the liberality for which I am renowned; but that all who fail upon trial shall have their beards burnt off to the last hair. Let them add also that I will bestow fifty beautiful slaves, and as many jars of apricots from the isle of Kirmith, upon any man that shall bring me intelligence of the stranger."

The subjects of the Caliph, like their sovereign, being great admirers of women and apricots from Kirmith, felt their mouths water at these promises, but were totally unable to gratify their hankering, for no one knew which way the stranger had gone.

As to the Caliph's other requisition, the result was different. The learned, the half-learned, and those who were neither, but fancied themselves equal to both, came boldly to hazard their beards, and all shamefully lost them.

The exaction of these forfeitures, which found sufficient employment for the eunuchs, gave them such a smell of singed hair as greatly to disgust the ladies of the seraglio, and make it necessary that this new occupation of their guardians should be transferred into other hands.

At length, however, an old man presented himself whose beard was a cubit and a half longer than any that had appeared

before him. The officers of the palace whispered to each other, as they ushered him in, "What a pity such a beard should be burnt!" Even the Caliph, when he saw it, concurred with them in opinion, but his concern was entirely needless. This venerable personage read the characters with facility, and explained them verbatim as follows: "We were made where everything good is made; we are the least of the wonders of a place where all is wonderful and deserving the sight of the first potentate on earth."

"You translate admirably!" cried Vathek; "I know to what these marvelous characters allude. Let him receive as many robes of honor and thousands of sequins of gold, as he hath spoken words. I am in some measure relieved from the perplexity that embarrassed me!"

Vathek invited the old man to dine, and even to remain some days in the palace. Unluckily for him he accepted the offer, for the Caliph, having ordered him next morning to be called, said: "Read again to me what you have read already; I cannot hear too often the promise that is made me, the completion of which I languish to obtain."

The old man forthwith put on his green spectacles, but they instantly dropped from his nose on perceiving that the characters he had read the day preceding had given place to others of different import.

"What ails you?" asked the Caliph; "and why these symptoms of wonder?"

"Sovereign of the world," replied the old man, "these sabers hold another language to-day from that they yesterday held."

"How say you?" returned Vathek — "but it matters not! Tell me, if you can, what they mean."

"It is this, my Lord," rejoined the old man: "Woe to the rash mortal who seeks to know that of which he should remain ignorant, and to undertake that which surpasseth his power!"

"And woe to thee!" cried the Caliph, in a burst of indignation; "to-day thou art void of understanding; begone from my presence, they shall burn but the half of thy beard, because thou wert yesterday fortunate in guessing; — my gifts I never resume."

The old man, wise enough to perceive he had luckily escaped, considering the folly of disclosing so disgusting a truth, immediately withdrew and appeared not again.

But it was not long before Vathek discovered abundant

reason to regret his precipitation; for though he could not decipher the characters himself, yet by constantly poring upon them he plainly perceived that they every day changed, and unfortunately no other candidate offered to explain them. This perplexing occupation inflamed his blood, dazzled his sight, and brought on a giddiness and debility that he could not support. He failed not, however, though in so reduced a condition, to be often carried to his tower, as he flattered himself that he might there read in the stars which he went to consult something more congenial to his wishes: but in this his hopes were deluded; for his eyes, dimmed by the vapors of his head, began to subserve his curiosity so ill that he beheld nothing but a thick dun cloud, which he took for the most direful of omens.

Agitated with so much anxiety, Vathek entirely lost all firmness; a fever seized him, and his appetite failed. Instead of being one of the greatest eaters he became as distinguished for drinking. So insatiable was the thirst which tormented him, that his mouth, like a funnel, was always open to receive the various liquors that might be poured into it, and especially cold water, which calmed him more than every other.

This unhappy prince being thus incapacitated for the enjoyment of any pleasure, commanded the palaces of the five senses to be shut up, forbore to appear in public, either to display his magnificence or administer justice, and retired to the inmost apartment of his harem. As he had ever been an indulgent husband, his wives, overwhelmed with grief at his deplorable situation, incessantly offered their prayers for his health and unremittingly supplied him with water.

In the mean time the Princess Carathis, whose affliction no words can describe, instead of restraining herself to sobbing and tears, was closeted daily with the Vizier Morakanabad, to find out some cure or mitigation of the Caliph's disease. Under the persuasion that it was caused by enchantment, they turned over together, leaf by leaf, all the books of magic that might point out a remedy, and caused the horrible stranger, whom they accused as the enchanter, to be everywhere sought for with the strictest diligence.

At the distance of a few miles from Samarah stood a high mountain, whose sides were swarded with wild thyme and basil, and its summit overspread with so delightful a plain, that it

might be taken for the paradise destined for the faithful. Upon it grew a hundred thickets of eglantine and other fragrant shrubs, a hundred arbors of roses, jessamine and honeysuckle, as many clumps of orange trees, cedar and citron, whose branches, interwoven with the palm, the pomegranate, and the vine, presented every luxury that could regale the eye or the taste. The ground was strewed with violets, harebells, and pansies, in the midst of which sprang forth tufts of jonquils, hyacinths, and carnations, with every other perfume that impregnates the air. Four fountains, not less clear than deep, and so abundant as to slake the thirst of ten armies, seemed profusely placed here to make the scene more resemble the garden of Eden, which was watered by the four sacred rivers. Here the nightingale sang the birth of the rose, her well-beloved, and at the same time lamented its short-lived beauty; whilst the turtle deplored the loss of more substantial pleasures, and the wakeful lark hailed the rising light that reanimates the whole creation. Here more than anywhere the mingled melodies of birds expressed the various passions they inspired, as if the exquisite fruits which they pecked at pleasure had given them a double energy.

To this mountain Vathek was sometimes brought for the sake of breathing a purer air, and especially to drink at will of the four fountains, which were reputed in the highest degree salubrious and sacred to himself. His attendants were his mother, his wives, and some eunuchs, who assiduously employed themselves in filling capacious bowls of rock crystal, and emulously presenting them to him; but it frequently happened that his avidity exceeded their zeal, insomuch that he would prostrate himself upon the ground to lap up the water, of which he could never have enough.

One day when this unhappy prince had been long lying in so debasing a posture, a voice, hoarse but strong, thus addressed him: "Why assumest thou the function of a dog, O Caliph, so proud of thy dignity and power?"

At this apostrophe he raised his head and beheld the stranger that had caused him so much affliction. Inflamed with anger at the sight, he exclaimed:—

"Accursed Giaour! what comest thou hither to do? Is it not enough to have transformed a prince remarkable for his agility into one of those leather barrels which the Bedouin Arabs carry on their camels when they traverse the deserts?

Perceivest thou not that I may perish by drinking to excess no less than by a total abstinence?"

"Drink then this draught," said the stranger, as he presented to him a phial of a red and yellow mixture; "and, to satiate the thirst of thy soul as well as of thy body, know that I am an Indian, but from a region of India which is wholly unknown."

The Caliph, delighted to see his desires accomplished in part, and flattering himself with the hope of obtaining their entire fulfillment, without a moment's hesitation swallowed the potion, and instantaneously found his health restored, his thirst appeased, and his limbs as agile as ever.

In the transports of his joy Vathek leaped upon the neck of the frightful Indian, and kissed his horrid mouth and hollow cheeks as though they had been the coral lips, and the lilies and roses, of his most beautiful wives; whilst they, less terrified than jealous at the sight, dropped their veils to hide the blush of mortification that suffused their foreheads.

Nor would the scene have closed here, had not Carathis, with all the art of insinuation, a little repressed the raptures of her son. Having prevailed upon him to return to Samarah, she caused a herald to precede him, whom she commanded to proclaim as loudly as possible: "The wonderful stranger hath appeared again, he hath healed the Caliph, he hath spoken! he hath spoken!"

Forthwith all the inhabitants of this vast city quitted their habitations, and ran together in crowds to see the procession of Vathek and the Indian, whom they now blessed as much as they had before execrated, incessantly shouting: "He hath healed our sovereign, he hath spoken! he hath spoken!" Nor were these words forgotten in the public festivals which were celebrated the same evening, to testify the general joy; for the poets applied them as a chorus to all the songs they composed.

The Caliph in the mean while caused the palaces of the senses to be again set open; and, as he found himself prompted to visit that of taste in preference to the rest, immediately ordered a splendid entertainment, to which his great officers and favorite courtiers were all invited. The Indian, who was placed near the Prince, seemed to think that as a proper acknowledgment of so distinguished a privilege he could neither eat, drink, nor talk too much. The various dainties were no sooner served up than they vanished, to the great mortification of Vathek, who

piqued himself on being the greatest eater alive, and at this time in particular had an excellent appetite.

The rest of the company looked round at each other in amazement; but the Indian without appearing to observe it quaffed large bumpers to the health of each of them, sang in a style altogether extravagant, related stories at which he laughed immoderately, and poured forth extemporaneous verses, which would not have been thought bad but for the strange grimaces with which they were uttered. In a word his loquacity was equal to that of a hundred astrologers, he ate as much as a hundred porters, and caroused in proportion.

The Caliph, notwithstanding the table had been thirty times covered, found himself incommoded by the voraciousness of his guest, who was now considerably declined in the prince's esteem. Vathek, however, being unwilling to betray the chagrin he could hardly disguise, said in a whisper to Bababalouk, the chief of his eunuchs: "You see how enormous his performances in every way are: what would be the consequence should he get at my wives! Go! redouble your vigilance, and be sure look well to my Circassians, who would be more to his taste than all of the rest."

The bird of the morning had thrice renewed his song when the hour of the Divan sounded. Vathek in gratitude to his subjects having promised to attend, immediately arose from table and repaired thither, leaning upon his vizier, who could scarcely support him, so disordered was the poor Prince by the wine he had drunk, and still more by the extravagant vagaries of his boisterous guest.

The viziers, the officers of the crown and of the law, arranged themselves in a semicircle about their sovereign and preserved a respectful silence, whilst the Indian, who looked as cool as if come from a fast, sat down without ceremony on the step of the throne, laughing in his sleeve at the indignation with which his temerity had filled the spectators.

The Caliph, however, whose ideas were confused and his head embarrassed, went on administering justice at haphazard, till at length the prime vizier, perceiving his situation, hit upon a sudden expedient to interrupt the audience and rescue the honor of his master, to whom he said in a whisper: "My Lord, the Princess Carathis, who hath passed the night in consulting the planets, informs you that they portend you evil, and the danger is urgent. Beware lest this stranger, whom you have

so lavishly recompensed for his magical gewgaws, should make some attempt on your life; his liquor, which at first had the appearance of effecting your cure, may be no more than a poison of a sudden operation. Slight not this surmise, ask him at least of what it was compounded, whence he procured it, and mention the sabers, which you seem to have forgotten."

Vathek, to whom the insolent airs of the stranger became every moment less supportable, intimated to his vizier by a wink of acquiescence that he would adopt his advice, and at once turning towards the Indian said: "Get up, and declare in full Divan of what drugs the liquor was compounded you enjoined me to take, for it is suspected to be poison; add also the explanation I have so earnestly desired concerning the sabers you sold me, and thus show your gratitude for the favors heaped on you."

Having pronounced these words in as moderate a tone as a caliph well could, he waited in silent expectation for an answer. But the Indian, still keeping his seat, began to renew his loud shouts of laughter, and exhibit the same horrid grimaces he had shown them before, without vouchsafing a word in reply. Vathek, no longer able to brook such insolence, immediately kicked him from the steps; instantly descending, repeated his blow, and persisted with such assiduity as incited all who were present to follow his example. Every foot was aimed at the Indian. and no sooner had any one given him a kick than he felt himself constrained to reiterate the stroke.

The stranger afforded them no small entertainment; for, being both short and plump, he collected himself into a ball, and rolled round on all sides at the blows of his assailants, who pressed after him wherever he turned with an eagerness beyond conception, whilst their numbers were every moment increasing. The ball, indeed, in passing from one apartment to another, drew every person after it that came in its way, insomuch that the whole palace was thrown into confusion, and resounded with a tremendous clamor. The women of the harem, amazed at the uproar, flew to their blinds to discover the cause; but no sooner did they catch a glimpse of the ball than, feeling themselves unable to refrain, they broke from the clutches of their eunuchs, who to stop their flight pinched them till they bled, but in vain; whilst themselves, though trembling with terror at the escape of their charge, were as incapable of resisting the attraction.

The Indian, after having traversed the halls, galleries,

chambers, kitchens, gardens, and stables of the palace, at last took his course through the courts; whilst the Caliph, pursuing him closer than the rest, bestowed as many kicks as he possibly could, yet not without receiving now and then one, which his competitors in their eagerness designed for the ball.

Carathis, Morakanabad, and two or three old viziers, whose wisdom had hitherto withstood the attraction, wishing to prevent Vathek from exposing himself in the presence of his subjects, fell down in his way to impede the pursuit; but he, regardless of their obstruction, leaped over their heads and went on as before. They then ordered the Muezzins to call the people to prayers, both for the sake of getting them out of the way, and of endeavoring by their petitions to avert the calamity; but neither of these expedients was a whit more successful; the sight of this fatal ball was alone sufficient to draw after it every beholder. The Muezzins themselves, though they saw it but at a distance, hastened down from their minarets and mixed with the crowd, which continued to increase in so surprising a manner that scarce an inhabitant was left in Samarah, except the aged, the sick confined to their beds, and infants at the breast, whose nurses could run more nimbly without them. Even Carathis, Morakanabad, and the rest were all become of the party.

The shrill screams of the females, who had broken from their apartments and were unable to extricate themselves from the pressure of the crowd, together with those of the eunuchs jostling after them, terrified lest their charge should escape from their sight, increased by the execrations of husbands urging forward and menacing both, kicks given and received, stumblings and overthrows at every step,—in a word, the confusion that universally prevailed rendered Samarah like a city taken by storm and devoted to absolute plunder.

At last the cursed Indian, who still preserved his rotundity of figure, after passing through all the streets and public places, and leaving them empty, rolled onwards to the plain of Catoul, and traversed the valley at the foot of the mountain of the Four Fountains.

As a continual fall of water had excavated an immense gulf in the valley, whose opposite side was closed in by a steep acclivity, the Caliph and his attendants were apprehensive lest the ball should bound into the chasm, and, to prevent it, redoubled their efforts, but in vain. The Indian persevered in

his onward direction, and, as had been apprehended, glancing from the precipice with the rapidity of lightning, was lost in the gulf below.

Vathek would have followed the perfidious Giaour, had not an invisible agency arrested his progress. The multitude that pressed after him were at once checked in the same manner, and a calm instantaneously ensued. They all gazed at each other with an air of astonishment; and, notwithstanding that the loss of veils and turbans, together with torn habits and dust blended with sweat, presented a most laughable spectacle, there was not one smile to be seen; on the contrary all, with looks of confusion and sadness, returned in silence to Samarah and retired to their inmost apartments, without ever reflecting that they had been impelled by an invisible power into the extravagance for which they reproached themselves; for it is but just that men, who so often arrogate to their own merit the good of which they are but instruments, should attribute to themselves the absurdities which they could not prevent.

The Caliph was the only person that refused to leave the valley. He commanded his tents to be pitched there, and stationed himself on the very edge of the precipice, in spite of the representations of Carathis and Morakanabad, who pointed out the hazard of its brink giving way, and the vicinity to the Magician that had so severely tormented him. Vathek derided all their remonstrances, and, having ordered a thousand flambeaux to be lighted, and directed his attendants to proceed in lighting more, lay down on the slippery margin and attempted, by help of this artificial splendor, to look through that gloom which all the fires of the empyrean had been insufficient to pervade. One while he fancied to himself voices arising from the depth of the gulf; at another he seemed to distinguish the accents of the Indian, but all was no more than the hollow murmur of waters, and the din of the cataracts that rushed from steep to steep down the sides of the mountain.

Having passed the night in this cruel perturbation, the Caliph at daybreak retired to his tent, where, without taking the least sustenance, he continued to doze till the dusk of evening began again to come on. He then resumed his vigils as before, and persevered in observing them for many nights together. At length, fatigued with so successless an employment, he sought relief from change. To this end he sometimes paced with hasty strides across the plain, and, as he wildly

gazed at the stars, reproached them with having deceived him; but lo! on a sudden the clear blue sky appeared streaked over with streams of blood, which reached from the valley even to the city of Samarah. As this awful phenomenon seemed to touch his tower, Vathek at first thought of repairing thither to view it more distinctly; but feeling himself unable to advance, and being overcome with apprehension, he muffled up his face in his robe.

Terrifying as these prodigies were, this impression upon him was no more than momentary, and served only to stimulate his love of the marvelous. Instead therefore of returning to his palace, he persisted in the resolution of abiding where the Indian vanished from his view. One night, however, while he was walking as usual on the plain, the moon and the stars at once were eclipsed, and a total darkness ensued; the earth trembled beneath him, and a voice came forth, the voice of the Giaour, who, in accents more sonorous than thunder, thus addressed him: "Wouldest thou devote thyself to me? Adore then the terrestrial influences, and abjure Mahomet. On these conditions I will bring thee to the palace of subterranean fire; there shalt thou behold in immense depositories the treasures which the stars have promised thee, and which will be conferred by those Intelligences whom thou shalt thus render propitious. It was from thence I brought my sabers, and it is there that Soliman Ben Daoud reposes, surrounded by the talismans that control the world."

The astonished Caliph trembled as he answered, yet in a style that showed him to be no novice in preternatural adventures: "Where art thou? be present to my eyes; dissipate the gloom that perplexes me and of which I deem thee the cause; after the many flambeaux I have burnt to discover thee, thou mayst at least grant a glimpse of thy horrible visage."

"Abjure then Mahomet," replied the Indian, "and promise me full proofs of thy sincerity; otherwise thou shalt never behold me again."

The unhappy Caliph, instigated by insatiable curiosity, lavished his promises in the utmost profusion. The sky immediately brightened; and by the light of the planets, which seemed almost to blaze, Vathek beheld the earth open, and at the extremity of a vast black chasm a portal of ebony, before which stood the Indian, still blacker, holding in his hand a golden key that caused the lock to resound.

"How," cried Vathek, "can I descend to thee without the certainty of breaking my neck? come take me, and instantly open the portal."

"Not so fast," replied the Indian, "impatient Caliph! Know that I am parched with thirst, and cannot open this door till my thirst be thoroughly appeased. I require the blood of fifty of the most beautiful sons of thy viziers and great men, or neither can my thirst nor thy curiosity be satisfied. Return to Samarah, procure for me this necessary libation, come back hither, throw it thyself into this chasm, and then shalt thou see!"

Having thus spoken, the Indian turned his back on the Caliph, who, incited by the suggestion of demons, resolved on the direful sacrifice. He now pretended to have regained his tranquillity, and set out for Samarah amidst the acclamations of a people who still loved him, and forbore not to rejoice when they believed him to have recovered his reason. So successfully did he conceal the emotion of his heart, that even Carathis and Morakanabad were equally deceived with the rest. Nothing was heard of but festivals and rejoicings; the ball, which no tongue had hitherto ventured to mention, was again brought on the tapis; a general laugh went round, though many, still smarting under the hands of the surgeon from the hurts received in that memorable adventure, had no great reason for mirth.

The prevalence of this gay humor was not a little grateful to Vathek, as perceiving how much it conduced to his project. He put on the appearance of affability to every one, but especially to his viziers, and the grandees of his court, whom he failed not to regale with a sumptuous banquet, during which he insensibly inclined the conversation to the children of his guests. Having asked with a good-natured air who of them were blessed with the handsomest boys, every father at once asserted the pretensions of his own, and the contest imperceptibly grew so warm that nothing could have withholden them from coming to blows but their profound reverence for the person of the Caliph. Under the pretense, therefore, of reconciling the disputants, Vathek took upon him to decide, and with this view commanded the boys to be brought.

It was not long before a troop of these poor children made their appearance, all equipped by their fond mothers with such ornaments as might give the greatest relief to their beauty, or

most advantageously display the graces of their age. But whilst this brilliant assemblage attracted the eyes and hearts of every one besides, the Caliph scrutinized each in his turn with a malignant avidity that passed for attention, and selected from their number the fifty whom he judged the Giaour would prefer.

With an equal show of kindness as before, he proposed to celebrate a festival on the plain for the entertainment of his young favorites, who he said ought to rejoice still more than all at the restoration of his health, on account of the favors he intended for them.

The Caliph's proposal was received with the greatest delight, and soon published through Samarah; litters, camels, and horses were prepared. Women and children, old men and young, every one placed himself in the station he chose. The cavalcade set forward, attended by all the confectioners in the city and its precincts; the populace following on foot composed an amazing crowd, and occasioned no little noise; all was joy, nor did any one call to mind what most of them had suffered when they first traveled the road they were now passing so gayly.

The evening was serene, the air refreshing, the sky clear, and the flowers exhaled their fragrance; the beams of the declining sun, whose mild splendor reposed on the summit of the mountain, shed a glow of ruddy light over its green declivity and the white flocks sporting upon it; no sounds were audible, save the murmurs of the Four Fountains, and the reeds and voices of shepherds, calling to each other from different eminences.

The lovely innocents proceeding to the destined sacrifice added not a little to the hilarity of the scene; they approached the plain full of sportiveness, some coursing butterflies, others culling flowers, or picking up the shining little pebbles that attracted their notice. At intervals they nimbly started from each other, for the sake of being caught again and mutually imparting a thousand caresses.

The dreadful chasm, at whose bottom the portal of ebony was placed, began to appear at a distance; it looked like a black streak that divided the plain. Morakanabad and his companions took it for some work which the Caliph had ordered; unhappy men! little did they surmise for what it was destined.

Vathek, *not liking they should examine it too nearly*, stopped the procession, and ordered a spacious circle to be formed on this side, at some distance from the accursed chasm. The bodyguard of eunuchs was detached to measure out the lists intended for the games, and prepare ringles for the lines to keep off the crowd. The fifty competitors were soon stripped, and presented to the admiration of the spectators the suppleness and grace of their delicate limbs; their eyes sparkled with a joy which those of their fond parents reflected. Every one offered wishes for the little candidate nearest his heart, and doubted not of his being victorious; a breathless suspense awaited the contest of these amiable and innocent victims.

The Caliph, availing himself of the first moment to retire from the crowd, advanced towards the chasm, and there heard, yet not without shuddering, the voice of the Indian, who, gnashing his teeth, eagerly demanded: "Where are they? where are they? perceivest thou not how my mouth waters?"

"Relentless Giaour!" answered Vathek, with emotion, "can nothing content thee but the massacre of these lovely victims? Ah! wert thou to behold their beauty it must certainly move thy compassion."

"Perdition on thy compassion, babbler!" cried the Indian. "*Give them me, instantly give them, or my portal shall be* closed against thee forever!"

"Not so loudly," replied the Caliph, blushing.

"I understand thee," returned the Giaour, with the grin of an ogre; "thou wantest to summon up more presence of mind; I will for a moment forbear."

During this exquisite dialogue the games went forward with all alacrity, and at length concluded just as the twilight began to overcast the mountains. Vathek, who was still standing on the edge of the chasm, called out, with all his might: "Let my fifty little favorites approach me separately, and let them come in the order of their success. To the first I will give my diamond bracelet, to the second my collar of emeralds, to the third my aigret of rubies, to the fourth my girdle of topazes, and to the rest each a part of my dress, even down to my slippers."

This declaration was received with reiterated acclamations, and all extolled the liberality of a Prince who would thus strip himself for the amusement of his subjects and the encouragement of the rising generation.

The Caliph in the mean while undressed himself by degrees,

and, raising his arm as high as he was able, made each of the prizes glitter in the air; but whilst he delivered it with one hand to the child, who sprang forward to receive it, he with the other pushed the poor innocent into the gulf, where the Giaour with a sullen muttering incessantly repeated, "More! more!"

This dreadful device was executed with so much dexterity that the boy who was approaching him remained unconscious of the fate of his forerunner; and as to spectators, the shades of evening, together with their distance, precluded them from perceiving any object distinctly. Vathek, having in this manner thrown in the last of the fifty, and expecting that the Giaour, on receiving them would have presented the key, already fancied himself as great as Soliman, and consequently above being amenable for what he had done: when, to his utter amazement, the chasm closed, and the ground became as entire as the rest of the plain.

No language could express his rage and despair. He execrated the perfidy of the Indian, loaded him with the most infamous invectives, and stamped with his foot as resolving to be heard; he persisted in this demeanor till his strength failed him, and then fell on the earth like one void of sense. His viziers and grandees, who were nearer than the rest, supposed him at first to be sitting on the grass at play with their amiable children; but at length prompted by doubt, they advanced towards the spot and found the Caliph alone, who wildly demanded what they wanted.

"Our children! our children!" cried they.

"It is assuredly pleasant," said he, "to make me accountable for accidents; your children while at play fell from the precipice that was here, and I should have experienced their fate had I not been saved by a sudden start back."

At these words the fathers of the fifty boys cried out aloud, the mothers repeated their exclamations an octave higher, whilst the rest, without knowing the cause, soon drowned the voices of both with still louder lamentations of their own.

"Our Caliph," said they, and the report soon circulated, "Our Caliph has played us this trick to gratify his accursed Giaour. Let us punish him for his perfidy! let us avenge ourselves! let us avenge the blood of the innocent! let us throw this cruel Prince into the gulf that is near, and let his name be mentioned no more!"

At this rumor and these menaces, Carathis, full of consternation, hastened to Morakanabad and said: "Vizier, you have lost two beautiful boys, and must necessarily be the most afflicted of fathers; but you are virtuous, save your master."

"I will brave every hazard," replied the vizier, "to rescue him from his present danger, but afterwards will abandon him to his fate. Bababalouk," continued he, "put yourself at the head of your eunuchs, disperse the mob, and, if possible, bring back this unhappy Prince to his palace." Bababalouk and his fraternity, felicitating each other in a low voice on their disability of ever being fathers, obeyed the mandate of the vizier; who, seconding their exertions to the utmost of his power, at length accomplished his generous enterprise, and retired as he resolved, to lament at his leisure.

No sooner had the Caliph reentered his palace than Carathis commanded the doors to be fastened; but perceiving the tumult to be still violent, and hearing the imprecations which resounded from all quarters, she said to her son: "Whether the populace be right or wrong, it behooves you to provide for your safety; let us retire to your own apartment, and from thence through the subterranean passage, known only to ourselves, into your tower; there, with the assistance of the mutes who never leave it, we may be able to make some resistance. Bababalouk, supposing us to be still in the palace. will guard its avenues for his own sake; and we shall soon find, without the counsels of that blubberer Morakanabad, what expedient may be best to adopt."

Vathek, without making the least reply, acquiesced in his mother's proposal, and repeated as he went: "Nefarious Giaour! where art thou? hast thou not yet devoured those poor children? where are thy sabers? thy golden key? thy talismans?"

Carathis, who guessed from these interrogations a part of the truth, had no difficulty to apprehend in getting at the whole, as soon as he should be a little composed in his tower. She said to her son: "This Giaour, it must be confessed, is somewhat sanguinary in his taste, but the terrestrial powers are always terrible; nevertheless, what the one hath promised and the others can confer will prove a sufficient indemnification; no crimes should be thought too dear for such a reward; forbear then to revile the Indian; you have not fulfilled the conditions to which his services are annexed; for instance, is not a sacri-

fice to the subterranean Genii required? and should we not be prepared to offer it as soon as the tumult is subsided? This charge I will take on myself, and have no doubt of succeeding by means of your treasures, which, as there are now so many others in store, may without fear be exhausted."

Accordingly the Princess, who possessed the most consummate skill in the art of persuasion, went immediately back through the subterranean passage; and presenting herself to the populace from a window of the palace, began to harangue them with all the address of which she was mistress, whilst Bababalouk showered money from both hands amongst the crowd, who by these united means were soon appeased.



WILLIAM BLAKE'S POEMS.

[William Blake, English artist and poet, was born in London, November 28, 1757. He became an illustrator, engraver, print-seller, and Royal Academician, and wrote many volumes of poetry illustrated by himself He was a child-like mystic, who believed himself inspired by spirits. He published "Poetical Sketches" (1783), "Songs of Innocence" and "Prophetic Books" (1789), "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" (1790), "Songs of Experience" and "Book of Orizen" (1794), "Book of Los" (1795), "Book of Aharia" (1795), "Jerusalem" and "Milton" (1804), etc He died August 12, 1827.]

The Mental Traveler

I traveled through a land of men
  A land of men and women too;
And heard and saw such dreadful things
  As cold earth wanderers never knew.

For there the babe is born in joy
  That was begotten in dire woe,
Just as we reap in joy the fruit
  Which we in bitter tears did sow.

And if the babe is born a boy,
  He's given to a woman old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
  Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

She binds iron thorns around his head
  She pierces both his hands and feet,

She cuts his heart out at his side,
  To make it feel both cold and heat

Her fingers number every nerve
  Just as a miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,
  And she grows young as he grows old.

Till he becomes a bleeding youth,
  And she becomes a virgin bright;
Then he rends up his manacles,
  And binds her down for his delight.

He plants himself in all her nerves
  Just as a husbandman his mold,
And she becomes his dwelling place
  And garden fruitful seventyfold.

An aged shadow soon he fades,
  Wandering round an earthly cot,
Full-fillèd all with gems and gold
  Which he by industry had got

And these are the gems of the human soul,
  The rubies and pearls of a lovesick eye,
The countless gold of the aching heart,
  The martyr's groan and the lover's sigh.

They are his meat, they are his drink;
  He feeds the beggar and the poor;
To the wayfaring traveler
  Forever open is his door.

His grief is their eternal joy,
  They make the roofs and walls to ring;
Till from the fire upon the hearth
  A little female babe doth spring

And she is all of solid fire
  And gems and gold, that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her baby form,
  Or wrap her in his swaddling band.

But she comes to the man she loves,
  If young or old or rich or poor;
They soon drive out the aged host,
  A beggar at another's door.

He wanders weeping far away,
  Until some other take him in;
Oft blind and age-bent, sore distressed,
  Until he can a maiden win.

And, to allay his freezing age,
  The poor man takes her in his arms;
The cottage fades before his sight,
  The garden and its lovely charms.

The guests are scattered through the land;
  For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
  And the flat earth becomes a ball.

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
  A desert vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
  And a dark desert all around.

The honey of her infant lips,
  The bread and wine of her sweet smile,
The wild game of her roving eye,
  Do him to infancy beguile.

For as he eats and drinks he grows
  Younger and younger every day,
And on the desert wild they both
  Wander in terror and dismay.

Like the wild stag she flees away;
  Her fear plants many a thicket wild,
While he pursues her night and day,
  By various arts of love beguiled;

By various arts of love and hate,
  Till the wild desert's planted o'er
With labyrinths of wayward love,
  Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar.

Till he becomes a wayward babe,
  And she a weeping woman old;
Then many a lover wanders here,
  The sun and stars are nearer rolled;

The trees bring forth sweet ecstasy
  To all who in the desert roam;

Till many a city there is built,
And many a pleasant shepherd's home

But, when they find the frowning babe,
Terror strikes through the region wide:
They cry — "The babe — the babe is born!"
And flee away on every side

For who dare touch the frowning form,
His arm is withered to its root:
Bears, lions, wolves, all howling flee,
And every tree doth shed its fruit.

And none can touch that frowning form
Except it be a woman old;
She nails him down upon the rock,
And all is done as I have told.

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT.

Pity would be no more
If we did not make somebody poor,
And Mercy no more could be
If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings Peace,
Till the selfish loves increase;
Then Cruelty knits a snare,
And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
And waters the ground with tears:
Then Humility takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head,
And the caterpillar and fly
Feed on the Mystery.

And it bears the fruit of Deceit,
Ruddy and sweet to eat,
And the raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The gods of the earth and sea
Sought through nature to find this tree,

But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the human Brain.

Seed Sowing.

"Thou hast a lapful of seed,
And this is a fair country
Why dost thou not cast thy seed,
And live in it merrily?"

"Shall I cast it on the sand,
And turn it into fruitful land?
For on no other ground can I sow my seed
Without tearing up some stinking weed."

The Tiger

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE SHIPWRECK AND VIRGINIA'S DEATH.

BY BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

(From "Paul and Virginia.")

[JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN SAINT PIERRE, the author of "Paul and Virginia," was born at Havre, January 19, 1737; died at Éragny, near Pontoise, January 21, 1814. His education was irregular, and though he wished to become a missionary he was forced by circumstances to take up the life of an engineer, which he later abandoned to devote himself to literature. He was eccentric, melancholy, and sentimental, and though he wrote much that is good, his only work of genius was "Paul and Virginia" (1788). His other works are. "Voyage à l'Ile de France" (1773), "Études de la Nature" (3 vols., 1784), "Vœux d'un Solitaire" (1789), and "La Chaumière Indienne" (1791)]

ONE morning, at break of day (it was the 24th December, 1744), Paul when he arose perceived a white flag hoisted upon the Mountain of Discovery. This flag he knew to be the signal of a vessel descried at sea. He instantly flew to the town to learn if this vessel brought any tidings of Virginia, and waited there till the return of the pilot, who was gone, according to custom, to board the ship. The pilot did not return till the evening, when he brought the Governor information that the signaled vessel was the "Saint-Geran," of seven hundred tons' burthen, and commanded by a captain of the name of Aubin; that she was now four leagues out at sea, but would probably anchor at Port Louis the following afternoon, if the wind became fair: at present there was a calm. The pilot then handed to the Governor a number of letters which the "Saint-Geran" had brought from France, among which was one addressed to Madame de la Tour, in the handwriting of Virginia. Paul seized upon the letter, kissed it with transport, and, placing it in his bosom, flew to the plantation. No sooner did he perceive from a distance the family, who were awaiting his return upon the Rock of Adieus, then he waved the letter aloft in the air, without being able to utter a word. No sooner was the seal broken, than they all crowded round Madame de la Tour, to hear the letter read. Virginia informed her mother that she had experienced much ill usage from her aunt, who, after having in vain urged her to a marriage against her inclination, had disinherited her, and had sent her back at a time when she would probably reach the Mauritius during the hurricane season. In vain, she added, had she endeavored

three large black circles. A frightful darkness shrouded the sky; but the frequent flashes of lightning discovered to us long rows of thick and gloomy clouds, hanging very low, and heaped together over the center of the island, being driven in with great rapidity from the ocean, although not a breath of air was perceptible upon the land. As we walked along, we thought we heard peals of thunder; but on listening more attentively, we perceived that it was the sound of cannon at a distance, repeated by the echoes. These ominous sounds, joined to the tempestuous aspect of the heavens, made me shudder. I had little doubt of their being signals of distress from a ship in danger. In about half an hour the firing ceased, and I found the silence still more appalling than the dismal sounds which had preceded it.

We hastened on without uttering a word, or daring to communicate to each other our mutual apprehensions. At midnight, by great exertion, we arrived at the seashore, in that part of the island called Golden Dust. The billows were breaking against the beach with a horrible noise, covering the rocks and the strand with foam of a dazzling whiteness, blended with sparks of fire. By these phosphoric gleams we distinguished, notwithstanding the darkness, a number of fishing canoes, drawn up high upon the beach.

At the entrance of a wood, a short distance from us, we saw a fire, round which a party of the inhabitants were assembled. We repaired thither, in order to rest ourselves till the morning. While we were seated near this fire, one of the standers-by related, that late in the afternoon he had seen a vessel in the open sea, driven towards the island by the currents; that the night had hidden it from his view; and that two hours after sunset he had heard the firing of signal guns of distress, but that the surf was so high that it was impossible to launch a boat to go off to her; that a short time after, he thought he perceived the glimmering of the watch lights on board the vessel, which he feared, by its having approached so near the coast, had steered between the mainland and the little island of Amber, mistaking the latter for the Point of Endeavor, near which vessels pass in order to gain Port Louis; and that, if this were the case, which, however, he would not take upon himself to be certain of, the ship, he thought, was in very great danger. Another islander then informed us that he had frequently crossed the channel which separates the Isle of Amber

from the coast, and had sounded it; that the anchorage was very good, and that the ship would there lie as safely as in the best harbor. "I would stake all I am worth upon it," said he, "and if I were on board, I should sleep as sound as on shore." A third bystander declared that it was impossible for the ship to enter that channel, which was scarcely navigable for a boat. He was certain, he said, that he had seen the vessel at anchor beyond the Isle of Amber; so that, if the wind arose in the morning, she could either put to sea or gain the harbor. Other inhabitants gave different opinions upon this subject, which they continued to discuss in the usual desultory manner of the indolent creoles. Paul and I observed a profound silence. We remained on this spot till break of day, but the weather was too hazy to admit of our distinguishing any object at sea, everything being covered with fog. All we could descry to seaward was a dark cloud, which they told us was the Isle of Amber, at the distance of a quarter of a league from the coast. On this gloomy day we could only discern the point of land on which we were standing, and the peaks of some inland mountains which started out occasionally from the midst of the clouds that hung around them.

At about seven in the morning we heard the sound of drums in the woods: it announced the approach of the Governor, Monsieur de la Bourdonnais, who soon after arrived on horseback, at the head of a detachment of soldiers armed with muskets, and a crowd of islanders and negroes. He drew up his soldiers upon the beach, and ordered them to make a general discharge. This was no sooner done than we perceived a glimmering light upon the water, which was instantly followed by the report of a cannon. We judged that the ship was at no great distance, and all ran towards that part whence the light and sound proceeded. We now discerned through the fog the hull and yards of a large vessel. We were so near to her that, notwithstanding the tumult of the waves, we could distinctly hear the whistle of the boatswain and the shouts of the sailors, who cried out three times, VIVE LE ROI! this being the cry of the French in extreme danger, as well as in exuberant joy; —as though they wished to call their prince to their aid, or to testify to him that they are prepared to lay down their lives in his service.

As soon as the "Saint-Geran" perceived that we were near enough to render her assistance, she continued to fire guns

regularly at intervals of three minutes. Monsieur de la Bourdonnais caused great fires to be lighted at certain distances upon the strand, and sent to all the inhabitants of the neighborhood in search of provisions, planks, cables, and empty barrels. A number of people soon arrived, accompanied by their negroes loaded with provisions and cordage, which they had brought from the plantations of Golden Dust, from the district of La Flaque, and from the river of the Rampart. One of the most aged of these planters, approaching the Governor, said to him, "We have heard all night hollow noises in the mountain; in the woods, the leaves of the trees are shaken, although there is no wind; the sea birds seek refuge upon the land: it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane." "Well, my friends," answered the Governor, "we are prepared for it, and no doubt the vessel is also."

Everything, indeed, presaged the near approach of the hurricane. The center of the clouds in the zenith was of a dismal black, while their skirts were tinged with a copper-colored hue. The air resounded with the cries of tropic birds, petrels, frigate birds, and innumerable other sea fowl which, notwithstanding the obscurity of the atmosphere, were seen coming from every point of the horizon to seek for shelter in the island.

Towards nine in the morning we heard in the direction of the ocean the most terrific noise, like the sound of thunder mingled with that of torrents rushing down the steeps of lofty mountains. A general cry was heard of "There is the hurricane!" — and the next moment a frightful gust of wind dispelled the fog which covered the Isle of Amber and its channel. The "Saint-Geran" then presented herself to our view, her deck crowded with people, her yards and topmasts lowered down, and her flag half-mast high, moored by four cables at her bow and one at her stern. She had anchored between the Isle of Amber and the mainland, inside the chain of reefs which encircles the island, and which she had passed through in a place where no vessel had ever passed before. She presented her head to the waves that rolled in from the open sea, and as each billow rushed into the narrow strait where she lay, her bow lifted to such a degree as to show her keel; and at the same moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether from our sight, as if it were swallowed up by the surges. In this position, driven by the winds and waves towards the

shore, it was equally impossible for her to return by the passage through which she had made her way; or, by cutting her cables, to strand herself upon the beach, from which she was separated by sand banks and reefs of rocks. Every billow which broke upon the coast advanced roaring to the bottom of the bay, throwing up heaps of shingle to the distance of fifty feet upon the land; then, rushing back, laid bare its sandy bed, from which it rolled immense stones, with a hoarse and dismal noise. The sea, swelled by the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment; and the whole channel between this island and the Isle of Amber was soon one vast sheet of white foam, full of yawning pits of black and deep billows. Heaps of this foam, more than six feet high, were piled up at the bottom of the bay; and the winds which swept its surface carried masses of it over the steep sea bank, scattering it upon the land to the distance of half a league. These innumerable white flakes, driven horizontally even to the very foot of the mountains, looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the ocean. The appearance of the horizon portended a lasting tempest: the sky and the water seemed blended together. Thick masses of clouds, of a frightful form, swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as rocks. Not a single spot of blue sky could be discerned in the whole firmament; and a pale yellow gleam only lightened up all the objects of the earth, the sea, and the skies.

From the violent rolling of the ship, what we all dreaded happened at last. The cables which held her bow were torn away; she then swung to a single hawser, and was instantly dashed upon the rocks, at the distance of half a cable's length from the shore. A general cry of horror issued from the spectators. Paul rushed forward to throw himself into the sea, when, seizing him by the arm,—

"My son," I exclaimed, "would you perish?"—"Let me go to save her," he cried, "or let me die!"

Seeing that despair had deprived him of reason, Domingo and I, in order to preserve him, fastened a long cord round his waist, and held it fast by the end. Paul then precipitated himself towards the "Saint-Geran," now swimming, and now walking upon the rocks. Sometimes he had hopes of reaching the vessel, which the sea, by the reflux of its waves, had left almost dry, so that you could have walked round it on foot; but suddenly the billows, returning with fresh fury, shrouded

it beneath mountains of water, which then lifted it upright upon its keel. The breakers at the same moment threw the unfortunate Paul far upon the beach, his legs bathed in blood, his bosom wounded, and himself half dead. The moment he had recovered the use of his senses, he arose, and returned with new ardor towards the vessel, the parts of which now yawned asunder from the violent strokes of the billows. The crew then, despairing of their safety, threw themselves in crowds into the sea upon yards, planks, hencoops, tables, and barrels. At this moment we beheld an object which wrung our hearts with grief and pity: a young lady appeared in the stern gallery of the "Saint-Geran," stretching out her arms towards him who was making so many efforts to join her. It was Virginia. She had discovered her lover by his intrepidity. The sight of this amiable girl, exposed to such horrible danger, filled us with unutterable despair. As for Virginia, with a firm and dignified mien she waved her hand, as if bidding us an eternal farewell. All the sailors had flung themselves into the sea, except one, who still remained upon the deck, and who was naked, and strong as Hercules.

This man approached Virginia with respect, and kneeling at her feet, attempted to force her to throw off her clothes; but she repulsed him with modesty, and turned away her head. Then were heard redoubled cries from the spectators, "Save her!—save her!—do not leave her!" But at that moment a mountain billow, of enormous magnitude, ingulfed itself between the Isle of Amber and the coast, and menaced the shattered vessel, towards which it rolled bellowing, with its black sides and foaming head.

At this terrible sight the sailor flung himself into the sea, and Virginia, seeing death inevitable, crossed her hands upon her breast, and, raising upwards her serene and beauteous eyes, seemed an angel prepared to take her flight to heaven.

Oh, day of horror! Alas! everything was swallowed up by the relentless billows. The surge threw some of the spectators, whom an impulse of humanity had prompted to advance towards Virginia, far up on the beach, and also the sailor who had endeavored to save her life. This man, who had escaped from almost certain death, kneeling on the sand, exclaimed, "Oh my God! Thou hast saved my life, but I would have given it willingly for that excellent young lady, who persevered in not undressing herself as I had done."

Domingo and I drew the unfortunate Paul to the shore. He was senseless, and blood was flowing from his mouth and ears. The Governor ordered him to be put into the hands of a surgeon, while we, on our part, wandered along the beach, in hopes that the sea would throw up the corpse of Virginia. But the wind having suddenly changed, as it frequently happens during hurricanes, our search was in vain; and we had the grief of thinking that we should not be able to bestow on this sweet and unfortunate girl the last sad duties. We retired from the spot overwhelmed with dismay, and our minds wholly occupied by one cruel loss, although numbers had perished in the wreck. Some of the spectators seemed tempted, from the fatal destiny of this virtuous girl, to doubt the existence of Providence; for there are in life such terrible, such unmerited evils, that even the hope of the wise is sometimes shaken.

In the mean time, Paul, who began to recover his senses, was taken to a house in the neighborhood, till he was in a fit state to be removed to his own home. Thither I bent my way with Domingo, to discharge the melancholy duty of preparing Virginia's mother and her friend for the disastrous event which had happened. When we had reached the entrance of the valley of the river of Fan-Palms, some negroes informed us that the sea had thrown up many pieces of the wreck in the opposite bay. We descended towards it; and one of the first objects which struck my sight upon the beach was the corpse of Virginia. The body was half covered with sand, and preserved the attitude in which we had seen her perish. Her features were not sensibly changed; her eyes were closed, and her countenance was still serene; but the pale purple hues of death were blended on her cheek with the blush of virgin modesty. One of her hands was placed upon her clothes; and the other, which she held on her heart, was fast closed, and so stiffened that it was with difficulty I took from its grasp a small box. How great was my emotion when I saw it contained the picture of Paul which she had promised him never to part with while she lived!

At the sight of this last mark of the fidelity and tenderness of the unfortunate girl, I wept bitterly. As for Domingo, he beat his breast, and pierced the air with his shrieks. With heavy hearts we then carried the body of Virginia to a fisherman's hut, and gave it in charge to some poor Malabar women, who carefully washed away the sand.

THE BROTHERS.

By GEORGE CRABBE.

[GEORGE CRABBE, English poet, was born at Aldeburgh, on the Suffolk seaboard, December 25, 1754 Having failed to establish himself as a physician in his native town, he went up to London to make a trial of literature. After a hard struggle with poverty he obtained the assistance of Burke, and was introduced to Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Thurlow, and the publisher Dodsley, who brought out "The Library" (1781) At Burke's suggestion, Crabbe entered the Church, became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, and from 1813 until his death, February 3, 1832, was rector of Trowbridge in Wiltshire His principal works are "The Village," "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and "Tales of the Hall."]

THAN old *George Fletcher*, on the British coast
Dwelt not a seaman who had more to boast:
Kind, simple, and sincere — he seldom spoke,
But sometimes sang and chorused — "Hearts of oak!"
In dangers steady, with his lot content,
His days in labor and in love were spent
He left a son so like him, that the old
With joy exclaimed, "'Tis Fletcher we behold;"
But to his brother, when the kinsmen came
And viewed his form, they grudged the father's name.
George was a bold, intrepid, careless lad,
With just the failings that his father had;
Isaac was weak, attentive, slow, exact,
With just the virtues that his father lacked.
George lived at sea. upon the land a guest —
He sought for recreation, not for rest,
While, far unlike, his brother's feeble form
Shrank from the cold, and shuddered at the storm;
Still with the seaman's to connect his trade,
The boy was bound where blocks and ropes were made
George, strong and sturdy, had a tender mind,
And was to Isaac pitiful and kind;
A very father, till his art was gained,
And then a friend unwearied he remained;
He saw his brother was of spirit low,
His temper peevish, and his motions slow;
Not fit to bustle in a world, or make
Friends to his fortune for his merit's sake;
But the kind sailor could not boast the art
Of looking deeply in the human heart;
Else had he seen that this weak brother knew



GEORGE CRABBE

By permission of F Bruckmann, Munich

What men to court — what objects to pursue;
That he to distant gain the way discerned,
And none so crooked but his genius learned.
Isaac was poor, and this the brother felt;
He hired a house, and there the landman dwelt,
Wrought at his trade, and had an easy home,
For there would George with cash and comforts come:
And when they parted, Isaac looked around
Where other friends and helpers might be found.
He wished for some port place, and one might fall,
He wisely thought, if he should try for all;
He had a vote — and were it well applied,
Might have its worth — and he had views beside;
Old Burgess Steel was able to promote
An humble man who served him with a vote;
For Isaac felt not what some tempers feel,
But bowed and bent the neck to Burgess Steel;
And great attention to a lady gave,
His ancient friend, a maiden spare and grave;
One whom the visage long and look demure
Of Isaac pleased — he seemed sedate and pure;
And his soft heart conceived a gentle flame
For her who waited on this virtuous dame:
Not an outrageous love, a scorching fire,
But friendly liking and chastised desire;
And thus he waited, patient in delay,
In present favor and in fortune's way.
George then was coasting — war was yet delayed,
And what he gained was to his brother paid;
Nor asked the seaman what he saved or spent,
But took his grog, wrought hard, and was content;
Till war awaked the land, and George began
To think what part became a useful man:
"Pressed, I must go; why, then, 'tis better far
At once to enter like a British tar,
Than a brave captain and the foe to shun,
As if I feared the music of a gun."
"Go not!" said Isaac — "you shall wear disguise."
"What!" said the seaman, "clothe myself with lies!"
"Oh! but there's danger." — "Danger in the fleet?
You cannot mean, good brother, of defeat;
And other dangers I at land must share —
So now adieu! and trust a brother's care."
Isaac awhile demurred — but, in his heart,
So might he share, he was disposed to part:

And how, with children, I shall pick my way
Through a hard world, is more than I can say.
Then change not, brother, your more happy state,
Or on the hazard long deliberate."
George answered gravely, "It is right and fit,
In all our crosses, humbly to submit.
Your apprehensions are unwise, unjust;
Forbear repining, and expel distrust"
He added, "Marriage was the joy of life,"
And gave his service to his brother's wife;
Then vowed to bear in all expense a part,
And thus concluded, "Have a cheerful heart"
Had the glad Isaac been his brother's guide,
In the same terms the seaman had replied,
At such reproofs the crafty landman smiled,
And softly said, "This creature is a child"
Twice had the gallant ship a capture made—
And when in port the happy crew were paid,
Home went the sailor, with his pockets stored,
Ease to enjoy, and pleasure to afford;
His time was short, joy shone in every face,
Isaac half fainted in the fond embrace:
The wife resolved her honored guest to please,
The children clung upon their uncle's knees,
The grog went round, the neighbors drank his health,
And George exclaimed, "Ah! what to this is wealth?
Better," said he, "to bear a loving heart,
Than roll in riches—but we now must part!"
All yet is still—but hark! the winds o'ersweep
The rising waves, and howl upon the deep;
Ships late becalmed on mountain billows ride—
So life is threatened and so man is tried.
Ill were the tidings that arrived from sea,
The worthy George must now a cripple be·
His leg was lopped, and though his heart was sound,
Though his brave captain was with glory crowned,
Yet much it vexed him to repose on shore,
An idle log, and be of use no more:
True, he was sure that Isaac would receive
All of his brother that the foe might leave;
To whom the seaman his design had sent,
Ere from the port the wounded hero went:
His wealth and expectations told, he "knew
Wherein they failed, what Isaac's love would do;
That he the grog and cabin would supply,

And then t' excuse it, is a woman's way;
He too was chidden when her rules he broke,
And then she sickened at the scent of smoke.
George, though in doubt, was still consoled to find
His brother wishing to be reckoned kind:
That Isaac seemed concerned by his distress,
Gave to his injured feelings some redress;
But none he found disposed to lend an ear
To stories all were once intent to hear:
Except his nephew, seated on his knee,
He found no creature cared about the sea;
But George indeed — for George they called the boy,
When his good uncle was their boast and joy —
Would listen long, and would contend with sleep,
To hear the woes and wonders of the deep;
Till the fond mother cried — "That man will teach
The foolish boy his loud and boisterous speech."
So judged the father — and the boy was taught
To shun the uncle, whom his love had sought.
The mask of kindness now but seldom worn,
George felt each evil harder to be borne,
And cried (vexation growing day by day),
"Ah! brother Isaac! What! I'm in the way!"
"No! on my credit, look ye, no! but I
Am fond of peace, and my repose would buy
On any terms — in short, we must comply:
My spouse had money — she must have her will —
Ah! brother, marriage is a bitter pill."
George tried the lady — "Sister, I offend."
"Me?" she replied — "Oh no! you may depend
On my regard — but watch your brother's way,
Whom I, like you, must study and obey."
"Ah!" thought the seaman, "what a head was mine,
That easy berth at Greenwich to resign!
I'll to the parish" — but a little pride,
And some affection, put the thought aside.
Now gross neglect and open scorn he bore
In silent sorrow — but he felt the more:
The odious pipe he to the kitchen took,
Or strove to profit by some pious book.
When the mind stoops to this degraded state,
New griefs will darken the dependent's fate;
"Brother!" said Isaac, "you will sure excuse
The little freedom I'm compelled to use:
My wife's relations — (curse the haughty crew!) —

Affect such niceness, and such dread of you:
You speak so loud—and they have natures soft—
Brother—I wish—do go upon the loft!"
Poor George obeyed, and to the garret fled,
Where not a being saw the tears he shed:
But more was yet required, for guests were come,
Who could not dine if he disgraced the room.
It shocked his spirit to be esteemed unfit
With an own brother and his wife to sit;
He grew rebellious—at the vestry spoke
For weekly aid—they heard it as a joke:
"So kind a brother, and so wealthy—you
Apply to us?—No! this will never do:
Good neighbor Fletcher," said the Overseer,
"We are engaged—you can have nothing here!"
George muttered something in despairing tone,
Then sought his loft, to think and grieve alone;
Neglected, slighted, restless on his bed,
With heart half broken, and with scraps ill fed;
Yet was he pleased that hours for play designed
Were given to ease his ever-troubled mind;
The child still listened with increasing joy,
And he was soothed by the attentive boy.
At length he sickened, and his duteous child
Watched o'er his sickness, and his pains beguiled;
The mother bade him from the loft refrain,
But, though with caution, yet he went again;
And now his tales the sailor feebly told,
His heart was heavy, and his limbs were cold:
The tender boy came often to entreat
His good kind friend would of his presents eat;
Purloined or purchased, for he saw, with shame,
The food untouched that to his uncle came;
Who, sick in body and in mind, received
The boy's indulgence, gratified and grieved.
"Uncle will die!" said George:—the piteous wife
Exclaimed, "she saw no value in his life;
But, sick or well, to my commands attend,
And go no more to your complaining friend."
The boy was vexed, he felt his heart reprove
The stern decree—What! punished for his love!
No! he would go, but softly, to the room
Stealing in silence—for he knew his doom.
Once in a week the father came to say,
"George, are you ill?" and hurried him away;

Yet to his wife would on their duties dwell,
And often cry, "Do use my brother well:"
And something kind, no question, Isaac meant,
Who took vast credit for the vague intent
  But, truly kind, the gentle boy essayed
To cheer his uncle, firm, although afraid;
But now the father caught him at the door,
And, swearing—yes, the man in office swore,
And cried, "Away! How! brother, I'm surprised
That one so old can be so ill advised:
Let him not dare to visit you again,
Your cursed stories will disturb his brain;
Is it not vile to court a foolish boy
Your own absurd narrations to enjoy?
What! sullen!—ha! George Fletcher! you shall see,
Proud as you are, your bread depends on me!"
  He spoke, and, frowning, to his dinner went,
Then cooled and felt some qualms of discontent:
And thought on times when he compelled his son
To hear these stories, nay, to beg for one;
But the wife's wrath o'ercame the brother's pain,
And shame was felt, and conscience rose, in vain.
  George yet stole up; he saw his uncle lie
Sick on the bed, and heard his heavy sigh;
So he resolved, before he went to rest,
To comfort one so dear and so distressed;
Then watched his time, but, with a childlike art,
Betrayed a something treasured at his heart:
Th' observant wife remarked, "The boy is grown
So like your brother, that he seems his own.
So close and sullen! and I still suspect
They often meet.—do watch them and detect"
  George now remarked that all was still as night,
And hastened up with terror and delight;
"Uncle!" he cried, and softly tapped the door,
"Do let me in"—but he could add no more;
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried, "You serpent! is it thus you act?
Back to your mother!" and, with hasty blow,
He sent th' indignant boy to grieve below;
Then at the door an angry speech began—
"Is this your conduct? Is it thus you plan?
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
Of vile dispute— What is it that you mean?
George, are you dumb? do learn to know your friends,

And think awhile on whom your bread depends.
What! not a word? be thankful I am cool —
But, sir, beware, nor longer play the fool.
Come! brother, come! what is it that you seek
By this rebellion? — Speak, you villain, speak!
Weeping, I warrant — sorrow makes you dumb:
I'll ope your mouth, impostor! if I come:
Let me approach — I'll shake you from the bed,
You stubborn dog — Oh God! my brother's dead!"
 Timid was Isaac, and in all the past
He felt a purpose to be kind at last:
Nor did he mean his brother to depart
Till he had shown this kindness of his heart:
But day by day he put the cause aside,
Induced by av'rice, peevishness, or pride
 But now awakened, from this fatal time
His conscience Isaac felt, and found his crime:
He raised to George a monumental stone,
And there retired to sigh and think alone;
An ague seized him, he grew pale, and shook —
"So," said his son, "would my poor uncle look."
"And so, my child, shall I like him expire."
"No! you have physic and a cheerful fire."
"Unhappy sinner! yes, I'm well supplied
With every comfort my cold heart denied."
He viewed his brother now, but not as one
Who vexed his wife by fondness for her son;
Not as with wooden limb, and seaman's tale,
The odious pipe, vile grog, or humbler ale:
He now the worth and grief alone can view
Of one so mild, so generous, and so true;
"The frank, kind brother, with such open heart, —
And I to break it — 'twas a demon's part!"
So Isaac now, as led by conscience, feels,
Nor his unkindness palliates or conceals;
"This is your folly," said his heartless wife:
"Alas! my folly cost my brother's life;
It suffered him to languish and decay —
My gentle brother, whom I could not pay,
And therefore left to pine, and fret his life away!"
 He takes his son, and bids the boy unfold
All the good uncle of his feelings told,
All he lamented — and the ready tear
Falls as he listens, soothed, and grieved to hear.
 "Did he not curse me, child?" — "He never cursed,

But could not breathe, and said his heart would burst"
"And so will mine:"—"Then, father, you must pray:
My uncle said it took his pains away."
Repeating thus his sorrows, Isaac shows
That he, repenting, feels the debt he owes,
And from this source alone his every comfort flows.
He takes no joy in office, honors, gain;
They make him humble, nay, they give him pain:
"These from my heart," he cries, "all feeling drove;
They made me cold to nature, dead to love."
He takes no joy in home, but sighing, sees
A son in sorrow, and a wife at ease;
He takes no joy in office—see him now,
And Burgess Steel has but a passing bow;
Of one sad train of gloomy thoughts possessed,
He takes no joy in friends, in food, in rest—
Dark are the evil days, and void of peace the best.
And thus he lives, if living be to sigh,
And from all comforts of the world to fly,
Without a hope in life—without a wish to die.



THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."

(From the story as compiled by Barrow.)

The Mutiny.

"In the morning of the 28th April [1789], the north-westernmost of the Friendly Islands, called Tofoa, bearing northeast, I was steering to the westward with a ship in most perfect order, all my plants in a most flourishing condition, all my men and officers in good health; and, in short, everything to flatter and insure my most sanguine expectations. On leaving the deck I gave directions for the course to be steered during the night. The master had the first watch; the gunner, the middle watch; and Mr. Christian, the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night.

"Just before sunrising on Tuesday the 28th, while I was yet asleep, Mr. Christian, officer of the watch, Charles Churchill, ship's corporal, John Mills, gunner's mate, and Thomas Burkitt, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death

if I spoke or made the least noise. I called, however, as loud as I could, in hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors. There were three men at my cabin door, besides the four within; Christian had only a cutlass in his hand, the others had muskets and bayonets. I was hauled out of bed, and forced on deck in my shirt, suffering great pain from the tightness with which they had tied my hands[1] [behind my back, held by Fletcher Christian, and Charles Churchill, with a bayonet at my breast, and two men, Alexander Smith and Thomas Burkitt, behind me, with loaded muskets cocked and bayonets fixed]. I demanded the reason of such violence, but received no other answer than abuse for not holding my tongue. The master, the gunner, Mr. Elphinstone, the master's mate, and Nelson, were kept confined below; and the fore hatchway was guarded by sentinels. The boatswain and carpenter, and also Mr. Samuel the clerk, were allowed to come upon deck, where they saw me standing abaft the mizzen-mast, with my hands tied behind my back, under a guard, with Christian at their head. The boatswain was ordered to hoist the launch out, with a threat, if he did not do it instantly, to take care of himself.

"When the boat was out, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hallet, two of the midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, were ordered into it. I demanded what their intention was in giving this order, and endeavored to persuade the people near me not to persist in such acts of violence; but it was to no effect—'Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant,' was constantly repeated to me."

The master by this time had sent to request that he might come on deck, which was permitted; but he was soon ordered back again to his cabin.

"[When I exerted myself in speaking loud, to try if I could rally any with a sense of duty in them, I was saluted with—'D——n his eyes, the ——, blow his brains out;' while Christian was threatening me with instant death if I did not hold my tongue.]

"I continued my endeavors to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand, for a bayonet that was brought to him, and, holding me with a strong gripe by the cord that tied my hands, he threatened, with many

[1] The words within brackets are in the original dispatch.

oaths, to kill me immediately, if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed. Particular persons were called on to go into the boat, and were hurried over the side; whence I concluded that with these people I was to be set adrift. I therefore made another effort to bring about a change, but with no other effect than to be threatened with having my brains blown out.

"The boatswain and seamen who were to go in the boat were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, and an eight-and-twenty-gallon cask of water; and Mr. Samuel got one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, with a small quantity of rum and wine, also a quadrant and compass; but he was forbidden, on pain of death, to touch either map, ephemeris, book of astronomical observations, sextant, timekeeper, or any of my surveys or drawings.

"The mutineers having forced those of the seamen whom they meant to get rid of into the boat, Christian directed a dram to be served to each of his own crew. I then unhappily saw that nothing could be done to effect the recovery of the ship: there was no one to assist me, and every endeavor on my part was answered with threats of death.

"The officers were next called upon deck, and forced over the side into the boat, while I was kept apart from every one, abaft the mizzenmast; Christian, armed with a bayonet, holding me by the bandage that secured my hands. The guard round me had their pieces cocked; but on my daring the ungrateful wretches to fire, they uncocked them.

"Isaac Martin, one of the guard over me, I saw, had an inclination to assist me, and, as he fed me with shaddock (my lips being quite parched), we explained our wishes to each other by our looks; but this being observed, Martin was removed from me. He then attempted to leave the ship, for which purpose he got into the boat; but with many threats they obliged him to return.

"The armorer, Joseph Coleman, and two of the carpenters, M'Intosh and Norman, were also kept contrary to their inclination; and they begged of me, after I was astern in the boat, to remember that they declared they had no hand in the transaction. Michael Byrne, I am told, likewise wanted to leave the ship.

"It is of no moment for me to recount my endeavors to bring back the offenders to a sense of their duty; all I could do was by speaking to them in general; but it was to no purpose, for

I was kept securely bound, and no one except the guard suffered to come near me.

"To Mr. Samuel (clerk) I am indebted for securing my journals and commission, with some material ship papers. Without these I had nothing to certify what I had done, and my honor and character might have been suspected, without my possessing a proper document to have defended them. All this he did with great resolution, though guarded and strictly watched. He attempted to save the timekeeper, and a box with my surveys, drawings, and remarks for fifteen years past, which were numerous; when he was hurried away with 'D——n your eyes, you are well off to get what you have.'

"It appeared to me that Christian was sometime in doubt whether he should keep the carpenter or his mates: at length he determined on the latter, and the carpenter was ordered into the boat. He was permitted, but not without some opposition, to take his tool chest.

"Much altercation took place among the mutinous crew during the whole business: some swore, 'I'll be d——d if he does not find his way home, if he gets anything with him;' and when the carpenter's chest was carrying away, 'D——n my eyes, he will have a vessel built in a month;' while others laugh at the helpless situation of the boat, being very deep, and so little room for those who were in her. As for Christian, he seemed as if meditating destruction on himself and every one else.

"I asked for arms; but they laughed at me, and said I was well acquainted with the people among whom I was going, and therefore did not want them; four cutlasses, however, were thrown into the boat after we were veered astern.

"The officers and men being in the boat, they only waited for me, of which the master at arms informed Christian; who then said, 'Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat, and you must go with them; if you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death;' and, without further ceremony, with a tribe of armed ruffians about me, I was forced over the side, when they untied my hands. Being in the boat, we were veered astern by a rope. A few pieces of pork were thrown to us, and some clothes, also the cutlasses I have already mentioned; and it was then that the armorer and carpenters called out to me to remember that they had no hand in the transaction. After having undergone a great deal of ridicule, and been kept for some time to make

sport for these unfeeling wretches, we were at length cast adrift in the open ocean."

THE OPEN-BOAT NAVIGATION.

Christian had intended to send away his captain and associates in the cutter, and ordered that it should be hoisted out for that purpose, which was done: a small wretched boat, that could hold but eight or ten men at the most, with a very small additional weight; and what was still worse, she was so worm-eaten and decayed, especially in the bottom planks, that the probability was, she would have gone down before she had proceeded a mile from the ship. In this "rotten carcass of a boat," not unlike that into which Prospero and his lovely daughter were "hoist,"

> not rigged,
> Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
> Instinctively had quit it,

did Christian intend to cast adrift his late commander and his eighteen innocent companions, or as many of them as she would stow, to find, as they inevitably must have found, a watery grave. But the remonstrances of the master, boatswain, and carpenter prevailed on him to let those unfortunate men have the launch, into which nineteen persons were thrust, whose weight, together with that of the few articles they were permitted to take, brought down the boat so near to the water as to endanger her sinking with but a moderate swell of the sea; and, to all human appearance, in no state to survive the length of voyage they were destined to perform over the wide ocean, but which they did most miraculously survive.

The first consideration of Lieutenant Bligh and his eighteen unfortunate companions, on being cast adrift in their open boat, was to examine the state of their resources. The quantity of provisions which they found to have been thrown into the boat by some few kind-hearted messmates, amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, with twenty-eight gallons of water, and four empty barricoes. Being so near to the island of Tofoa, it was resolved to seek there a supply of breadfruit and water, to preserve, if possible, the above-mentioned stock entire; but after

rowing along the coast, they discovered only some cocoanut trees on the top of high precipices, from which, with much danger, owing to the surf, and great difficulty in climbing the cliffs, they succeeded in obtaining about twenty nuts. The second day they made excursions into the island, but without success. They met, however, with a few natives, who came down with them to the cove where the boat was lying; and others presently followed. They made inquiries after the ship, and Bligh unfortunately advised they should say that the ship had overset and sunk, and that they only were saved. The story might be innocent, but it was certainly indiscreet to put the people in possession of their defenseless situation; however, they brought in small quantities of breadfruit, plantains, and cocoanuts, but little or no water could be procured. These supplies, scanty as they were, served to keep up the spirits of the men: "they no longer," says Bligh, "regarded me with those anxious looks, which had constantly been directed towards me, since we lost sight of the ship: every countenance appeared to have a degree of cheerfulness, and they all seemed determined to do their best."

The numbers of the natives having so much increased as to line the whole beach, they began knocking stones together, which was known to be the preparatory signal for an attack. With some difficulty on account of the surf, the seamen succeeded in getting the things that were on shore into the boat, together with all the men, except John Norton, quartermaster, who was casting off the stern-fast. The natives immediately rushed upon this poor man, and actually stoned him to death. A volley of stones was also discharged at the boat, and every one in it was more or less hurt. This induced the people to push out to sea with all the speed they were able to give to the launch; but, to their surprise and alarm, several canoes, filled with stones, followed close after them and renewed the attack; against which, the only return the unfortunate men in the boat could make, was with the stones of the assailants that lodged in her; a species of warfare in which they were very inferior to the Indians. The only expedient left was to tempt the enemy to desist from the pursuit, by throwing overboard some clothes, which fortunately induced the canoes to stop and pick them up; and night coming on, they returned to the shore, leaving the party in the boat to reflect on their unhappy situation.

The men now entreated their commander to take them

towards home; and on being told that no hope of relief could be entertained till they reached Timor, a distance of full twelve hundred leagues, they all readily agreed to be content with an allowance, which, on calculation of their resources, the commander informed them would not exceed *one* ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, per day. Recommending them, therefore, in the most solemn manner, not to depart from their promise in this respect, "we bore away," says Bligh, "across a sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, deeply laden with eighteen men. I was happy, however, to see that every one seemed better satisfied with our situation than myself. It was about eight o'clock at night on the 2d May, when we bore away under a reefed lug foresail; and having divided the people into watches, and got the boat into a little order, we returned thanks to God for our miraculous preservation; and, in full confidence of his gracious support, I found my mind more at ease than it had been for some time past."

At daybreak on the 3d, the forlorn and almost hopeless navigators saw with alarm the sun to rise fiery and red,—a sure indication of a severe gale of wind; and, accordingly, at eight o'clock it blew a violent storm, and the sea ran so very high that the sail was becalmed when between the seas, and too much to have set when on the top of the sea; yet it is stated that they could not venture to take it in, as they were in very imminent danger and distress, the sea curling over the stern of the boat, and obliging them to bale with all their might. "A situation," observes the commander, "more distressing has, perhaps, seldom been experienced."

The bread, being in bags, was in the greatest danger of being spoiled by the wet, the consequence of which, if not prevented, must have been fatal, as the whole party would inevitably be starved to death, if they should fortunately escape the fury of the waves. It was determined, therefore, that all superfluous clothes, with some rope and spare sails, should be thrown overboard, by which the boat was considerably lightened. The carpenter's tool chest was cleared, and the tools stowed in the bottom of the boat, and the bread secured in the chest. All the people being thoroughly wet and cold, a teaspoonful of rum was served out to each person, with a quarter of a breadfruit, which is stated to have been scarcely eatable, for dinner: Bligh having determined to preserve sacredly, and

at the peril of his life, the engagement they entered into, and to make their small stock of provisions last eight weeks, let the daily proportion be ever so small.

The sea continuing to run even higher than in the morning, the fatigue of baling became very great; the boat was necessarily kept before the sea. The men were constantly wet, the night very cold, and at daylight their limbs were so benumbed that they could scarcely find the use of them. At this time a teaspoonful of rum served out to each person was found of great benefit to all. Five small cocoanuts were distributed for dinner, and every one was satisfied; and in the evening, a few broken pieces of breadfruit were served for supper, after which prayers were performed.

On the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th the gale had abated: the first step to be taken was to examine the state of the bread, a great part of which was found to be damaged and rotten—but even this was carefully preserved for use. The boat was now running among some islands, but, after their reception at Tofoa, they did not venture to land. On the 6th, they still continued to see islands at a distance; and this day, for the first time, they hooked a fish, to their great joy; "but," says the commander, "we were miserably disappointed by its being lost in trying to get it into the boat." In the evening each person had an ounce of the damaged bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, for supper.

Lieutenant Bligh observes, "It will readily be supposed our lodgings were very miserable, and confined for want of room;" but he endeavored to remedy the latter defect by putting themselves at watch and watch; so that one half always sat up, while the other lay down on the boat's bottom or upon a chest, but with nothing to cover them except the heavens. Their limbs, he says, were dreadfully cramped, for they could not stretch them out; and the nights were so cold, and they were so constantly wet, that, after a few hours' sleep, they were scarcely able to move. At dawn of day on the 7th, being very wet and cold, he says, "I served a spoonful of rum and a morsel of bread for breakfast."

In the course of this day they passed close to some rocky isles, from which two large sailing canoes came swiftly after them, but in the afternoon gave over the chase. They were of the same construction as those of the Friendly Islands, and the land seen for the last two days was supposed to be the Fejee

Islands. But being constantly wet, Bligh says, "It is with the utmost difficulty I can open a book to write; and I feel truly sensible I can do no more than point out where these lands are to be found, and give some idea of their extent." Heavy rain came on in the afternoon, when every person in the boat did his utmost to catch some water, and thus succeeded in increasing their stock to thirty-four gallons, besides quenching their thirst for the first time they had been able to do so since they had been at sea: but it seems an attendant consequence of the heavy rain caused them to pass the night very miserably; for being extremely wet, and having no dry things to shift or cover themselves, they experienced cold and shiverings scarcely to be conceived.

On the 8th, the allowance issued was an ounce and a half of pork, a teaspoonful of rum, half a pint of cocoanut milk, and an ounce of bread. The rum, though so small in quantity, is stated to have been of the greatest service. In the afternoon they were employed in cleaning out the boat, which occupied them until sunset before they got everything dry and in order. "Hitherto," Bligh says, "I had issued the allowance by guess; but I now made a pair of scales with two cocoanut shells; and having accidentally some pistol balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound or sixteen ounces, I adopted one of these balls as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the times I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situations of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that in case any accident should happen to me, those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some not even that. At night I served a quarter of a pint of water and half an ounce of bread for supper."

On the morning of the 9th, a quarter of a pint of cocoanut milk and some of the decayed bread were served for breakfast; and for dinner, the kernels of four cocoanuts, with the remainder of the rotten bread, which, he says, was eatable only by such distressed people as themselves. A storm of thunder and lightning gave them about twenty gallons of water. "Being miserably wet and cold, I served to the people a teaspoonful of rum each, to enable them to bear with their distressing situation. The weather continued extremely bad, and the wind in-

creased; we spent a very miserable night, without sleep, except such as could be got in the midst of rain."

The following day, the 10th, brought no relief except that of its light. The sea broke over the boat so much that two men were kept constantly baling, and it was necessary to keep the boat before the waves for fear of its filling. The allowance now served regularly to each person was one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset. To-day was added about half an ounce of pork for dinner, which, though any moderate person would have considered only as a mouthful, was divided into three or four.

The morning of the 11th did not improve. "At daybreak I served to every person a teaspoonful of rum, our limbs being so much cramped that we could scarcely move them. Our situation was now extremely dangerous, the sea frequently running over our stern, which kept us baling with all our strength. At noon the sun appeared, which gave us as much pleasure as is felt when it shows itself on a winter's day in England.

"In the evening of the 12th it still rained hard, and we again experienced a dreadful night. At length the day came, and showed a miserable set of beings, full of wants, without anything to relieve them. Some complained of great pain in their bowels, and every one of having almost lost the use of his limbs. The little sleep we got was in no way refreshing, as we were constantly covered with the sea and rain. The weather continuing, and no sun affording the least prospect of getting our clothes dried, I recommended to every one to strip and wring them through the sea water, by which means they received a warmth that, while wet with rain water, they would not have." The shipping of seas and constant baling continued: and though the men were shivering with wet and cold, the commander was under the necessity of informing them that he could no longer afford them the comfort they had derived from the teaspoonful of rum.

On the 13th and 14th the stormy weather and heavy sea continued unabated; and on these days they saw distant land, and passed several islands. The sight of these islands, it may well be supposed, served only to increase the misery of their situation. They were as men very little better than starving with plenty in their view; yet, to attempt procuring any relief was considered to be attended with so much danger that the

prolongation of life, even in the midst of misery, was thought preferable, while there remained hopes of being able to surmount their hardships.

The whole day and night of the 15th were still rainy; the latter was dark, not a star to be seen by which the steerage could be directed, and the sea was continually breaking over the boat. On the next day, the 16th, was issued for dinner an ounce of salt pork, in addition to their miserable allowance of one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread. The night was again truly horrible, with storms of thunder, lightning, and rain; not a star visible, so that the steerage was quite uncertain.

On the morning of the 17th, at dawn of day, "I found," says the commander, "every person complaining, and some of them solicited extra allowance, which I positively refused. Our situation was miserable; always wet, and suffering extreme cold in the night, without the least shelter from the weather. The little rum we had was of the greatest service: when our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a teaspoonful or two to each person, and it was always joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions. The night was again a dark and dismal one, the sea constantly breaking over us, and nothing but the wind and waves to direct our steerage. It was my intention, if possible, to make the coast of New Holland to the southward of Endeavor Straits, being sensible that it was necessary to preserve such a situation as would make a southerly wind a fair one; that we might range along the reefs till an opening should be found into smooth water, and we the sooner be able to pick up some refreshments."

On the 18th the rain abated, when, at their commander's recommendation, they all stripped, and wrung their clothes through the sea water, from which, as usual, they derived much warmth and refreshment; but every one complained of violent pains in their bones. At night the heavy rain recommenced, with severe lightning, which obliged them to keep baling without intermission. The same weather continued through the 19th and 20th; the rain constant—at times a deluge—the men always baling; the commander, too, found it necessary to issue for dinner only half an ounce of pork.

At dawn of day, Lieutenant Bligh states that some of his people seemed half dead; that their appearances were horrible; "and I could look," says he, "no way, but I caught the eye of some one in distress. Extreme hunger was now too

evident; but no one suffered from thirst, nor had we much inclination to drink, that desire perhaps being satisfied through the skin. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water, and we constantly awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones. At noon the sun broke out and revived every one."

"During the whole of the afternoon of the 21st we were so covered with rain and salt water that we could scarcely see. We suffered extreme cold, and every one dreaded the approach of night. Sleep, though we longed for it, afforded no comfort; for my own part, I almost lived without it. On the 22d our situation was extremely calamitous. We were obliged to take the course of the sea, running right before it, and watching with the utmost care, as the least error in the helm would in a moment have been our destruction. It continued through the day to blow hard, and the foam of the sea kept running over our stern and quarters.

"The misery we suffered this night exceeded the preceding. The sea flew over us with great force, and kept us baling with horror and anxiety. At dawn of day I found every one in a most distressed condition, and I began to fear that another such night would put an end to the lives of several, who seemed no longer able to support their sufferings. I served an allowance of *two* teaspoonfuls of rum; after drinking which, and having wrung our clothes and taken our breakfast of bread and water, we became a little refreshed.

"On the evening of the 24th, the wind moderated, and the weather looked much better, which rejoiced all hands, so that they ate their scanty allowance with more satisfaction than for some time past. The night also was fair; but being always wet with the sea, we suffered much from the cold. I had the pleasure to see a fine morning produce some cheerful countenances; and for the first time during the last fifteen days, we experienced comfort from the warmth of the sun. We stripped and hung up our clothes to dry, which were by this time become so threadbare that they could not keep out either wet or cold. In the afternoon we had many birds about us, which are never seen far from land, such as boobies and noddies."

As the sea now began to run fair, and the boat shipped but little water, Lieutenant Bligh took the opportunity to examine into the state of their bread; and it was found that, according to the present mode of living, there was a sufficient quantity remaining for twenty-nine days' allowance, by which time there

was every reason to expect they would be able to reach Timor. But as this was still uncertain, and it was possible that, after all, they might be obliged to go to Java, it was determined to proportion the allowance, so as to make the stock hold out six weeks. "I was apprehensive," he says, "that this would be ill received, and that it would require my utmost resolution to enforce it; for, small as the quantity was which I intended to take away for our future good, yet it might appear to my people like robbing them of life; and some who were less patient than their companions, I expected, would very ill brook it. However, on my representing the necessity of guarding against delays that might be occasioned by contrary winds, or other causes, and promising to enlarge upon the allowance as we got on, they cheerfully agreed to my proposal." It was accordingly settled that every person should receive one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread for breakfast, and the same quantity for dinner as usual, but that the proportion for supper should be discontinued; this arrangement left them forty-three days' consumption.

On the 25th, about noon, some noddies came so near to the boat that one of them was caught by hand. This bird was about the size of a small pigeon. "I divided it," says Bligh, "with its entrails, into eighteen portions, and by a well-known method at sea, of '*Who shall have this?*' it was distributed with the allowance of bread and water for dinner, and eaten up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. In the evening, several boobies flying very near to us, we had the good fortune to catch one of them. The bird is as large as a duck. They are the most presumptive proof of being near land of any sea fowl we are acquainted with. I directed the bird to be killed for supper, and the blood to be given to three of the people who were the most distressed for want of food. The body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, I divided into eighteen shares, and with the allowance of bread, which I made a merit of granting, we made a good supper compared with our usual fare.

"On the next day, the 26th, we caught another booby, so that Providence appeared to be relieving our wants in an extraordinary manner. The people were overjoyed at this addition to their dinner, which was distributed in the same manner as on the preceding evening; giving the blood to those who were the most in want of food. To make the bread a little savory, most of the men frequently dipped it in salt water; but I

generally broke mine into small pieces, and ate it in my allowance of water, out of a cocoanut shell, with a spoon, economically avoiding to take too large a piece at a time; so that I was as long at dinner as if it had been a much more plentiful meal."

The weather was now serene, which, nevertheless, was not without its inconveniences; for, it appears, they began to feel distress of a different kind from that which they had hitherto been accustomed to suffer. The heat of the sun was now so powerful that several of the people were seized with a languor and faintness, which made life indifferent. But the little circumstance of catching two boobies in the evening, trifling as it may appear, had the effect of raising their spirits. The stomachs of these birds contained several flying fish, and small cuttlefish, all of which were carefully saved to be divided for dinner the next day; which were accordingly divided, with their entrails, and the contents of their maws, into eighteen portions; and as the prize was a very valuable one, it was distributed as before, by calling out, "*Who shall have this?*"—"so that to-day," says the Lieutenant, "with the usual allowance of bread at breakfast and dinner, I was happy to see that every person thought he had feasted." From the appearance of the clouds in the evening, Mr. Bligh had no doubt they were then near the land, and the people amused themselves with conversing on the probability of what they would meet with on it.

Accordingly, at one in the morning of the 28th, the person at the helm heard the sound of breakers. It was the "barrier reef" which runs along the eastern coast of New Holland, through which it now became their anxious object to discover a passage: Mr. Bligh says this was now become absolutely necessary, without a moment's loss of time. The idea of getting into smooth water and finding refreshments kept up the people's spirits. The sea broke furiously over the reef in every part; within, the water was so smooth and calm that every man already anticipated the heartfelt satisfaction he was about to receive, as soon as he should have passed the barrier. At length a break in the reef was discovered, a quarter of a mile in width; and through this the boat rapidly passed with a strong stream running to the westward, and came immediately into smooth water, and all the past hardships seemed at once to be forgotten.

They now returned thanks to God for his generous protec-

tion, and with much content took their miserable allowance of the twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water for dinner.

The coast now began to show itself very distinctly, and in the evening they landed on the sandy point of an island, when it was soon discovered there were oysters on the rocks, it being low water. The party sent out to reconnoiter returned highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. By the help of a small magnifying glass, a fire was made; and among the things that had been thrown into the boat was a tinderbox and a piece of brimstone, so that in future they had the ready means of making a fire. One of the men, too, had been so provident as to bring away with him from the ship a copper pot; and thus, with a mixture of oysters, bread, and pork, a stew was made, of which each person received a full pint. It is remarked that the oysters grew so fast to the rocks that it was with great difficulty they could be broken off: but they at length discovered it to be the most expeditious way to open them where they were fixed.

The general complaints among the people were a dizziness in the head, great weakness in the joints, and violent *tenesmus;* but none of them are stated to have been alarming; and, notwithstanding their sufferings from cold and hunger, all of them retained marks of strength. Mr. Bligh had cautioned them not to touch any kind of berry or fruit that they might find, yet it appears they were no sooner out of sight than they began to make free with three different kinds that grew all over the island, eating without any reserve The symptoms of having eaten too much began at last to frighten some of them; they fancied they were all poisoned, and regarded each other with the strongest marks of apprehension, uncertain what might be the issue of their imprudence: fortunately the fruit proved to be wholesome and good.

"This day (29th May) being," says Lieutenant Bligh, "the anniversary of the restoration of King Charles II, and the name not being inapplicable to our present situation (for we were *restored* to fresh life and strength), I named this 'Restoration Island'; for I thought it probable that Captain Cook might not have taken notice of it."

With oysters and palm tops stewed together the people now made excellent meals, without consuming any of their bread. In the morning of the 30th, Mr. Bligh saw with great delight

a visible alteration in the men for the better, and he sent them away to gather oysters, in order to carry a stock of them to sea; for he determined to put off again that evening. They also procured fresh water, and filled all their vessels to the amount of nearly sixty gallons. On examining the bread, it was found there still remained about thirty-eight days' allowance.

Being now ready for sea, every person was ordered to attend prayers; but just as they were embarking, about twenty naked savages made their appearance, running and hallooing, and beckoning the strangers to come to them; but, as each was armed with a spear or lance, it was thought prudent to hold no communication with them. They now proceeded to the northward, having the continent on their left, and several islands and reefs on their right.

On the 31st they landed on one of these islands, to which was given the name of "Sunday." "I sent out two parties," says Bligh, "one to the northward and the other to the southward, to seek for supplies, and others I ordered to stay by the boat. On this occasion fatigue and weakness so far got the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared that they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person, in particular, went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was not possible for one to judge where this might have an end, if not stopped in time; to prevent, therefore, such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command or die in the attempt; and seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to lay hold of another and defend himself; on which he called out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet."

On this island they obtained oysters, clams, and dogfish; also a small bean, which Nelson, the botanist, pronounced to be a species of *dolichos*. On the 1st of June, they stopped in the midst of some sandy islands, such as are known by the name of *keys*, where they procured a few clams and beans. Here Nelson was taken very ill with a violent heat in his bowels, a loss of sight, great thirst, and inability to walk. A little wine, which had carefully been saved, with some pieces of bread soaked in it, was given to him in small quantities, and he

soon began to recover. The boatswain and carpenter were also ill, and complained of headache and sickness of the stomach. Others became shockingly distressed with *tenesmus;* in fact there were few without complaints.

A party was sent out by night to catch birds; they returned with only twelve noddies; but it is stated that, had it not been for the folly and obstinacy of one of the party, who separated from the others and disturbed the birds, a great many more might have been taken. The offender was Robert Lamb, who acknowledged, when he got to Java, that he had that night eaten *nine* raw birds, after he separated from his two companions. The birds, with a few clams, were the whole of the supplies afforded at these small islands.

On the 3d of June, after passing several keys and islands, and doubling Cape York, the northeasternmost point of New Holland, at eight in the evening the little boat and her brave crew once more launched into the open ocean. "Miserable," says Lieutenant Bligh, "as our situation was in every respect, I was secretly surprised to see that it did not appear to affect any one so strongly as myself; on the contrary, it seemed as if they had embarked on a voyage to Timor in a vessel sufficiently calculated for safety and convenience. So much confidence gave me great pleasure, and I may venture to assert that to this cause our preservation is chiefly to be attributed. I encouraged every one with hopes that eight or ten days would bring us to a land of safety; and after praying to God for a continuance of his most gracious protection, I served out an allowance of water for supper, and directed our course to the west-southwest.

"We had been just six days on the coast of New Holland, in the course of which we found oysters, a few clams, some birds, and water. But a benefit, probably not less than this, was that of being relieved from the fatigue of sitting constantly in the boat, and enjoying good rest at night. These advantages certainly preserved our lives; and, small as the supply was, I am very sensible how much it alleviated our distresses. Before this time nature must have sunk under the extremes of hunger and fatigue. Even in our present situation, we were most deplorable objects; but the hopes of a speedy relief kept up our spirits For my own part, incredible as it may appear, I felt neither extreme hunger nor thirst. My allowance contented me, knowing that I could have no

more." In his manuscript journal he adds, "This, perhaps, does not permit me to be a proper judge on a story of miserable people like us being at last driven to the necessity of destroying one another for food; but if I may be allowed, I deny the fact in its greatest extent. I say, I do not believe that, among us, such a thing could happen, but death through famine would be received in the same way as any mortal disease."

On the 5th a booby was caught by the hand, the blood of which was divided among three of the men who were weakest, and the bird kept for next day's dinner; and on the evening of the 6th the allowance for supper was recommenced, according to a promise made when it had been discontinued. On the 7th, after a miserably wet and cold night, nothing more could be afforded than the usual allowance for breakfast; but at dinner each person had the luxury of an ounce of dried clams, which consumed all that remained. The sea was running high and breaking over the boat the whole of this day. Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, and Lawrence Lebogue, an old hardy seaman, appeared to be giving way very fast. No other assistance could be given to them than a teaspoonful or two of wine, that had been carefully saved for such a melancholy occasion, which was not at all unexpected.

On the 8th the weather was more moderate, and a small dolphin was caught, which gave about two ounces to each man: in the night it again blew strong, the boat shipped much water, and they all suffered greatly from wet and cold. The surgeon and Lebogue still continued very ill, and the only relief that could be afforded them was a small quantity of wine, and encouraging them with the hope that a very few days more, at the rate they were then sailing, would bring them to Timor.

"In the morning of the 10th, after a very comfortless night, there was a visible alteration for the worse," says Mr. Bligh, "in many of the people, which gave me great apprehensions. An extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, a more than common inclination to sleep, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of an approaching dissolution. The surgeon and Lebogue, in particular, were most miserable objects; I occasionally gave them a few teaspoonfuls of wine, out of the little that remained, which greatly assisted them. The hope of being

able to accomplish the voyage was our principal support. The boatswain very innocently told me that he really thought I looked worse than any in the boat. The simplicity with which he uttered such an opinion amused me, and I returned him a better compliment."

On the 11th Lieutenant Bligh announced to his wretched companions that he had no doubt they had now passed the meridian of the eastern part of Timor, a piece of intelligence that diffused universal joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, at three in the morning of the following day, Timor was discovered at the distance only of two leagues from the shore.

"It is not possible for me," says this experienced navigator, "to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that, in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run, by our log, a distance of three thousand six hundred and eighteen nautical miles; and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."

On Sunday, the 14th, they came safely to anchor in Coupang Bay, where they were received with every mark of kindness, hospitality, and humanity. The houses of the principal people were thrown open for their reception. The poor sufferers when landed were scarcely able to walk; their condition is described as most deplorable. "The abilities of a painter could rarely, perhaps, have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groups of figures which at this time presented themselves to each other. An indifferent spectator (if such could be found) would have been at a loss which most to admire, the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many specters, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones, our limbs were full of sores, and we were clothed in rags: in this condition, with the tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprise, and pity.

"When," continues the commander, "I reflect how providentially our lives were saved at Tofoa, by the Indians delaying their attack; and that, with scarcely anything to support life, we crossed a sea of more than twelve hundred leagues, without

shelter from the inclemency of the weather: when I reflect that, in an open boat, with so much stormy weather, we escaped foundering, that not any of us were taken off by disease, that we had the great good fortune to pass the unfriendly natives of other countries without accident, and at last to meet with the most friendly and best of people to relieve our distresses,—I say, when I reflect on all these wonderful escapes, the remembrance of such great mercies enables me to bear with resignation and cheerfulness the failure of an expedition the success of which I had so much at heart, and which was frustrated at a time when I was congratulating myself on the fairest prospect of being able to complete it in a manner that would fully have answered the intention of His Majesty, and the humane promoters of so benevolent a plan."

Having recruited their strength by a residence of two months among the friendly inhabitants of Coupang, they proceeded to the westward on the 20th August, in a small schooner, which was purchased and armed for the purpose, and arrived on the 1st October in Batavia Road, where Mr. Bligh embarked in a Dutch packet, and was landed on the Isle of Wight on the 14th March, 1790. The rest of the people had passages provided for them in ships of the Dutch East India Company, then about to sail for Europe. All of them, however, did not survive to reach England. Nelson, the botanist, died at Coupang; Mr. Elphinstone, master's mate, Peter Linkletter and Thomas Hall, seamen, died at Batavia; Robert Lamb, seaman (the booby eater), died on the passage; and Mr. Ledward, the surgeon, was left behind, and not afterwards heard of. These six, with John Norton, who was stoned to death, left twelve of the nineteen, forced by the mutineers into the launch, to survive the difficulties and dangers of this unparalleled voyage, and to revisit their native country.

CHARLES DIBDIN'S SEA SONGS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN, English songwright, playwright, and actor, was born at Southampton in 1745; died July 25, 1814. He managed a little theater in London, and was leading man in his own plays, which were interspersed with songs written and set to music by himself. He wrote many hundred songs, some fifty plays and operettas, two novels, a "History of the Stage," and his autobiography (1803).]

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
And it ent to a little I'll strike;
Though the tempest topgallant masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below,
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow.
"For," says he, "do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea—
"What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damned fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
You never will hear of me more.

What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft;
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's atrip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

Yo, Heave, Ho!

The boatswain calls, the wind is fair,
The anchor heaving,
Our sweethearts leaving,
We to duty must repair,
Where our stations well we know.
Cast off halyards from the cleats,
Stand by well, clear all the sheets,
Come, my boys,
Your handspikes poise,
And give one general huzza!
Yet sighing, as you pull away,
For the tears ashore that flow:
To the windlass let us go,
With yo, heave, ho!

The anchor coming now apeak,
Lest the ship, striving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tap'ring yards must seek,
And back the fore-topsail well we know.
A pleasing duty! From aloft
We faintly see those charms, where oft,
When returning,
With passion burning,

We fondly gaze, those eyes that seem,
In parting, with big tears to stream
But come! lest ours as fast should flow,
To the windlass once more go,
With yo, heave, ho!

Now the ship is under way,
The breeze so willing
The canvas filling,
The pressed triangle cracks the stay,
So taught to haul the sheet we know.
And now in trim we gayly sail,
The massy beam receives the gale;
While freed from duty,
To his beauty
(Left on the less'ning shore afar)
A fervent sigh heaves every tar;
To thank those tears for him that flow,
That from his true love he should go,
With yo, heave, ho!

The Sailor's Maxim.

Of us tars 'tis reported again and again,
That we sail round the world, yet know nothing of men;
And, if this assertion is made with a view
To prove sailors know naught of men's follies, 'tis true
How should Jack practice treachery, disguise, or foul art,
In whose honest face you may read his fair heart?
Of that maxim still ready example to give,
Better death earned with honor than ignobly to live

How can *he* wholesome Truth's admonitions defy,
On whose manly brow never sat a foul lie?
Of the fair-born protector, how Virtue offend?
To a foe how be cruel? how ruin a friend?
If danger he risk in professional strife,
There his honor is safe, though he venture his life;
Of that maxim still ready example to give,
Better death earned with honor than ignobly to live.

But to put it at worst, from fair truth could he swerve,
And betray the kind friend he pretended to serve,
While snares laid with craft his fair honor trepan,
Man betray him to error, himself but a man·

Should repentance and shame to his aid come too late,
Wonder not if in battle he rush on his fate;
Of that maxim still ready example to give,
Better death earned with honor than ignobly to live.

Grieving's a Folly.

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing,
For Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honor gives greatness, was great as a king.
One night as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail,
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand the topg'ant sail—
A spray washed him off, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be jolly;
If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Whiffling Tom, still of mischief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog;
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog:
'Longside of a Don, in the "Terrible" frigate,
As yardarm and yardarm we lay off the shore,
In and out whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be jolly;
If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good-natured and free;
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he:
One day with the davit to weigh the kedge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore—
He overboard tipped, when a shark and a spanker
Soon nipped him in two, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be jolly;
If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

But what of it all, lads? shall we be downhearted
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And Death in safe moorings will bring us all up:

But 'tis always the way on't—one scarce finds a brother
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damned thing or other,
 He's popped off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
  But grieving's a folly,
  Come let us be jolly;
If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Honesty in Tatters.

This here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a notion
 That our troubles, our sorrows and strife,
Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
 As we work through the passage of life.
And for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,
 To lament and to weep, and to wail,
Is a pop gun that tries to outroar a nine-pounder,
 All the same as a whiff in a gale
Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near starved me,
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear.

Now there t'other day, when my messmate deceived me,
 Stole my rhino, my chest, and our Poll,
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery grieved me,
 I a court-martial called?—Not at all.
This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing—
 'Tis true they han't left me a cross;
A vile wife and false friend though are gone by the bargain,
 So the gain d'ye see's more than the loss.
For though fortune's a jilt, and has pretty near starved me,
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,
I ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend who had served me,
 Or caused ruined beauty a tear

The heart's all—when that's built as it should, sound and clever,
 We go 'fore the wind like a fly,
But if rotten and crank, you may luff up forever,
 You'll always sail in the wind's eye.
With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off,
 I'm adrift, let it blow then great guns,
A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off,
 I takes life rough and smooth as it runs·
Content, though hard fortune has pretty near starved me,
 And my togs are all ragged and queer,

Should repentance and shame to his aid come
Wonder not if in battle he rush on his fate;
Of that maxim still ready example to give,
Better death earned with honor than ignobly

GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so j
Though winds blew great guns, still he'd wh
For Jack loved his friend, and was true to his
And, if honor gives greatness, was great as a
One night as we drove with two reefs in the ma
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee sh
Jack went up aloft for to hand the topg'ant sai
A spray washed him off, and we ne'er saw hi
But grieving's a folly,
us be jolly;
And how roses
Was made paint sea, boys, we've pleasures on
They that loves it may chief or fun in the mi
For mine 'tis another gue at random would
Give me the rich health, flesh an lay on the
That pays the sweet face of my Nan

Why, I went to the play, where they talked well
As to act all their parts they were trying;
They were playing at soldiers, and playing at
And some they was playing at dying.
Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison
All just for their gig and their fancy;
What to them was but jest is right earnest t
For I live and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls then, like so many Algerine T
Dash away, a fine gay painted galley,
With their jacks, and their pennants, and gin
All for show, and just nothing for value —
False colors throw out, decked by labor and ar
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy;
They are all for the person, I'm all for the he
In short, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

THE STANDING TOAST.

(The last song written by Mr. Dibdi

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by
Affording a checkered delight,

But 'tis always the way on't—one scarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damned thing or other,
He's popped off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!
But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be jolly;
If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Honesty in Tatters.

This here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a notion
That our troubles, our sorrows and strife,
Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
As we work through the passage of life.
And for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,
To lament and to weep, and to wail, goes,
Is a pop gun that tries to outroar a nine-po
All the same as a whiff in a gale. e our land,
Why now I, though hard fortune ha tom
And my togs are all ragged and it never stand
Ne'er yet gave the bag to brave to lead 'em!
Or caused ruined in distress might find
such friends as ne'er would fail her
But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.

By GILBERT WHITE

[Gilbert White An English naturalist, born at Selborne, July 18, 1720, died there June 20, 1793 He was educated at Oxford and obtained a fellowship there in 1744, later taking orders in the Church of England His life was chiefly spent in Selborne, where he was rector from 1785 until his death. He wrote "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" (1789) and "The Naturalists' Calendar, with Observations in Various Branches of Natural History" (1795) His "Letters" were published in 1876]

Letters to Thomas Pennant.

THE PARISH OF SELBORNE.

The parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex,

and not far from the county of Surrey; is about fifty miles southwest of London, in latitude fifty-one, and near midway between the towns of Alton and Petersfield. Being very large and extensive, it abuts on twelve parishes, two of which are in Sussex — viz., Trotton and Rogate. If you begin from the south and proceed westward, the adjacent parishes are Emshot, Newton Valence, Faringdon, Hartley Mauduit, Great Ward-le-ham, Kingsley, Hedleigh, Bramshot, Trotton, Rogate, Lysse, and Greatham. The soils of this district are almost as various and diversified as the views and aspects. The high part of the southwest consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village, and is divided into a sheep down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood, called The Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether *beech*, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheep-walk, is a pleasing parklike spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs, by Guild-down near Guildford, and by the downs round Dorking, and Ryegate in Surrey, to the northeast, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.

At the foot of this hill, one stage or step from the uplands, lies the village, which consists of one single straggling street, three quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel with The Hanger. The houses are divided from the hill by a vein of stiff clay (good wheat land), yet stand on a rock of white stone, little in appearance removed from chalk; but seems so far from being calcareous, that it endures extreme heat. Yet that the freestone still preserves somewhat that is analogous to chalk is plain from the beeches which descend as low as those rocks extend, and no farther, and thrive as well on them, where the ground is steep, as on the chalks.

The cart way of the village divides, in a remarkable manner, two very incongruous soils. To the southwest is a rank clay, that requires the labor of years to render it mellow; while the gardens to the northeast, and small inclosures behind, consist of a warm, forward, crumbling mold, called black malm, which

The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tipple
  And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night:
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life,
  Each drank, while he wished he could hail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most
  Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
  And the lass that loves a sailor!

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
  And some the constitution,
Some—May our foes and all such rips
  Own English resolution!
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
  And that they soon might hail her:
But the standing toast that pleased the most
  Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
  And the lass that loves a sailor!

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
  Our glorious land of freedom!
Some that our tars might never st[...]
  For our heroes brave to le[...]
That beauty in distr[...]

[...] the [...] to the German [...] to about sixty-three feet, and [...] that depth seldom fail; but produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste, and much commended by those who drink the pure element, but which does not lather well with soap.

To the northwest, north, and east of the village, is a range of fair inclosures, consisting of what is called a white malm, a sort of rotten or rubble stone, which, when turned up to the frost and rain, molders to pieces, and becomes manure to itself. This soil produces good wheat and clover.

Still on to the northeast, and a step lower, is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plow, yet kindly for hops, which root deep in the freestone, and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. The white soil produces the brightest hops.

As the parish still inclines down towards Wolmer Forest, at the juncture of the clays and sand the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber, and infamous for roads. The oaks of Temple and Blackmoor stand high in the estimation of purveyors, and have furnished much naval timber; while the trees on the freestone grow large, but are what workmen call shaky, and so brittle as often to fall to pieces in sawing. Beyond the sandy loam the soil becomes a hungry

lean sand, till it mingles with the forest; and will produce little without the assistance of lime and turnips.

THE FOREST OF WOLMER.

Should I omit to describe with some exactness the forest of Wolmer, of which three fifths perhaps lie in this parish, my account of Selborne would be very imperfect, as it is a district abounding with many curious productions, both animal and vegetable; and has often afforded me much entertainment both as a sportsman and as a naturalist.

The royal forest of Wolmer is a tract of land of about seven miles in length, by two and a half in breadth, running nearly from north to south, and is abutted on — to begin to the south, and so to proceed eastward — by the parishes of Greatham, Lysse, Rogate, and Trotton, in the county of Sussex; by Bramshot, Hedleigh, and Kingsley. This royalty consists entirely of sand covered with heath and fern; but is somewhat diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in the whole extent. In the bottoms, where the waters stagnate, are many bogs, which formerly abounded with subterraneous trees; though Dr. Plot says positively that "there never were any fallen trees hidden in the mosses of the southern counties." But he was mistaken: for I myself have seen cottages on the verge of this wild district, whose timbers consisted of a black, hard wood, looking like oak, which the owners assured me they procured from the bogs by probing the soil with spits, or some such instruments: but the peat is so much cut out, and the moors have been so well examined, that none has been found of late. Besides the oak, I have also been shown pieces of fossil wood of a paler color and softer nature, which the inhabitants called fir: but, upon a nice examination, and trial by fire, I could discover nothing resinous in them; and therefore rather suppose that they were parts of a willow or alder, or some such aquatic tree.

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer; such as lapwings, snipes, wild ducks, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions; and in particular, in the dry summers of 1740 and 1741, and some

years after, they swarmed to such a degree that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a day.

But there was a nobler species of game in this forest, now extinct, which I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common, and that was the heath cock, black game, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table. The last pack remembered was killed about thirty-five years ago; and within these ten years one solitary gray hen was sprung by some beagles in beating for a hare. The sportsmen cried out "A hen pheasant!" but a gentleman present, who had often seen grouse in the north of England, assured me that it was a gray hen.

Nor does the loss of our black game prove the only gap in the Fauna Selborniensis; for another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanting: I mean the red deer, which toward the beginning of this century amounted to about five hundred head, and made a stately appearance. There is an old keeper, now alive, named Adams, whose great-grandfather (mentioned in a perambulation taken in 1635), grandfather, father, and self enjoyed the head keepership of Wolmer Forest in succession for more than a hundred years. This person assures me that his father has often told him that Queen Anne, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, did not think the forest of Wolmer beneath her royal regard. For she came out of the great road at Lippock, which is just by, and, reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Wolmer Pond, and still called Queen's Bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about five hundred head. A sight this, worthy the attention of the greatest sovereign! But he farther adds that, by means of the Waltham blacks, or, to use his own expression, as soon as they began blacking, they were reduced to about fifty head, and so continued decreasing till the time of the late Duke of Cumberland. It is now more than thirty years ago that his highness sent down a huntsman, and six yeoman prickers, in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by the staghounds; ordering them to take every deer in this forest alive, and to convey them in carts to Windsor In the course of the summer they caught every stag, some of which showed

extraordinary diversion: but in the following winter, when the hinds were also carried off, such fine chases were exhibited as served the country people for matter of talk and wonder for years afterwards. I saw myself one of the yeoman prickers single out a stag from the herd, and must confess that it was the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld, superior to anything in Mr. Astley's riding school. The exertions made by the horse and deer much exceeded all my expectations; though the former greatly excelled the latter in speed. When the devoted deer was separated from his companions, they gave him, by their watches, law, as they called it, for twenty minutes; when, sounding their horns, the stop dogs were permitted to pursue, and a most gallant scene ensued.

POACHING.

Though large herds of deer do much harm to the neighborhood, yet the injury to the morals of the people is of more moment than the loss of their crops. The temptation is irresistible; for most men are sportsmen by constitution: and there is such an inherent spirit for hunting in human nature, as scarce any inhibitions can restrain. Hence, towards the beginning of this century all this country was wild about deer stealing. Unless he was a hunter, as they affected to call themselves, no young person was allowed to be possessed of manhood or gallantry. The Waltham blacks at length committed such enormities that government was forced to interfere with that severe and sanguinary act called the "Black Act," which now comprehends more felonies than any law that ever was framed before. And, therefore, a late Bishop of Winchester, when urged to re-stock Waltham Chase, refused, from a motive worthy of a prelate, replying "that it had done mischief enough already."

Our old race of deer stealers is hardly extinct yet: it was but a little while ago that, over their ale, they used to recount the exploits of their youth; such as watching the pregnant hind to her lair, and, when the calf was dropped, paring its feet with a penknife to the quick to prevent its escape, till it was large and flat enough to be killed; the shooting at one of their neighbors with a bullet in a turnip field by moonshine, mistaking him for a deer; and the losing a dog in the following extraordinary manner. Some fellows, suspecting that a calf

new-fallen was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went, with a lurcher, to surprise it; when the parent hind rushed out of the brake, and, taking a vast spring with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it short in two.

Another temptation to idleness and sporting was a number of rabbits, which possessed all the hillocks and dry places: but these being inconvenient to the huntsmen, on account of their burrows, when they came to take away the deer, they permitted the country people to destroy them all.

Such forests and wastes, when their allurements to irregularities are removed, are of considerable service to neighborhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing; with fuel for the burning their lime; and with ashes for their grasses; and by maintaining their geese and their stock of young cattle at little or no expense.

The manor farm of the parish of Greatham has an admitted claim, I see (by an old record taken from the Tower of London), of turning all live stock on the forest, at proper seasons, "bidentibus exceptis." The reason, I presume, why sheep are excluded, is, because, being such close grazers, they would pick out all the finest grasses, and hinder the deer from thriving.

Though (by statute 4 and 5, W. and Mary, c. 23) "to burn on any waste, between Candlemas and Midsummer, any grig, ling, heath and furze, goss or fern, is punishable with whipping and confinement in the house of correction;" yet, in this forest, about March or April, according to the dryness of the season, such vast heath fires are lighted up, that they often get to a masterless head, and, catching the hedges, have sometimes been communicated to the underwoods, woods, and coppices, where great damage has ensued. The plea for these burnings is that, when the old coat of heath, etc., is consumed, young will sprout up, and afford much tender browse for cattle; but, where there is large old furze, the fire, following the roots, consumes the very ground; so that for hundreds of acres nothing is to be seen but smother and desolation, the whole circuit round looking like the cinders of a volcano; and, the soil being quite exhausted, no traces of vegetation are to be found for years. These conflagrations, as they take place usually with a northeast or east wind, much annoy this village with their smoke, and often alarm the country; and, once in particular, I remember that a gentleman who lives beyond Andover, coming

to my house, when he got on the downs between that town and Winchester, at twenty-five miles' distance, was surprised much with smoke and a hot smell of fire, and concluded that Alresford was in flames; but, when he came to that town, he then had apprehensions for the next village, and so on to the end of his journey.

On two of the most conspicuous eminences of this forest stand two arbors or bowers, made of the boughs of oak; the one called Waldon Lodge, the other Brimstone Lodge: these the keepers renew annually on the feast of St. Barnabas, taking the old materials for a perquisite. The farm called Blackmoor, in this parish, is obliged to find the posts and brushwood for the former; while the farms at Greatham, in rotation, furnish for the latter; and are all enjoined to cut and deliver the materials at the spot. This custom I mention, because I look upon it to be of very remote antiquity.

LAKES IN THE FOREST.

On the verge of the forest, as it is now circumscribed, are three considerable lakes, two in Oakhanger, of which I have nothing particular to say; and one called Bin's, or Bean's Pond, which is worthy the attention of a naturalist or a sportsman. For, being crowded at the upper end with willows, and with the carex cespitosa, it affords such a safe and pleasing shelter to wild ducks, teals, snipes, etc., that they breed there. In the winter this covert is also frequented by foxes, and sometimes by pheasants; and the bogs produce many curious plants. (For which consult Letter XLI. to Mr. Barrington.)

By a perambulation of Wolmer Forest and the Holt, made in 1635, and the eleventh year of Charles I. (which now lies before me), it appears that the limits of the former are much circumscribed. For, to say nothing of the farther side, with which I am not so well acquainted, the bounds on this side, in old times, came into Binswood; and extended to the ditch of Ward-le-ham Park, in which stands the curious mount called King John's Hill, and Lodge Hill; and to the verge of Hartley Mauduit, called Mauduit Hatch; comprehending also Short Heath, Oakhanger, and Oakwoods; a large district, now private property, though once belonging to the royal domain.

It is remarkable that the term "purlieu" is never once mentioned in this long roll of parchment. It contains, besides the

perambulation, a rough estimate of the value of the timbers, which were considerable, growing at that time in the district of the Holt; and enumerates the officers, superior and inferior, of those joint forests, for the time being, and their ostensible fees and perquisites. In those days, as at present, there were hardly any trees in Wolmer Forest.

Within the present limits of the forest are three considerable lakes, Hogmer, Cranmer, and Wolmer; all of which are stocked with carp, tench, eels, and perch: but the fish do not thrive well, because the water is hungry, and the bottoms are a naked sand.

A circumstance respecting these ponds, though by no means peculiar to them, I cannot pass over in silence; and that is, that instinct by which in summer all the kine, whether oxen, cows, calves, or heifers, retire constantly to the water during the hotter hours; where, being more exempt from flies, and inhaling the coolness of that element, some belly deep, and some only to mid leg, they ruminate and solace themselves from about ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and then return to their feeding. During this great proportion of the day they drop much dung, in which insects nestle; and so supply food for the fish, which would be poorly subsisted but from this contingency. Thus Nature, who is a great economist, converts the recreation of one animal to the support of another! Thomson, who was a nice observer of natural occurrences, did not let this pleasing circumstance escape him. He says, in his "Summer,"

> A various group the herds and flocks compose;
> ———————— on the grassy bank
> Some ruminating lie; while others stand
> Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
> The circling surface.

Wolmer Pond, so called, I suppose, for eminence' sake, is a vast lake for this part of the world, containing, in its whole circumference, 2646 yards, or very near a mile and a half. The length of the northwest and opposite side is about 704 yards, and the breadth of the southwest end about 456 yards. This measurement, which I caused to be made with good exactness, gives an area of about sixty-six acres, exclusive of a large irregular arm at the northeast corner, which we did not take into the reckoning.

On the face of this expanse of waters, and perfectly secure from fowlers, lie all day long, in the winter season, vast flocks of ducks, teals, and widgeons, of various denominations; where they preen and solace, and rest themselves, till towards sunset, when they issue forth in little parties (for in their natural state they are all birds of the night) to feed in the brooks and meadows, returning again with the dawn of the morning. Had this lake an arm or two more, and were it planted round with thick covert (for now it is perfectly naked), it might make a valuable decoy.

Yet neither its extent, nor the clearness of its water, nor the resort of various and curious fowls, nor its picturesque groups of cattle, can render this mere so remarkable as the great quantity of coins that were found in its bed about forty years ago. But, as such discoveries more properly belong to the antiquities of this place, I shall suppress all particulars for the present, till I enter professedly on my series of letters respecting the more remote history of this village and district.

THE NATURALIST'S SUMMER-EVENING WALK.

TO THOMAS PENNANT, ESQUIRE.

—— "equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium" —VIRG *Georg.*

When day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the May fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed;
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift in rapid giddy ring
Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing;
Amusive birds!—say where your hid retreat
When the frost rages and the tempests beat;
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The GOD of NATURE is your secret guide!

While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench leaf-sheltered let us stray,
Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy dorr come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff th' awakened churn owl hung
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
While high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft enamored wood lark sings.
These, NATURE's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!
Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine;
The tinkling sheep bell or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage chimney smoking through the trees.
The chilling night dews fall:—away, retire!
For see, the glowworm lights her amorous fire!
Thus, ere night's veil had half obscured the sky,
Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:
True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
Leander hastened to his Hero's bed

ECHOES.

SELBORNE, *Feb* 12*th*, 1778.

Fortè puer, comitum seductus ab agmine fido,
Dixerat, Ecquis adest? et, Adest, responderat Echo.
Hic stupet; utque aciem partes divisit in omnes;
Voce, Veni, clamat magnâ Vocat illa vocantem.

In a district so diversified as this, so full of hollow vales and hanging woods, it is no wonder that echoes should abound. Many we have discovered that return the cry of a pack of dogs, the notes of a hunting horn, a tunable ring of bells, or the melody of birds very agreeably; but we were still at a loss for a polysyllabical articulate echo, till a young gentleman, who had parted from his company in a summer evening walk, and was calling after them, stumbled upon a very curious one in a spot where it might least be expected. At first he was

much surprised, and could not be persuaded but that he was mocked by some boy; but repeating his trials in several languages, and finding his respondent to be a very adroit polyglot, he then discerned the deception.

This echo in an evening, before rural noises cease, would repeat ten syllables most articulately and distinctly, especially if quick dactyls were chosen. The last syllables of

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans . . .

were as audibly and intelligibly returned as the first; and there is no doubt, could trial have been made, but that at midnight, when the air is very elastic, and a dead stillness prevails, one or two syllables more might have been obtained; but the distance rendered so late an experiment very inconvenient.

Quick dactyls, we observed, succeeded best; for when we came to try its powers in slow, heavy, embarrassed spondees of the same number of syllables,

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens . . .

we could perceive a return but of four or five.

All echoes have some one place to which they are returned stronger and more distinct than to any other; and that is always the place that lies at right angles with the object of repercussion, and is not too near, nor too far off. Buildings, or naked rocks, reecho much more articulately than hanging woods or vales; because in the latter the voice is as it were entangled, and embarrassed in the covert, and weakened in the rebound.

The true object of this echo, as we found by various experiments, is the stone-built, tiled hop kiln in Gally Lane, which measures in front forty feet, and from the ground to the eaves twelve feet. The true *centrum phonicum*, or just distance, is one particular spot in the king's field, in the path to Nore Hill, on the very brink of the steep balk above the hollow cartway. In this case there is no choice of distance; but the path, by mere contingency, happens to be the lucky, the identical spot, because the ground rises or falls so immediately, if the speaker either retires or advances, that his mouth would at once be above or below the object.

We measured this polysyllabical echo with great exactness, and found the distance to fall very short of Dr. Plot's rule for

distinct articulation; for the Doctor, in his history of Oxfordshire, allows a hundred and twenty feet for the return of each syllable distinctly; hence this echo, which gives ten distinct syllables, ought to measure four hundred yards, or one hundred and twenty feet to each syllable; whereas our distance is only two hundred and fifty-eight yards, or near seventy-five feet, to each syllable. Thus our measure falls short of the Doctor's as five to eight; but then it must be acknowledged that this candid philosopher was convinced afterwards that some latitude must be admitted of in the distance of echoes, according to time and place.

When experiments of this sort are making, it should always be remembered that weather and the time of day have a vast influence on an echo; for a dull, heavy, moist air deadens and clogs the sound; and hot sunshine renders the air thin and weak, and deprives it of all its springiness, and a ruffling wind quite defeats the whole. In a still, clear, dewy evening the air is most elastic; and perhaps the later the hour the more so.

Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination, that the poets have personified her; and in their hands she has been the occasion of many a beautiful fiction. Nor need the gravest man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since it may become the subject of philosophical or mathematical inquiries.

One should have imagined that echoes, if not entertaining, must at least have been harmless and inoffensive; yet Virgil advances a strange notion that they are injurious to bees. After enumerating some probable and reasonable annoyances, such as prudent owners would wish far removed from their bee garden, he adds: —

——aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant, vocisque offensa resultat imago.

This wild and fanciful assertion will hardly be admitted by the philosophers of these days, especially as they all now seem agreed that insects are not furnished with any organs of hearing at all. But if it should be urged, that though they cannot hear yet perhaps they may feel the repercussions of sounds, I grant it is possible they may. Yet that these impressions are distasteful or hurtful, I deny, because bees in good summers thrive well in my outlet, where the echoes are very strong; for this village is another Anathoth, a place of responses and echoes.

Besides, it does not appear from experiment that bees are in any way capable of being affected by sounds; for I have often tried my own with a large speaking trumpet held close to their hives, and with such an exertion of voice as would have hailed a ship at the distance of a mile, and still these insects pursued their various employments undisturbed, and without showing the least sensibility or resentment.

Some time since its discovery this echo is become totally silent, though the object, or hop kiln, remains; nor is there any mystery in this defect; for the field between is planted as a hop garden, and the voice of the speaker is totally absorbed and lost among the poles and entangled foliage of the hops. And when the poles are removed in autumn the disappointment is the same; because a tall quickset hedge, nurtured up for the purpose of shelter to the hop ground, entirely interrupts the impulse and repercussion of the voice; so that till those obstructions are removed no more of its garrulity can be expected.

Should any gentleman of fortune think an echo in his park or outlet a pleasing incident, he might build one at little or no expense. For whenever he had occasion for a new barn, stable, dog kennel, or like structure, it would be only needful to erect this building on the gentle declivity of a hill, with a like rising opposite to it, at a few hundred yards distance; and perhaps success might be the easier insured could some canal, lake, or stream intervene. From a seat at the *centrum phonicum* he and his friends might amuse themselves sometimes of an evening with the prattle of this loquacious nymph; of whose complacency and decent reserve more may be said than can with truth of every individual of her sex.



THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

By SAMUEL ROGERS.

[SAMUEL ROGERS An English poet; born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763, died in London, December 18, 1855 He was carefully educated by private tutors, and when about seventeen years old entered his father's bank, where he remained during the rest of his life, succeeding his father as proprietor in



SAMUEL ROGERS

1793. His best-known poem, "The Pleasures of Memory" (1792), passed through many editions. His other works include. "The Voyage of Columbus" (1812), Jacqueline" (1813), "Human Life" (1819), and "Italy" (1822).]

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the tide of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by Thee to Fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy coloring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws
From Thee that bosom spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face,
Forgot, when first a father's stern control
Chased the gay visions of her opening soul.
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper bell,
Bursts thro' the cypress walk, the convent cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive,

The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there,
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, view the captive bartered as a slave!
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge presumes its base control;
And over Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of their vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore,
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse,
With those, the loved companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth

Ah! why should Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wrecked by storms, nor moldered by decay,
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain
When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From Her each image springs, each color flows.
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, roving round,
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Tho' far below the forkèd lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mold the coinage of the fevered brain?
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
Who from the quarried mass, like PHIDIAS, drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!

But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,
The specter Poverty unnerved his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore.
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

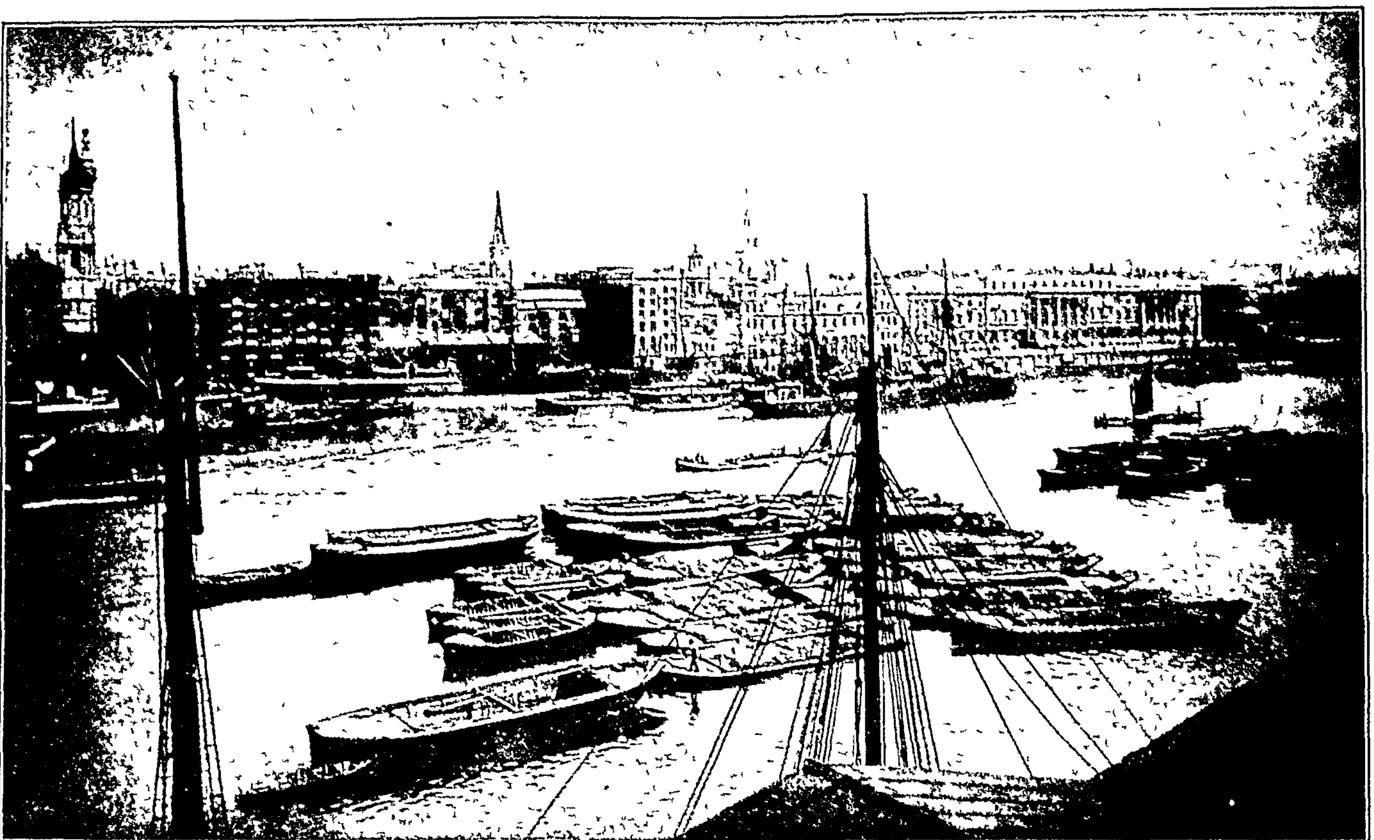
Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevated thought.
He who, thro' Nature's various walks, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So richly cultured every native grace,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace·
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined?
When Age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise — with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanished from her view,
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the light leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
The silent feasts of the reflective mind
Danger and death a dread delight inspire;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronzed by many a summer sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;
And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich, go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.



THE THAMES BELOW LONDON BRIDGE

From a photo by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd., Aberdeen

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valor's various day

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease.
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And breathes a pensive languor o'er the soul. . . .

But is Her magic only felt below?
Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow;
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,
She yields delight but faintly imaged here:
All that till now their rapt researches knew,
Not called in slow succession to review;
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread,
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,
Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed;
Each ready flight, at Mercy's smile divine,
To distant worlds that undiscovered shine;
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal friendship, soar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
And, as the softening hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,
So there the soul, released from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers;
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours!

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;

To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below,
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!



GOETHE'S HOME, FRANKFORT

From a photo by F Frith & Co , Ltd , Reigate

WILHELM BEGINS HIS APPRENTICESHIP.[1]

BY GOETHE.

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship")

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749, went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs, in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also "The Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust", "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774, in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and a most useful public official, studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science, began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777, wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786, completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789, was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791, 1794-1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography, "Fancy and Truth," 1811 In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems, in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust" He died March 22, 1832]

HAPPY years of youth! happy time of first and earliest love! Man is then like a boy, who for hours can be delighted with an echo, who can sustain unaided the whole burden of conversation, and is abundantly satisfied if the unseen spirit with whom he converses repeats but the final sounds of the words which he has uttered.

Such was Wilhelm's condition in the earlier, and more especially in the later, period of his love for Mariana, he had endowed her with the whole wealth of his own emotions, and considered himself as a very pauper who subsisted on her charity. And as a landscape derives its greatest or indeed its entire charm from the brilliancy of the sunshine, so in his eyes was everything beautified, and embellished by the relation which it bore to her.

How often, in order to gaze on her, had he taken his post behind the scenes of the theater, a privilege for which he had entreated the permission of the manager! Truly the magic of perspective had then disappeared, but the more powerful magic of love had already commenced its work. He would stand for

[1] By permission of Geo Bell & Sons (Price 3s 6d)

hours beside the dingy footlights, breathing the vapor of the lamps, gazing upon his beloved; and when, upon her return, she looked kindly upon him, he became lost in delight, and though surrounded by mere laths and scenic framework, he thought himself in Paradise. The sorry scenery, the wretched flocks and herds, the tin waterfalls, the pasteboard rose trees, and the one-sided thatched cabins excited in his mind charming poetic visions of ancient pastoral times. Even the ballet dancers, who, upon close inspection, were ordinary mortals enough, were not repulsive to him when he beheld them on the same stage with the beloved of his soul. So certain is it that love, which lends enchantment to rose bowers, myrtle groves, and moonlight, can also impart an appearance of animated nature to fragments of wood and to cuttings of paper. And thus a strong seasoning can lend a flavor to insipid and unpalatable fare.

A seasoning of this kind was in truth necessary that Wilhelm might tolerate the condition in which he usually found both Mariana's apartment and herself.

Brought up in the house of a refined citizen, order and cleanliness were essential elements of his existence, and having inherited a share of his father's love of finery, he had been accustomed, from his earliest years, gorgeously to furnish his own chamber, which he had always considered as his little kingdom. The curtains of his bed were suspended in thick folds, and fastened with tassels such as are used to ornament thrones. A carpet adorned the center of his room and one of a finer quality was placed before his table, and he had so arranged his books and various ornaments that a Dutch painter might have taken good sketches therefrom for drawings of still life. His dress was a white cap, which stood erect like a turban upon his head, and he had caused the arms of his dressing gown to be slashed in the oriental fashion. In justification of this peculiarity, he asserted that long wide sleeves were an impediment to writing. In the evening, when he was alone and no longer apprehended interruption, he usually wore a silk scarf round his body, and he is said to have frequently fixed in his girdle a dagger which he had taken from an old armory, and thus to have studied and rehearsed his tragic characters, and in the same garb, kneeling upon the carpet, to have repeated his prayers.

How happy in those days did he consider the actors whom

he beheld in the possession of such varied and costly wardrobes, accouterments, and arms, and skilled in the unvarying practice of a stately bearing, whose spirit seemed to present a mirror of all that was noble and glorious, according to the opinions and passions of mankind. And thus did Wilhelm form his estimate of an actor's private life; he looked upon it as a succession of exalted pursuits and employments of which the appearance on the boards was the culminating point, just as silver which has been long agitated in the crucible assumes at length a bright and beautiful hue to the eye of the workman, proving that the metal has been finally purified from all impure dross.

He was therefore amazed at first when he found himself in the presence of his love, and looked down through the cloud of bliss by which he was surrounded, upon the tables, chairs, and floor. The fragments of her temporary ornaments, light and false, lay around, like the shining scales of a scraped fish, mixed together in confusion and disorder. Articles appropriated to personal cleanliness, combs, soap, and towels, were no more concealed than the evidences of their use. Music, play books and shoes, washes and Italian flowers, needlecases, hairpins, rouge pots and ribbons, books and straw hats, in no wise ashamed of their proximity to each other, were confounded in an element common alike to all, powder and dust. But as Wilhelm, in her company, thought little of any other object, and as everything which belonged to her, or which she had touched, was hallowed in his eyes, he found at length in this confused system of housekeeping a charm which he had never experienced in the neat arrangements of his economy. When at one time he put away her bodice that he might approach the piano, and at another placed her gown upon the bed that he might provide himself with a chair, he felt as if in all this he were every moment approaching nearer to her, and as if the union between them were being cemented by an invisible bond.

But he could not so easily reconcile with his earlier impressions the conduct of the other actors, whom he sometimes met, when he first visited at her house. Busy with idleness, they appeared to think but little of their calling or profession. He never heard them discuss the poetic merits of a play, or pronounce an opinion upon their value or worthlessness; the only question was, "How much would it bring? Is it a stock piece? How long will it last? How often may it be performed?" with other inquiries and observations of the same nature.

Then they commonly discussed the character of the manager, commenting upon his parsimony, the lowness of his salaries, and his injustice towards particular individuals. They then turned to the public, observing that the latter seldom rewarded the most meritorious actor with their approbation, that the national theater was daily improving, that the professional actor was gradually rising in public esteem according to his true merits, and that he never could be esteemed and honored enough. They also discoursed much of coffeehouses and wine gardens, and of the occurrences there; how much debt one of their comrades had contracted, and what deduction from his pay he must consequently endure; of the inequality of their weekly salaries; and of the cabals of some rival company; then, finally, they would again consider the great and deserved attention of the public towards themselves, not forgetting the influence which the theater was calculated to exercise upon the country and upon the world at large.

All these things, which had formerly cost Wilhelm many a weary hour, thronged again upon his memory, as his steed bore him slowly homewards, and as he revolved in his mind the various incidents which had occurred upon his journey. He had himself actually witnessed the commotion which the elopement of a young maiden can occasion, not only in the family of a respectable citizen, but even in an entire village. The scenes upon the highroad, and at the police office, the sentiments of Melina, and all the various circumstances which had happened, appeared again before him and excited in his keen and anxious mind so much inquietude that he could bear it no longer, but giving spurs to his horse, he hastened towards the city.

But by this course he only encountered new vexations. Werner, his friend and intended brother-in-law, was waiting for him, in order to commence a serious, important, and unexpected conversation.

Werner was one of those tried individuals of firm principles whom we usually designate cold beings, because they are not quickly or visibly excited by the occurrences of life. His intercourse with Wilhelm was one never-ending dispute, which only served however to strengthen their affection, for in spite of discordant dispositions, each derived advantage from his intercourse with the other. Werner was satisfied that he was able to restrain with bit and bridle the superior but somewhat extravagant spirit of Wilhelm, and the latter frequently won a

splendid triumph when he succeeded in carrying his companion with him in his moments of enthusiasm. Thus each found mental exercise in the company of the other, they were accustomed to meet daily, and it might well have been said that their anxiety to converse together was heightened by their utter impossibility to comprehend each other. But in reality, as they were both worthy men, they associated together because they had one common end in view, and neither could ever understand why he could not convert his friend to his own peculiar views.

Werner observed that Wilhelm's visits had for some time back been less frequent, also, that in his favorite subjects of conversation he had become short and inattentive, and that he had ceased to engage in vivid accounts of his own peculiar impressions, things which afford an unmistakable evidence of a mind finding repose and satisfaction in the society of a friend. The precise and thoughtful Werner endeavored first to examine his own conduct for the origin of the fault which he had observed; but certain rumors soon set him on the right track, rumors in fact which some imprudences of Wilhelm soon reduced to certainty. He had commenced an inquiry, and learned that he had for some time past openly visited an actress, that he had conversed with her upon the stage, and had actually accompanied her to her house. He became inconsolable when he was made aware of their nightly meetings, for he understood that Mariana was a seductive girl, who was in all probability extracting money from his friend, whilst she herself was supported by another dissipated lover.

When his suspicions had almost attained certainty, he determined to speak to Wilhelm upon the subject, and had already arranged his plan for the purpose, when the latter returned, disappointed and dejected, from his journey.

Werner that same evening stated to him all that he had learnt, first in a calm tone, and then with the serious earnestness of well-intentioned friendship. He left no topic unexplained, and allowed his friend a full taste of all the bitterness which cold-hearted men can with virtuous malice so abundantly dispense to persons in love. But he effected little, as one may easily imagine. Wilhelm answered with deep emotion, but with perfect self-composure: "You do not know the girl. Appearances are, perhaps, against her, but I am as confident of her faith and virtue as I am of my own love."

Werner adhered to his accusations, and proposed to adduce proofs and witnesses. Wilhelm rejected them, and parted from his friend in a spirit of discontent and sorrow, resembling a man whose decayed but firmly fixed tooth has been seized and vainly pulled at by some unskillful dentist.

Wilhelm was beyond measure distressed that the image of Mariana had been darkened, and almost defaced, in his imagination, first, by the fancies which he had indulged upon his journey, and then by the unfriendliness of Werner. He therefore adopted the most certain means of restoring it in all its pristine purity and beauty, for that very night he hastened along the well-known pathway to find shelter in Mariana's arms. She received him with transports of joy, for as she had seen him pass her house on his way into town, she expected him at nightfall, and we may easily suppose that every doubt was soon effaced from his heart. In truth her tenderness unlocked all his confidence, and he related to her how excessively, not only the public, but even his friend had sinned against her.

Some cheerful conversation led them to advert to the first season of their acquaintance, a recurrence to which topic never fails to form one of the most delightful entertainments of two lovers. The first steps which have introduced us to the labyrinth of love are so pleasant, the first views so captivating, that we always retain them in our memory with delight. Each claims an advantage over the other: each one first felt the pangs of devoted love, and in this contest each would rather appear to be the vanquished than the victor.

Wilhelm repeated to Mariana once more what she had so often heard on the stage, that she had soon succeeded in attracting his attention from the performance to herself, that her figure, her acting, and her voice had so completely captivated him, that at length he only attended those plays in which she performed, that he had often gone behind the scenes, and had stood near her unobserved: and then he spoke with delight of that happy evening upon which he had found an opportunity to render her a service, and to engage her in conversation.

But Mariana denied that she had left him so long unnoticed: she assured him she had often watched him on the promenade, and in evidence thereof she described the dress which he had worn upon those occasions; she assured him that he had attracted her even then more than any other person, and that she had long ardently desired his acquaintance.

How joyfully did Wilhelm believe it all! How easily was he persuaded that when he approached she had felt herself drawn towards him by an irresistible charm, that she had joined him intentionally behind the scenes in order that she might see him nearer and have an opportunity of making his acquaintance, and that at length, when his reserve and bashfulness could not be overcome, she had herself found an opportunity, and compelled him to hand her a glass of lemonade.

The hours passed rapidly away in this endearing contest, for they pursued it through every little circumstance of their romantic attachment, and Wilhelm at length left his beloved, with his tranquillity fully restored, and with the firm resolution of putting his plan in execution without delay.

His father and mother had made the arrangements necessary for his journey, but certain trifling preparations which were still required for his outfit delayed his departure for a few days. Wilhelm availed himself of this time to write a letter to Mariana, with a view of bringing to a decision the business upon which she had hitherto avoided communicating with him. The letter was in these terms: —

"In the sweet obscurity of night, which has so often sheltered me in thine arms, I sit and think and write to thee, and all my thoughts and feelings are wholly thine. O Mariana! I who am the happiest of mortals feel like a bridegroom who stands within the festive chamber, contemplating the new world which will soon open before him, and during the sacred ceremony imagines himself, in deep transport, to stand before the mysterious curtain, from whence the rapture of love whispers out to him.

"I have persuaded myself not to see thee for a few days, and I have found satisfaction for this privation in the hope of soon being forever with thee, of remaining entirely thine. Shall I repeat my wishes? Yes, I feel I must, for it seems as if hitherto thou hadst never understood me.

"How often in that low voice of affection which, whilst it desires to possess all, ventures to utter but little, have I searched in thy heart to discover thy wish for a lasting union. Thou hast certainly understood me. For the same desire must have ripened in thine own heart, and thou must have comprehended me in that kiss, in the balmy peacefulness of that happy evening. I learnt then to value thy modesty, and

how did such a feeling increase my love! When another woman would have acted with artifice, in order to ripen by unnecessary sunshine the resolution of her lover's heart, to induce a proposal and secure a promise, you drew back, silenced the half-expressed intentions of your lover, and sought by an apparent indifference to conceal your real feelings! What a being must I have been had I failed to recognize in such tokens that pure and disinterested affection which cares only for its object. Trust to me and be calm! We belong to each other, and by living for each other, we shall neither of us forsake or lose anything.

"Accept then this hand. With solemnity I offer this unnecessary pledge. Do not make inquiries — cast aside care — fortune protects love; and the more certainly, as love is easily contented.

"My heart has long since abandoned my paternal dwelling. It belongs to thee as truly as my spirit lives upon the stage. Fate allows no other man so to attain his every wish. Sleep abandons my eyes, and like the glow of an ever new Aurora, thy love and thy happiness rise up perpetually before me.

"Scarcely can I prevent myself from rushing to thy side, and constraining thy consent to our union, and commencing on the morrow's dawn my career in the world. But no, I will restrain myself. I will not adopt an ill-advised, rash, and foolish course, my measures are taken and I will execute them calmly.

"I am acquainted with the manager Serlo. The journey I contemplate will lead me directly to him. For a whole year he has wished that his company of actors possessed some portion of my animation and enthusiasm for the stage. Doubtless he will receive me well. More reasons than one forbid that I should join thy company, and Serlo's theater is so far from hence, that I shall be able at first to conceal my project. I shall thus find sufficient to support me at once. I shall make general inquiries, become acquainted with the actors, and return for thee.

"Thou seest, Mariana, what I compel myself to do, in order certainly to obtain thee. Since it can afford me no pleasure to be so long separated from thee, and to know that thou art alone. But when I once more recall thy love, which to me is everything, if thou wilt concede my prayer before we part, and give me thy hand in the eye of heaven, I can go in

peace. Between us it can be but a form, but then a form so sweet — the blessing of heaven joined to the blessing of earth! It can be celebrated sweetly and expeditiously in the Prince's neighboring chapel.

"I have money sufficient to begin with. Let us divide it. It will suffice for both; before it is expended heaven will assist us further.

"Dearest love, I have no apprehension. So joyful a commencement must end happily. I have never doubted that any man who is earnest can succeed in the world; and I feel confidence enough to win a sufficient maintenance for two persons, or for more if necessary. It is often said that the world is ungrateful — for my part I have never yet known it to be thankless when one has discovered the proper mode of rendering it a service. My whole soul is fired at the thought that I shall at last be able to address the hearts of men in a strain which they have long been anxious to hear. A thousand times have I been utterly distressed in my inmost soul, keenly sensitive as I am for the honor of the stage, when I have witnessed the performance of some deluded being who has fancied himself competent to stir the hearts of men with words of power. The very tone of a pipe is more musical and nobler to the ear. It is incredible what profanity men in their utter ignorance can commit.

"The theater has often warred with the pulpit. They should not, I think, be at strife. How ardently I wish that in both, the honor of nature and of God were celebrated by none but noble men. These are not dreams, my love. As thy heart tells me that thou dost love. — I seize the brilliant thought, and I affirm — no, I do not affirm, but I hope and trust, that we shall appear to mankind as a pair of noble spirits, to open their hearts, to move their natures, to present them with heavenly enjoyments, as sure as those joys were heavenly which I have experienced when reclining upon thy bosom, because they withdrew us from ourselves, and exalted us above ourselves.

"I cannot conclude. I have already said too much, and yet I know not whether I have as yet exhausted all that concerns you, for no words can express the tumult which rages in my bosom.

"But accept this letter, my love; I have read and re-read it, and find that I ought to have begun it differently — and yet it

town; he also stated the nature of the business which had brought him hither, and requested a similar mark of confidence from Wilhelm. The latter at once mentioned his name, and his place of abode.

"Are you then a relation of that Meister who once possessed a splendid collection of works of art?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes, I am," replied the other. "I was ten years old at the decease of my grandfather, and it grieved me exceedingly to be obliged to witness the sale of so many beautiful objects."

"But your father realized a large sum of money by them."

"You know all about it then?"

"O yes; I visited those treasures whilst they were yet in your house. Your grandfather was not only a collector, but a person well acquainted with art. In his earlier happier years he had been in Italy. and had brought back many treasures with him from that country, which money cannot now procure. He was the owner of some splendid pictures by the best masters. Inspecting his drawings, you could scarcely have believed your eyes. Amongst his collection of marbles were several matchless fragments, he had a set of bronzes instructive and select, his coins were illustrative of art and history, and his few gems were entitled to the highest praise. His whole collection was well arranged, although the rooms and apartments of the old house were not symmetrically built."

"You may imagine how much we children lost when all those treasures were taken down and packed up for removal. It was the first sorrowful moment of my existence. I cannot describe how empty the chambers appeared as we witnessed the several objects disappear one after another, which had delighted us from our childhood, and which we had considered as secure as the house or even as the town itself."

"If I am not mistaken, your father placed the produce of the sale in the hands of a neighbor with whom he commenced a sort of partnership in business"

"Quite right, and their joint speculations succeeded admirably. Within the last twelve years they have largely increased their fortune, and are on that account all the more devoted to business. Old Werner too has a son far more inclined towards such a pursuit than I am"

"I am sorry indeed that this neighborhood has lost such a treasure as your grandfather's cabinet. I saw it shortly before

it was disposed of, and I believe I may say that I was the cause of the sale which took place. A rich nobleman who was a great amateur, but who in so important a matter did not rely upon his own unaided judgment, sent me hither and solicited my advice. During six days I inspected the cabinet, and on the seventh I advised my friend to pay the sum demanded without hesitation. You, who were at that time a lively youth, frequently accompanied me; you explained to me the subjects of the paintings, and were able to give a good account of the whole cabinet."

"I remember such a person, but I should not have recognized him in you."

"It is to be sure a long time ago, and we all change more or less with time. If I remember well, there was a favorite picture of yours in the collection, from which you would scarcely permit me to look away."

"Quite right; it represented the story of the king's son, who pined for love of his father's wife."

"It was not by any means the best picture either in composition, in tone of color, or in treatment."

"Of those qualities I am no judge. I do not understand them. It is the subject which charms me in a picture, not the painter's art."

"Your grandfather was of a different opinion in such matters, for the greater part of his collection consisted of admirable pieces in which one could not help admiring the execution of the artist, let the subjects have been what they might. This identical picture hung in the outermost chamber, a sign that he placed but little value upon it."

"Yes, it was in that spot where we children were always permitted to play, and where this picture made an indelible impression upon me, which not even your criticism, highly as I respect it, would be able to efface, if we only now stood before it. How I pity a youth who is compelled to bury in his bosom the sweet impulse, the blessed inheritance. which nature has imparted to him. and who must conceal within himself that fire which should warm and animate others, so that he consumes away under unspeakable pain! How I pity the unfortunate maiden who is compelled to devote herself to another, when her heart has already found an object worthy of her true and pure affection!"

"But in truth these feelings are very unlike the emotions

by which a lover of art is accustomed to investigate the works of great painters, and probably had the cabinet continued to be the property of your family, a taste for such performances would have sprung up within you, and you would have learnt to consider some other object than yourself and your individual fancies, in estimating works of art."

"Indeed, the sale of that cabinet afflicted me exceedingly, and I have often missed it since, in my more mature years; but when I recollect that the loss was indispensable to the unfolding of a talent within me, which will affect my career more strongly than those inanimate pictures could have done, I feel contented and reverence fate, who knows so well how to accomplish what is good for me and for others."

"It grieves me again to hear that word 'fate' uttered by a youth who is now at the very age when men usually ascribe their ungovernable propensities to the determination of the higher powers."

"Then do you not believe in fate? Is there no power which rules over us and converts everything to our good?"

"The question here is not of my faith, nor is this the place to unfold how I have sought to form an idea of things which are incomprehensible to us all—the question here is only how we may consider them to our greatest advantage. The web of life is woven of necessity and chance. Man's reason stands between them and governs both, treating necessity as the foundation of its being and at the same time guiding the operation of chance to its own advantage, for man only deserves to be called a god of this earth, as long as in the exercise of his reason he stands firm and immovable. Woe then to him who has been accustomed from youth to confound necessity with arbitrary will, and to ascribe to chance a sort of reason, which it seems a kind of religious duty to obey! What is this but to renounce our own judgment and to allow unopposed sway to our inclinations. We deceive ourselves with the belief that it is an act of piety to pursue our course without reflection, to submit to the guidance of agreeable accidents, and finally to dignify the result of such a fluctuating life with the appellation of a heavenly guidance."

"Have you never been in a position where some trifling occurrence has caused you to adopt a certain line of conduct, where some accident has happened to you, and a train of unlooked-for events has finally led to a result which you yourself

could scarcely have foreseen? Should not this inspire a confidence in fate, a trust in some such destiny?"

"With such opinions as these no maiden could preserve her virtue, and no man could keep his money in his purse, since there are opportunities enough for getting rid of both. That mortal alone is worthy of esteem who knows what is advantageous to himself and to others, and who labors to conquer his own self-will. Every man is master of his own happiness, as the artist is of the raw material which he would mold into a certain form. But the art of attaining happiness resembles all other arts, the capacity alone is born within us, — it needs to be cultivated, and practiced with the greatest care."

These and other subjects were discussed between them till at length they separated, without appearing to have precisely convinced each other; but they appointed a place of meeting for the following day.

Wilhelm continued to pursue his course through several streets. At length he heard the sweet echoes of clarionets, of horns, and of bassoons, and his heart beat joyously within him. The sounds proceeded from some traveling musicians, who were playing several delicious airs with admirable taste. He addressed them, and for a small sum of money they agreed to accompany him to Mariana's house. A clump of tall trees ornamented the open space before her dwelling, and under these he placed his serenaders. He himself reclined upon a seat at some distance, and abandoned himself to the influence of the soothing melody, which filled the air in the cool and balmy night. Stretched at length beneath the lovely stars, his whole existence resembled a golden dream. "And she listens to these sweet sounds," he said within his heart, "and she knows whose remembrance of her, whose love, it is that makes the night thus musical; even in absence we are united by these sweet strains, as in every separation we are joined together by the delicious concord of love. Two loving hearts resemble two magnetic needles, the same influence which sways the one directs the other also, for it is only one power which works in both, one feeling that actuates them: clasped in her embrace then can I conceive the possibility of ever being disunited from her? and yet I must leave her, to seek a sanctuary for our love where she may be forever mine. How often has it happened to me during our absence, when my thoughts have been fixed upon her, that I have touched a book, a dress, or

some other object, of hers, it seemed as if I had touched her hand, so completely have I been lost in the apprehension of her presence. And to remember those moments of rapture which have recoiled alike from the light of day, and from the eye of the cold spectator, for the joyful remembrance of which the gods themselves would be content to abandon their happy state of pure felicity, as if the recollection could renew the delight of that cup of joy, which carries our senses beyond this earth, and wraps our souls in the purest bliss of heaven. And her form——" He became lost in contemplation, his peace was converted into longing—he leaned against a tree, and cooled his warm cheek against the bark, whilst the eager night wind wafted away the breath which issued in sighs from the depths of his pure bosom. He sought for the handkerchief which he had taken from her—his search was in vain—he had forgotten it. His lips were parched, and his whole frame trembled with desire.

The music ceased; and it seemed as if he had suddenly descended from the lofty regions to which his emotion had exalted him. His agitation increased as the feelings of his heart were no longer supported and refreshed by the sounds of soothing melody. He took his seat upon the threshold, and became once more tranquil. He kissed the brass knocker of the door, he kissed the entrance over which her feet passed daily, and he warmed it with the pressure of his bosom. Then he sat silent once more for a short time, and his fancy pictured her behind her curtains, attired in the white nightdress with the rose-colored ribbon encircling her head, and he imagined himself so near to her that he thought she must be dreaming of him. His thoughts were lovely like the spirits of the evening, peace and desire rose alternately within him, love ran its tremulous hand in a thousand varying moods over all the chords of his soul, and it seemed as if the music of the spheres remained silent above him, to listen to the soft melody of his heart.

If he had had his master key about him, with which he was accustomed to open Mariana's door, he could not have restrained himself, but would have entered the temple of love. But he retired slowly, and with dreamy steps he turned in among the trees; his object was to proceed homewards, and yet he paused and looked round repeatedly. At length having summoned up resolution, he proceeded forwards, but on reaching the

corner of the street, he turned round once more, when it appeared to him as if Mariana's door opened and a dark figure issued from the house. He was too far off to see distinctly, and before he had time to collect himself and to observe accurately, the figure disappeared in the darkness, but he thought he saw it once more passing before a white house. He stood still and looked eagerly, but before he could determine to pursue the phantom, it had vanished. Through what street had the man gone, if he were a man?

As a person whose path has been suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning immediately afterwards seeks in vain with dazzled eyes to find in the succeeding darkness those forms which had accompanied him and the connection of the road — so all seemed obscure to the vision and to the heart of Wilhelm. And as a midnight spirit which at first creates unspeakable alarm, in the calm moments which succeed is considered only as the child of fear, and the wild apparition creates endless doubt within the soul, in the same manner was Wilhelm overpowered with agitation and suspense, as leaning against a pillar he paid but little heed to the dawning of the morning or the crowing of the cocks, until the early tradespeople began to stir and dismissed him home.

On his way he succeeded in effacing from his imagination his strange illusion by the most satisfactory reasons, but that sweet harmonious stillness of the night, to which he now looked back as to an unreal vision, had also fled. To ease his heart and to impress a seal upon his returning faith in Mariana, he now drew her handkerchief from the pocket of his coat. The rustling of a note which fell caused him to withdraw the handkerchief from his lips — he opened the note and read: —

"By the love I feel for thee, little simpleton, what was the matter last night? I will come to thee this evening. I can well suppose thou art sorry to leave this place, but have patience, I will come for thee before the fair. But listen, do not wear that dark-colored dress any more, it makes thee look like the witch of Endor. Did I not send thee the charming white nightgown, that I might enfold a snowy lambkin in my arms? Always send your notes by the old Sibyl. The devil himself has chosen her for our Iris."



GOETHE IN FRANKFORT

WILHELM AND THE DRAMATIC COMPANY.[1]

By GOETHE

(From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship")

Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows —
Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?
Where zephyrs from Heaven die softly away,
And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee

Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,
Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades?
Where the statues of marble with features so mild
Ask, "Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?"
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
My guide, my protector! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the Alp which the vapor enshrouds,
Where the bold muleteer seeks his way thro' the clouds?
In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,
And the rush of the stream tears the rock from its sides;
Know'st thou it? Thither, oh! thither with thee,
Leads our way, father — then come, let us flee.

When Wilhelm, on the following morning, searched for Mignon through the house, he was unable to find her; he was informed that she had already gone out with Melina, the latter having risen at an early hour to take possession of the wardrobe and of the other apparatus belonging to the theater.

After the lapse of a few hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. He fancied at first that the harper had returned, but he presently distinguished the notes of a cithern, accompanied by a voice which, as soon as the singing commenced, he recognized to be that of Mignon. Wilhelm opened the door, whereupon the child entered, and sang the song which we have given above.

The melody and expression delighted our friend extremely, although he was not able precisely to understand the words. He caused her to repeat and to explain the stanzas — upon which he wrote them down and translated them into German. But he could only faintly imitate the original turn of the vari-

[1] By permission of Geo Bell & Sons (Price 3s 6d)

ous ideas. The pure simplicity of the thoughts disappeared as the broken phraseology in which they were expressed was rendered uniform, and as the connection of the various parts was thus restored. Moreover, it was impossible to convey any idea of the exquisite nature of the melody.

She commenced each verse in a solemn measured tone, as if she had intended to direct attention to something wonderful, and had some important secret to communicate. At the third line, her voice became lower and fainter — the words, "Know'st thou it?" were pronounced with a mysterious thoughtful expression, and the "Thither, oh, thither!" was uttered with an irresistible feeling of longing, and at every repetition of the words "Let us flee!" she changed her intonation. At one time she seemed to entreat and to implore, and at the next to become earnest and persuasive. After having sung the song a second time, she paused for a moment, and attentively surveying Wilhelm, she asked him, "Know'st thou the land?" "It must be Italy!" he replied, "but where did you learn the sweet little song?" "Italy!" observed Mignon, thoughtfully; "if you are going thither, take me with you, I am too cold here." "Have you ever been there, darling?" asked Wilhelm — but Mignon made no reply, and could not be induced to converse further.

Melina, who now entered, observing the cithern, seemed pleased that it had been so quickly repaired. The instrument had been found amongst the theatrical property, but Mignon had entreated that she might be allowed to keep it, and had carried it to the old harper. She now displayed a degree of skill in its use, for which no one had previously given her credit.

Melina had already taken possession of the theatrical wardrobe, with all its appendages, and some members of the Town Council had promised to obtain permission for him to commence his performances without much loss of time. He accordingly returned to his companions with a glad heart and cheerful countenance. He appeared to have been changed into a new personage — he had grown mild and polite, and was even engaging and attractive. He said he considered himself happy in being able to provide continuous occupation for his friends, who had hitherto been unemployed, and in embarrassed circumstances; but he felt sorry that he was not yet able to reward the excellent actors with whom fortune had provided him,

according to their merits and talents, as he felt it was indispensable that he should in the first place discharge the debt which he owed to his generous friend, Wilhelm.

"I cannot express to you," said Melina to Wilhelm, "how deeply I appreciate the value of your friendship, which has enabled me to undertake the direction of a theater. When I first met you I was indeed in a strange predicament. You will, doubtless, remember how strongly I then expressed my aversion to the theater, and yet, after my marriage, a love for my wife compelled me to seek for an engagement, as she expected to derive both pleasure and applause from such an occupation. I was, however, unsuccessful — that is, I could procure no constant employment — but by good fortune I came in contact with some men of business who needed the occasional assistance of persons skillful with the pen, conversant with the French language, and having some knowledge of accounts. Thus I supported myself for a time, and being adequately remunerated, I was enabled to procure many necessary articles of which I stood in need, and had no reason to feel ashamed of my position. But in a short time my patrons no longer required my services, they could give me no permanent employment; and my wife therefore became more and more anxious that I should resume my connection with the stage, though at present her condition is not the most favorable for her own personal display in public. But I trust that the undertaking which you have enabled me to commence will form a good beginning for myself and for my family, though whatever be the result, I feel that I shall be indebted to you alone for my future happiness."

Wilhelm heard these observations with pleasure, and the whole company of performers were sufficiently satisfied with the promises of their manager; they were secretly overjoyed at their unexpected engagement, and were satisfied at first with a small salary, especially as most of them considered the event itself as a piece of extreme good fortune, which they could hardly have expected to occur. Melina lost no time in availing himself of the temper of his actors — he sounded each of them in private, and changed his tone according to each person's disposition, until, at last, they all agreed to enter into an agreement, without reflecting much upon the nature of the conditions; calculating that they might, under any circumstances, dissolve their contract at the expiration of a month.

The terms were now about to be reduced to writing, and

Wilhelm was engaged in reflecting upon the performance with which he should first attract the public, when a courier suddenly arrived and announced to the Stallmeister that his lord and his suite were immediately expected — whereupon the horses were ordered out without delay.

A traveling carriage well packed with luggage soon drove up to the hotel, and two servants sprang nimbly from the box. Philina, according to her custom, was the first to make her appearance, and had taken her post at the door.

"Who are you?" inquired the Countess, as she entered the hotel.

"An actress, your Excellency!" was the reply, whilst the artful girl, with a modest look and humble countenance, bowed obsequiously and kissed the lady's gown.

The Count, who observed some other persons standing near, and having learned that they were actors, made some inquiries about the strength of the company, their last place of residence, and the name of the manager. "Had they been a French company," he remarked to his wife, "we might have surprised the Prince with an unexpected pleasure, and provided him with his favorite entertainment."

"But it might, perhaps, be as well," observed the Countess, "to engage these people though unfortunately they are only Germans, to perform at the castle whilst the Prince remains with us. They cannot be wholly devoid of talent. A theatrical performance is the best possible amusement for a large company, and the Baron will not fail to support them."

So saying, she ascended the stairs, and Melina soon appeared before them as the manager. "Assemble your company of actors," said the Count, "place them before me, that I may see what is in them. Furnish me, moreover, with a list of the pieces they perform."

With a profound bow, Melina hastened from the apartment, and speedily returned with his company of actors. They advanced in confusion and disorder. Some of them were awkward from their great desire to please, and others were no better, from their air of assumed carelessness. Philina paid great respect to the Countess, who evinced the utmost possible condescension and kindness. The Count, meanwhile, was busily engaged in examining the whole body.

He questioned each of them about his peculiar qualities, admonished Melina that he should be particular in confining

every one to his own department; a piece of advice which the manager received with the greatest deference.

The Count then explained to each of the actors the precise point which he ought particularly to study, how he should seek to improve his action and his attitudes, showing clearly in what points the Germans were usually deficient, and exhibiting such profound knowledge of art that they all stood around in deep humility, and scarcely dared to breathe in the presence of so brilliant a critic and honorable a patron.

"Who is that man in the corner?" inquired the Count, looking at a person who had not yet been presented to him. A lean figure approached, attired in a garb which had seen better days—his coat was patched at the elbows, and a sorry wig covered the head of the humble subject of inquiry.

This man, in whom from the last book of our story, we may recognize the favorite of Philina, was accustomed to act the character of pedants, of schoolmasters and poets, and usually to take those parts where a beating or a ducking was to be endured in the course of the entertainment. It was always his habit to bow in a certain obsequious, ridiculous, and timid manner, and his faltering mode of speech was in complete unison with the characters he performed, and never failed to excite laughter. He was considered a useful member of the company, being upon all occasions active and ready to oblige. He approached the Count in his own peculiar style, saluted him, and answered every inquiry just as he would have done upon the stage. The Count surveyed him for some time with attention and with pleasure, and then addressing the Countess, he exclaimed, "My child, observe this man particularly—I could lay a wager that he is an eminent actor at present, or at least that he is capable of becoming one." The man, hereupon, in the excess of his delight made a ridiculous sort of bow, at which the Count could not refrain from laughing, and observed, "He acts his part to perfection—this man can, doubtless, perform any character he pleases, and it is a pity that he has not hitherto been better employed."

An encomium so unusual was distressing to the other actors. Melina, however, did not share the general feeling, but rather coincided with the Count. He said with a respectful look, "It is indeed too true, and both he and many of us have long needed the proper appreciation of so excellent a judge as we perceive your Excellency to be."

"Is the whole company present?" inquired the Count.

"Several members are absent," replied the artful Melina, "but if we could calculate upon receiving support we should soon be able to complete our company without going far."

During this time Philina remarked to the Countess, "There is a very handsome young man upstairs, who will doubtless soon become a first-rate amateur."

"Why does he not show himself?" inquired the Countess.

"I will call him," answered Philina, and she immediately disappeared.

She found Wilhelm still engaged with Mignon, and she persuaded him to descend. He accompanied her with some reluctance, but curiosity induced him to comply, for having heard that some persons of rank had arrived, he was anxious to know something further about them. When he entered the apartment, his eyes at once encountered the look of the Countess, which was fixed upon him. Philina presented him to the lady, whilst the Count in the mean time was engaged with the rest of the company. Wilhelm bowed respectfully, but it was not without embarrassment that he answered the various inquiries of the charming Countess. Her beauty and youth, her grace and elegance, as well as her accomplished manners, produced the most delightful impression upon him, especially as her conversation and her looks were somewhat timid and embarrassed. Wilhelm was presented to the Count likewise, but the latter bestowed less attention upon him, but turning to the window where his lady was standing, he appeared to make some inquiries of her. It was easy to perceive that they agreed perfectly in opinion, and that she sought by her earnest entreaties to confirm him in his intentions, whatever they might be.

He turned soon afterwards to the company and said, "I cannot stay any longer at the present moment, but I will send a friend to you, and if you are moderate in your demands and will exert yourselves to the utmost, I have no objection that you should perform at the castle."

The whole company testified their joy at this announcement, and in particular Philina, who thereupon kissed the hand of the Countess with the greatest emotion. "See, little one!" said the Countess, at the same time patting the cheek of the light-hearted girl, "See, child, you must visit me again; I will keep my promise to you, but in the mean time you must dress yourself better." Philina observed, by way of excuse, that she had

not much money to spend upon her wardrobe, whereupon the Countess ordered her maid to give her an English bonnet and a silk handkerchief, articles which could be unpacked without difficulty. The Countess herself arranged them on Philina, who continued very cleverly both by her conduct and demeanor to support her claims to a saintlike sinless character.

The Count took his lady's hand and conducted her downstairs. As she passed the company she saluted them all in the most gracious manner, and turning to Wilhelm, she said to him in the kindest way, "We shall soon meet again."

The company felt cheered by these happy prospects, and each one allowed free scope to his hopes, to his wishes, and his fancies, suggested the character which he would like to perform, and spoke of the applause which he expected to receive. Melina in the mean time was considering whether he could not manage by means of a few hasty performances to extract a little money from the inhabitants of the town, and so to afford his company an opportunity for practicing their parts. Some of the others in the mean time made their way to the kitchen, where they ordered a better dinner than they had lately been accustomed to enjoy.

After a few days the Baron arrived, and Melina received him with some little trepidation. The Count had announced him as a critic, and the whole company apprehended that he might soon discover their inefficiency, and perceive that they were not a regular company of actors, as in point of fact they were scarcely able to perform a single play properly; but the fears of the manager and of the others were soon allayed upon finding that the Baron patronized the stage of his native land, and always gave a cordial welcome to every member of the profession. He saluted them with dignity, and expressed the happiness he felt in meeting so unexpectedly with a German company, in becoming connected with them, and in introducing the native Muses to the castle of his relative. He then drew a manuscript from his pocket, whereupon Melina fancied he was about to read the terms of the contract; but it turned out to be something of a wholly different nature. The Baron requested that they would listen attentively whilst he read to them a play of his own composing, which he was anxious they should perform. They at once formed a circle round him and

seemed delighted at the prospect of so easily securing the friendship of so important a patron, but they could not help feeling a simultaneous shudder at the thickness of the manuscript. They had good reason for their apprehensions, for the play consisted of five acts, and every act seemed interminable.

The hero of the piece was distinguished for his virtue and generosity, but was a misunderstood and persecuted man; finally, however, he proved victorious over his enemies, from whom the strictest poetical justice would have been exacted if he had not pardoned them upon the spot.

During the rehearsal of this piece, each of the audience found occasion to reflect upon his own particular circumstances, to recover from his previous depression of spirits, and to experience a sensation of the happiest self-contentment at the pleasant prospects which were opening in the future. Those who found no characters in the piece adapted for themselves, silently condemned the composition, and considered the Baron as an unsuccessful author, whilst, on the other hand, those who discovered an occasional passage which they thought would elicit the applause of an audience praised it in the most extravagant manner, and thus abundantly satisfied the vanity of the author.

The business was soon completed. Melina succeeded in concluding a most profitable engagement with the Baron, which he carefully concealed from the other members of the company.

In the course of conversation Melina mentioned Wilhelm's name to the Baron, described him as possessing qualities for dramatic composition and talents for succeeding as an actor. The Baron immediately sought Wilhelm's acquaintance as a colleague, and Wilhelm thereupon produced some small pieces of his own composition which with a few other trifles had escaped on that day when he had committed the greater part of his writings to the flames. The Baron praised not only the pieces, but Wilhelm's recitation of them, and he took it for granted that the latter would join the others in their visit to the castle, promising upon his departure that they should all experience the greatest hospitality, enjoy comfortable quarters, good fare, and receive an abundance of applause and of presents, to which Melina added the promise of a small pecuniary donation as pocket money.

We may conjecture how the spirits of the company were

revived by this visit. All parties were relieved from the apprehension of poverty and misfortune, and they were restored to the hope of honor and enjoyment. They lost no time in practically realizing their expectations, and they all from that moment considered it discreditable to keep a single farthing in their purse.

Wilhelm was in the mean time considering with himself whether he ought not to accompany the others to the castle, and for more than one reason he determined to do so. Melina hoped that this advantageous engagement would enable him to pay off a part of his debt, and Wilhelm, whose great object was to study mankind, felt unwilling to lose such an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the great world where he trusted to acquire so much experience of life in general, as well as of himself and of dramatic art. He was unwilling to admit his extreme desire to find himself once more in company with the beautiful Countess. He wished rather to impress upon himself the great value of becoming acquainted with persons in an exalted sphere of life. His mind was filled with visions of the Count, the Countess, and the Baron, he thought of the ease, the grace, and the propriety of their manners, and when he found himself alone, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Happy, thrice happy they who are raised by their birth above the lower ranks of mankind, who never even in a transient manner experience those difficulties which oppress many good men during the whole course of their lives. From their exalted position their view is extensive and commanding, and each step of their progress in life is easy. From the moment of their birth they embark as it were in a ship, and in the voyage of life which we all have to make, they profit by the favorable breeze, and overcome the adverse gale, more fortunate than others, who are condemned to waste their strength in swimming, deriving no advantage from the prosperous wind, and who when the storm arises become exhausted, and miserably perish. What ease, what a natural grace is theirs, who are born to hereditary fortune! How secure is mercantile enterprise when established on the basis of a solid capital, when the failure of some chance speculations cannot reduce the whole to ruin! Who can better understand the value and the worthlessness of earthly things than he who has enjoyed them from his youth, — who can earlier train his spirit to the pursuit of the useful, the necessary, and the true than he who is able to correct his

errors at an age when his strength is fresh to commence a new career!"

In such terms did Wilhelm congratulate the denizens of the higher regions, and not them only, but all who were privileged to approach their circle and to draw comfort from their fountain of refreshment. And he thanked his destiny for the prospect he saw before him of ascending to those spheres.

In the mean time Melina had taken much trouble to arrange the company according to the talents of each actor, that each might produce his proper effect. But when in pursuance of his own views and of the Count's commands, he had made many exertions for this purpose, he was obliged to feel satisfied when he came to execute his plans, with permitting the actors to take those parts for which they deemed themselves best adapted. In general therefore Laertes played the lover, Philina the attendant, whilst the two young ladies divided between them the characters of artless tender maidens—but the boisterous old man played his part the best. Melina considered himself competent to act the cavalier, whilst his wife to her great disappointment was forced to content herself with the character of a young wife or an affectionate mother; and as the modern plays rarely introduce the poet or the pedant in a ridiculous point of view, the Count's favorite usually personated a president or a minister of state, and they were generally represented as knaves and severely handled in the fifth act. Melina also as chamberlain or chamberlain's assistant took pleasure in repeating the absurdities which some worthy German authors introduce into certain plays—he was partial to these characters, because they afforded him an opportunity for assuming a fashionable dress, and practicing the airs of a courtier, which he fancied he could play with great perfection.

The company was soon joined by some other actors who arrived from different parts of the neighborhood, and who were engaged without undergoing a very strict examination, and without having to submit to very burdensome conditions.

Wilhelm, who had been more than once vainly entreated by Melina to perform as an amateur, evinced the greatest interest for the success of the enterprise, without however receiving the slightest recognition of his services from the new director. The latter indeed seemed to imagine that the assumption of his new office imparted to him the necessary qualities for filling it properly. The task of abbreviating the performances seemed

one of his most agreeable pursuits, and his skill herein enabled him to reduce any piece to the regular measure of time, without regarding any other consideration. He was warmly supported, the public seemed delighted, and the most refined classes in the town maintained that even the court theater was not so well managed as theirs.



STROLLING PLAYERS.

By GEORGE CRABBE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 4406]

Drawn by the annual call, we now behold
Our Troop Dramatic, heroes known of old,
And those, since last they marched, enlisted and enrolled
Mounted on hacks or borne in wagons some,
The rest on foot (the humbler brethren) come.
Three favored places, an unequal time,
Join to support this company sublime:
Ours for the longer period — see how light
Yon parties move, their former friends in sight,
Whose claims are all allowed, and friendship glads the night.
Now public rooms shall sound with words divine,
And private lodgings hear how heroes shine,
No talk of pay shall yet on pleasure steal,
But kindest welcome bless the friendly meal,
While o'er the social jug and decent cheer,
Shall be described the fortunes of the year
   Peruse these bills, and see what each can do, —
Behold! the prince, the slave, the monk, the Jew,
Change but the garment, and they'll all engage
To take each part, and act in every age·
Culled from all houses, what a house are they!
Swept from all barns, our Borough critics say;
But with some portion of a critic's ire,
We all endure them; there are some admire;
They might have praise confined to farce alone;
Full well they grin, they should not try to groan;
But then our servants' and our seamen's wives
Love all that rant and rapture as their lives:
He who Squire Richard's part could well sustain,
Finds as King Richard he must roar amain —

"My horse! my horse!"—Lo! now to their abodes,
Come lords and lovers, empresses and gods.
The master mover of these scenes has made
No trifling gain in this adventurous trade;
Trade we may term it, for he duly buys
Arms out of use and undirected eyes;
These he instructs, and guides them as he can,
And vends each night the manufactured man:
Long as our custom lasts they gladly stay,
Then strike their tents, like Tartars! and away!
The place grows bare where they too long remain,
But grass will rise ere they return again
Children of Thespes, welcome! knights and queens!
Counts! barons! beauties! when before your scenes,
And mighty monarchs thund'ring from your throne;
Then step behind, and all your glory's gone.
Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
The pomp is vanished and the care is left.
Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
When the full house secures the plenteous meal;
Flatt'ring and flattered, each attempts to raise
A brother's merits for a brother's praise:
For never hero shows a prouder heart,
Than he who proudly acts a hero's part;
Nor without cause; the boards, we know, can yield
Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.
Graceful to tread the stage, to be in turn
The prince we honor, and the knave we spurn;
Bravely to bear the tumult of the crowd,
The hiss tremendous, and the censure loud:
These are their parts,—and he who these sustains
Deserves some praise and profit for his pains.
Heroes at least of gentler kind are they,
Against whose swords no weeping widows pray,
No blood their fury sheds, nor havoc marks their way.
Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain:
Whom Justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wandering, careless, wretched, merry race,
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
Of tragic woe feel spirits light and vain,

Distress and hope — the mind's the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are yours, ye smiling children of distress.
Slaves though ye be, your wand'ring freedom seems,
And with your varying views and restless schemes,
Your griefs are transient, as your joys are dreams.
Yet keen those griefs — ah! what avail thy charms,
Fair Juliet! with that infant in thine arms;
What those heroic lines thy patience learns,
What all the aid thy present Romeo earns,
Whilst thou art crowded in that lumbering wain
With all thy plaintive sisters to complain?
Nor is their lack of labor — To rehearse,
Day after day, poor scraps of prose and verse;
To bear each other's spirit, pride, and spite;
To hide in rant the heartache of the night;
To dress in gaudy patchwork, and to force
The mind to think on the appointed course; —
This is laborious, and may be defined
The bootless labor of the thriftless mind.
There is a veteran dame: I see her stand
Intent and pensive with her book in hand;
Awhile her thoughts she forces on her part,
Then dwells on objects nearer to the heart;
Across the room she paces, gets her tone,
And fits her features for the Danish throne;
To-night a queen — I mark her motion slow,
I hear her speech, and Hamlet's mother know.
Methinks 'tis pitiful to see her try
For strength of arms and energy of eye;
With vigor lost, and spirits worn away,
Her pomp and pride she labors to display;
And when awhile she's tried her part to act,
To find her thoughts arrested by some fact;
When struggles more and more severe are seen,
In the plain actress than the Danish queen, —
At length she feels her part, she finds delight,
And fancies all the plaudits of the night;
Old as she is, she smiles at every speech,
And thinks no youthful part beyond her reach.
But as the mist of vanity again
Is blown away, by press of present pain,
Sad and in doubt she to her purse applies
For cause of comfort, where no comfort lies:

Then to her task she sighing turns again —
"Oh! Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!"
    And who that poor, consumptive, withered thing,
Who strains her slender throat and strives to sing?
Panting for breath, and forced her voice to drop,
And far unlike the inmate of the shop,
Where she, in youth and health, alert and gay,
Laughed off at night the labors of the day;
With novels, verses, fancy's fertile powers,
And sister converse passed the evening hours;
But Cynthia's soul was soft, her wishes strong,
Her judgment weak, and her conclusions wrong:
The morning call and counter were her dread,
And her contempt the needle and the thread;
But when she read a gentle damsel's part,
Her woe, her wish! she had them all by heart.
    At length the hero of the boards drew nigh,
Who spake of love till sigh reechoed sigh;
He told in honeyed words his deathless flame,
And she his own by tender vows became;
Nor ring nor license needed souls so fond,
Alfonso's passion was his Cynthia's bond:
And thus the simple girl, to shame betrayed,
Sinks to the grave forsaken and dismayed.
    Sick without pity, sorrowing without hope,
See her! the grief and scandal of the troop;
A wretched martyr to a childish pride,
Her woe insulted, and her praise denied;
Her humble talents, though derided, used,
Her prospects lost, her confidence abused;
All that remains — for she not long can brave
Increase of evils — is an early grave
    Ye gentle Cynthias of the shop, take heed
What dreams ye cherish, and what books ye read!



SKETCHES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LIFE.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT

(From the "Waverley Novels")

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the

first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works, but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

Dandie Dinmont.

[A sketch of a Border Farmer and of his sports. The farmer is still a hard rider to hounds]

Without noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practiced at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar barrels, which shed a strong though partial light upon the water. On the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill weir, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavored to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications; the twinkling of a fin, the raising of an air bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but as Brown was not practiced to use the spear, he soon

tired of making efforts which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley, the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water kelpie sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tingeing them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed by the same red glare, into a color which might have befitted the regions of Pandemonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farmhouse, gazing in his way at the persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanor Brown had already noticed with surprise.

"Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow." Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

"Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel! —haud him down—ye haena the pith o' a cat!"—were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those

who were on the bank, to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out — "Hold up your torch, friend huntsman!" for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon them by the blaze. But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded, it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, into the water.

"The deil's in Gabriel!" said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream — "the deil's in the man! — I'll never master him without the light — and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o' cleeks." Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behavior of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation. Could it be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before? The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man's figure and face. To be sure, the villains wore their hats much slouched, and had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best to defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cotters, dependents, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savory addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which was the principal part of their winter food. In the mean while, a liberal distribution of ale and whisky was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish, — two or

three salmon, namely, plunged into a caldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savory mess reeked on an oaken table, massive enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveler looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox hunter; but it was nowhere to be seen. At length he hazarded a question concerning him. "That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish."

"Awkward!" returned a shepherd, looking up (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon), "he deserved his paiks for't—to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters!—I'm weel convinced Gabriel drapped the roughies in the water on purpose—he doesna like to see onybody do a thing better than himsel'."

"Ay," said another, "he's sair shamed o' himsel', else he would have been up here the night—Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us."

"Is he of this country?" said Brown.

"Na, na, he's been but shortly in office; but he's a fell hunter—he's frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side."

"And what's his name, pray?"

"Gabriel."

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folks after-names muckle here, they run sae muckle into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising and speaking very slow, "the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots, and sic like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlies-hope.—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend by sorts o' by-names some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Deuke's Davie, or maybe, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment; as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think onybody kens him by ony other name. But it's no right

to rin him doon ahint his back, for he's a fell fox hunter, though he's maybe no just sae clever as some o' the folk hereawa' wi' the waster."

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy themselves, unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlies-hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot, but for the good women; for several of the neighboring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch bowl was so often replenished that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revelers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter hunt the next day, and a badger baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily. — I hope our traveler will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him that on this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged as a particular and personal favor of Mr. Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defense, should be permitted to retire to his earth without further molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder. "Weel," he said, "that's queer eneuch! — But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day — we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the captain's brock — and I'm sure I'm glad I can do onything to oblige you — but, Lord save us, to care about a brock!"

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favorite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty

times that he would soon return and play over all their favorite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart. "Come back again, captain," said one little sturdy fellow, "and Jenny will be your wife." Jenny was about eleven years old: she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

"Captain, come back," said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth up to be kissed, "and I'll be your wife my ainsel'."

"They must be of harder mold than I," thought Brown, "who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference." The good dame, too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest — "It's little the like of us can do," she said, "little indeed — but yet — if there were but onything ——"

"Now, my dear Mrs. Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request — would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a gray plaid as the goodman wears?" He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

"A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us," said the gudewife, brightening, "if ye shouldna hae that, and as gude a tweel as ever cam aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn. Fare ye weel, sir! — and may ye be just as happy yoursel' as ye like to see a'body else — and that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention that our traveler left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favor of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of

surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon fires. But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced that any one chooses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly, Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him on horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfriesshire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox hunter; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. "He was a shake-rag like fellow," he said, "and, he dared to say, had gypsy blood in his veins; but at ony rate, he was nane o' the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss—he would ken them weel if he saw them again. There are some no bad folk amang the gypsies too, to be sic a gang," added Dandie; "if ever I see that auld randle tree of a wife again, I'll gie her something to buy tobacco—I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a'."

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, "Captain, the woo's sae weel up the year, that it's paid a' the rent, and we have naething to do wi' the rest o' the siller when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o' duds—now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it's ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar—now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursel's up a step; and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the bit scrape o' your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take yere ain time o' settling it—it wad be a great convenience to me." Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favor, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

The End of an Auld Song.

[The last visit of Prince Charles (Charles III.) to cause a rising The date must be after 1766. Redgauntlet is the chief of the detected conspiracy. The scene is not historical, though the prince not unfrequently visited England, and even walked in St James' and the Park undetected]

"Do not concern yourself about me," said the unfortunate prince; "this is not the worst emergency in which it has been my lot to stand; and if it were, I fear it not. Shift for yourselves, my lords and gentlemen."

"No, never!" said the young Lord ——. "Our only hope now is in an honorable resistance."

"Most true," said Redgauntlet; "let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed. I give my voice for displaying the royal banner instantly, and— How now?" he concluded sternly, as Lilias, first soliciting his attention by pulling his cloak, put into his hand the scroll, and added, it was designed for that of Nixon.

Redgauntlet read—and, dropping it on the ground, continued to stare upon the spot where it fell with raised hands and fixed eyes. Sir Richard Glendale lifted the fatal paper, read it, and saying, "Now all is indeed over," handed it to Maxwell, who said aloud, "Black Colin Campbell, by God! I heard he had come post from London last night."

As if in echo to his thoughts the violin of the blind man was heard playing with spirit, "The Campbells are Coming," a celebrated clan march.

"The Campbells are coming in earnest," said MacKellar; "they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle."

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord —— spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman. "If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards. We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warranty—let us save him at least."

"True, most true," answered Sir Richard Glendale. "Let the King be first cared for."

"That shall be my business," said Redgauntlet; "if we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well—I will instantly dispatch a party in a fishing skiff to bring her to."—He gave his commands to two or three of the most active among his followers.—"Let him be once on board," he said,

"and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat."

"Right, right," said Sir Richard, "and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall. — Redgauntlet," continued he, "I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has more mettle in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance."

"It is the way of our house," said Redgauntlet, "our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first," he said, addressing Charles, "see your Majesty's sacred person in such safety as can now be provided for it, and then ——"

"You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen," again repeated Charles, "yon mountain of Criffel shall fly as soon as I will."

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Fairford drew together, and held each other by the hands as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau de chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood almost unarmed among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as on the angel of destruction.

"You look coldly on me, gentlemen," he said. "Sir Richard Glendale — my Lord ——, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you too, Ingoldsby — I must not call you by any other name — why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand."

"And are prepared for it, General," said Redgauntlet; "we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter."

nay, to make no further inquiries of any kind, if this good assembly will consider their own interest so far as to give up their immediate purpose and return quietly home to their own houses."

"What!—all?" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale—"all, without exception?"

"ALL, without one single exception," said the general; "such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his Majesty's kind purposes towards you all."

"His Majesty's kind purposes!" said the Wanderer. "Do I hear you aright, sir?"

"I speak the King's very words from his very lips," replied the general. "'I will,' said his Majesty, 'deserve the confidence of my subjects by reposing my security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title—in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it.'—His Majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman, that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken, men in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the Continent; and his Majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacle to his doing so."

"Is this real?" said Redgauntlet. "Can you mean this?—Am I—are all, are any of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which, I see, is now again approaching the shore?"

"You, sir—all—any of the gentlemen present," said the general—"all whom the vessel can contain are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one."

"Then, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, "the cause is lost forever!"

General Campbell turned away to the window, as if to

avoid hearing what they said. Their consultation was but momentary; for the door of escape which thus opened was as unexpected as the exigence was threatening.

"We have your word of honor for our protection," said Sir Richard Glendale, "if we dissolve our meeting in obedience to your summons?"

"You have, Sir Richard," answered the general.

"And I also have your promise," said Redgauntlet, "that I may go on board yonder vessel, with any friend whom I may choose to accompany me?"

"Not only that, Mr. Ingoldsby — or I *will* call you Mr. Redgauntlet once more — you may stay in the offing for a tide until you are joined by any person who may remain at Fairladies. After that there will be a sloop of war on the station, and I need not say your condition will then become perilous."

"Perilous it should not be, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "or more perilous to others than to us, if others thought as I do even in this extremity."

"You forget yourself, my friend," said the unhappy Adventurer; "you forget that the arrival of this gentleman only puts the copestone on our already adopted resolution to abandon our bullfight, or by whatever other wild name this headlong enterprise may be termed. I bid you farewell, unfriendly friends — I bid *you* farewell" (bowing to the general), "my friendly foe — I leave this strand as I landed upon it, alone and to return no more!"

"Not alone," said Redgauntlet, "while there is blood in the veins of my father's son."

"Not alone," said the other gentlemen present, stung with feelings which almost overpowered the better reasons under which they had acted. "We will not disown our principles, or see your person endangered."

"If it be only your purpose to see the gentleman to the beach," said General Campbell, "I will myself go with you. My presence among you, unarmed and in your power, will be a pledge of my friendly intentions, and will overawe, should such be offered, any interruption on the part of officious persons."

"Be it so," said the Adventurer, with the air of a prince to a subject, not of one who complied with the request of an enemy too powerful to be resisted.

They left the apartment — they left the house — an unau-

thenticated and dubious, but appalling, sensation of terror had already spread itself among the inferior retainers, who had so short time before strutted, and bustled, and thronged the doorway and the passages. A report had arisen, of which the origin could not be traced, of troops advancing towards the spot in considerable numbers; and men who for one reason or other were most of them amenable to the arm of power had either shrunk into stables or corners or fled the place entirely. There was solitude on the landscape excepting the small party which now moved towards the rude pier, where a boat lay manned, agreeably to Redgauntlet's orders previously given.

The last heir of the Stuarts leant on Redgauntlet's arm as they walked towards the beach; for the ground was rough, and he no longer possessed the elasticity of limb and of spirit which had, twenty years before, carried him over many a highland hill as light as one of their native deer. His adherents followed, looking on the ground, their feelings struggling against the dictates of their reason.

General Campbell accompanied them with an air of apparent ease and indifference, but watching at the same time, and no doubt with some anxiety, the changing features of those who acted in this extraordinary scene.

Darsie and his sister naturally followed their uncle, whose violence they no longer feared, while his character attracted their respect, and Alan Fairford attended them from interest in their fate, unnoticed in a party where all were too much occupied with their own thoughts and feelings, as well as with the impending crisis, to attend to his presence.

Halfway betwixt the house and the beach they saw the bodies of Nanty Ewart and Cristal Nixon blackening in the sun.

"That was your informer?" said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent.

"Caitiff wretch!" exclaimed Redgauntlet; — "and yet the name were better bestowed on the fool who could be misled by thee."

"That sound broadsword cut," said the general, "has saved us the shame of rewarding a traitor."

They arrived at the place of embarkation. The prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was then slipped into his hands — he

looked at it and said, "I find the two friends I have left at Fairladies are apprised of my destination, and propose to embark from Bowness. I presume this will not be an infringement of the conditions under which you have acted?"

"Certainly not," answered General Campbell; "they shall have all facility to join you."

"I wish, then," said Charles, "only another companion. Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you—come you and share my home where chance shall cast it. We shall never see these shores again; but we will talk of them and of our disconcerted bullfight."

"I follow you, sire, through life," said Redgauntlet, "as I would have followed you to death. Permit me one moment."

The prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed countenances of his other adherents bent upon the ground he hastened to say, "Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less, because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account and on that of your country than from selfish apprehensions."

He stepped from one to another, and amid sobs and bursting tears received the adieus of the last remnant which had hitherto supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually with accents of tenderness and affection.

The general drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. "It is now all over," he said, "and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto."

"And now I shall not need it," said Redgauntlet. "I leave England forever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus.—Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you that, though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance—a change, however," he added, looking around him, "which sits more easy on honorable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on their sleeve and others in

the heart. You will from henceforth be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father — of all that belonged to him — excepting this, his good sword" (laying his hand on the weapon he wore), "which shall never fight for the House of Hanover; and, as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point — God knows, with no selfish purpose; and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views for having been too little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them. — Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also!"

"No, sir," said Lilias, seizing his hand eagerly. "You have been hitherto my protector — you are now in sorrow, let me be your attendant and your comforter in exile."

"I thank you, my girl, for your unmerited affection; but it cannot and must not be. The curtain here falls between us. I go to the house of another — if I leave it before I quit the earth, it shall be only for the House of God. Once more, farewell both! The fatal doom," he said with a melancholy smile, "will, I trust, now depart from the House of Redgauntlet, since its present representative has adhered to the winning side I am convinced he will not change it, should it in turn become the losing one."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had now given his last adieus to his downcast adherents. He made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance, the rest appearing too much affected by the scene which had taken place to prevent him.

"You are not sorry, General, to do me this last act of courtesy," said the Chevalier; "and on my part I thank you for it. You have taught me the principle on which men on the scaffold feel forgiveness and kindness even for their executioner. — Farewell!"

They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land. The Oxford divine broke out into a loud benediction, in terms which General Campbell was too generous to criticise at the time or to remember afterwards; — nay, it is said that, Whig and Campbell as he was, he could not help joining in the universal Amen! which resounded from the shore.

The Clan Roll Call.

[Flora MacIvor, a Jacobite lady, sings to Edward Waverley, a young English gentleman whom she wishes to bring over to the Rightful Cause in the summer of 1745. Her poem is a Roll Call of the Clans.]

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora gazing on the waterfall. Two paces further back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created, an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful yet confused address of the young soldier. But, as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene, and other accidental circumstances, full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and, unacquainted with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She therefore quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument, and, sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

"I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation, were I to introduce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the

poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate representative. But Waverley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed, the wild feeling of romantic delight with which he heard the first few notes she drew from her instrument amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decipher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant waterfall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpress. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Waverley: —

BATTLE SONG.

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land;
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust;
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust,
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown!

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past;
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze,

O high-minded Murray! — the exiled — the dear! —
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O! sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora, and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle, he turned, and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. "That is Fergus' faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

"Our bootless host of highborn beggars,
Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"O, you cannot guess how much you have lost! The bard, as in duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard, — 'a giver of bounteous gifts.' Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green — the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty, as well as by their courage. — All this you have lost; but since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation."

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath.
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!

Diana Vernon's Farewell.

[Scott does not deal in kisses This is the solitary caress of his most endearing heroine]

A sharp frost wind, which made itself heard and felt from time to time, removed the clouds of mist which might otherwise have slumbered till morning on the valley; and, though it could not totally disperse the clouds of vapor, yet threw them in confused and changeful masses, now hovering round the heads of the mountains, now filling, as with a dense and voluminous stream of smoke, the various deep gullies where masses of the composite rock, or breccia, tumbling in fragments from the cliffs, have rushed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a rent and torn ravine resembling a deserted watercourse. The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, silvered the windings of the river and the peaks and precipices which the mist left visible, while her beams seemed as it were absorbed by the fleecy whiteness of the mist, where it lay thick and condensed; and gave to the more light and vapory specks, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze. Despite the uncertainty of my situation, a view so romantic, joined to the active and inspiring influence of the frosty atmosphere, elevated my spirits while it braced my nerves. I felt an inclination to cast care away, and bid defiance to danger, and involuntarily whistled, by way of cadence to my steps, which my feeling of the cold led me to accelerate, and I felt the pulse of existence beat prouder and higher in proportion as I felt confidence in my own strength, courage, and resources. I was so much lost in these thoughts, and in the feelings which they excited, that two horsemen came up behind me without my hearing their approach, until one was on each side of me, when the left-hand rider, pulling up his horse, addressed me in the English tongue: —

"Soho, friend! whither so late?"

"To my supper and bed at Aberfoil," I replied.

"Are the passes open?" he inquired, with the same commanding tone of voice.

"I do not know," I replied; "I shall learn when I get there. But," I added, the fate of Morris recurring to my recollection, "if you are an English stranger, I advise you to turn back till

daylight; there has been some disturbance in this neighborhood, and I should hesitate to say it is perfectly safe for strangers."

"The soldiers had the worst?—had they not?" was the reply.

"They had indeed; and an officer's party were destroyed or made prisoners."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the horseman.

"As sure as that I hear you speak," I replied. "I was an unwilling spectator of the skirmish."

"Unwilling!" continued the interrogator. "Were you not engaged in it, then?"

"Certainly not," I replied; "I was detained by the king's officer."

"On what suspicion? and who are you? or what is your name?" he continued.

"I really do not know, sir," said I, "why I should answer so many questions to an unknown stranger. I have told you enough to convince you that you are going into a dangerous and distracted country. If you choose to proceed, it is your own affair; but as I ask you no questions respecting your name and business, you will oblige me by making no inquiries after mine."

"Mr. Francis Osbaldistone," said the other rider, in a voice the tones of which thrilled through every nerve of my body, "should not whistle his favorite airs when he wishes to remain undiscovered."

And Diana Vernon—for she, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, was the last speaker—whistled in playful mimicry the second part of the tune which was on my lips when they came up.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, like one thunderstruck, "can it be you, Miss Vernon, on such a spot—at such an hour—in such a lawless country—in such——"

"In such a masculine dress, you would say.—But what would you have? The philosophy of the excellent Corporal Nym is the best after all; things must be as they may—*pauca verba.*"

While she was thus speaking, I eagerly took advantage of an unusually bright gleam of moonshine, to study the appearance of her companion; for it may be easily supposed that, finding Miss Vernon in a place so solitary, engaged in a journey

so dangerous, and under the protection of one gentleman only, were circumstances to excite every feeling of jealousy, as well as surprise. The rider did not speak with the deep melody of Rashleigh's voice; his tones were more high and commanding; he was taller, moreover, as he sat on horseback, than that first-rate object of my hate and suspicion. Neither did the stranger's address resemble that of any of my other cousins; it had that indescribable tone and manner by which we recognize a man of sense and breeding, even in the first few sentences he speaks.

The object of my anxiety seemed desirous to get rid of my investigation.

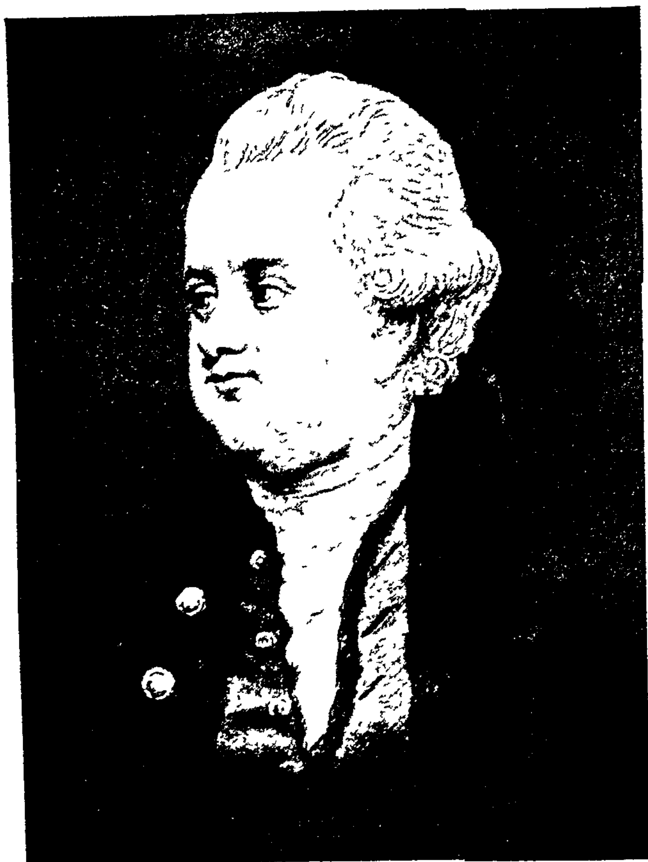
"Diana," he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and authority, "give your cousin his property, and let us not spend time here."

Miss Vernon had in the mean time taken out a small case, and, leaning down from her horse towards me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quaint lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment, "You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and, had we reached this same village of Aberfoil last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland sylph to have wafted to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way; and errant knights and damsels of modern times, bold though they be, must not, as of yore, run into useless danger.— Do not you do so either, my dear coz."

"Diana," said her companion, "let me once more warn you that the evening waxes late, and we are still distant from our home."

"I am coming, sir, I am coming.— Consider," she added, with a sigh, "how lately I have been subjected to control — besides, I have not yet given my cousin the packet, and bid him farewell — forever. Yes, Frank," she said, "*forever!* — there is a gulf between us — a gulf of absolute perdition; — where we go, you must not follow — what we do, you must not share in.— Farewell — be happy!"

In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine. She pressed my hand, while the tear that trembled in her eye found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten — inexpressibly



EDWARD GIBBON

bitter, yet mixed with a sensation of pleasure so deeply soothing and affecting, as at once to unlock all the flood gates of the heart. It was *but* a moment, however; for, instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she intimated to her companion she was ready to attend him, and, putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

Heaven knows, it was not apathy which loaded my frame and my tongue so much that I could neither return Miss Vernon's half-embrace, nor even answer her farewell. The word, though it rose to my tongue, seemed to choke in my throat like the fatal *guilty*, which the delinquent who makes it his plea knows must be followed by the doom of death. The surprise — the sorrow, almost stupefied me. I remained motionless with the packet in my hand, gazing after them, as if endeavoring to count the sparkles which flew from the horses' hoofs. I continued to look after even these had ceased to be visible, and to listen for their footsteps long after the last distant trampling had died in my ears. At length, tears rushed to my eyes, glazed as they were by the exertion of straining after what was no longer to be seen. I wiped them mechanically, and almost without being aware that they were flowing — but they came thicker and thicker; I felt the tightening of the throat and breast — the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear; and, sitting down by the wayside, I shed a flood of the first and most bitter tears which had flowed from my eyes since childhood.



GIBBON AND HIS HISTORY.

(*From the "Autobiography."*)

[EDWARD GIBBON, the English historian, was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27, 1737. During his boyhood he lived with his aunt, and at fifteen entered Magdalen College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for his conversion to Catholicism. In consequence of this he was sent to Lausanne, Switzerland, and placed by his father with M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic divine, who reconverted him to Protestantism Here also he fell in love with Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod (afterwards wife of Necker, the French financier, and mother of Madame de Stael), and would have married her but for his father's opposition. On his return to England he served as captain in the Hampshire militia for several years, revisited Europe (1763–1765); was a member of Parliament for eight sessions, after which he retired for quiet and economy to Lausanne. He died in London, January 15, 1794. It was at Rome in 1764 that the idea of writing the

"History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" first occurred to him as he "sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter." The first volume appeared in 1776, and the last in 1788. This monumental work is virtually a history of the civilized world for thirteen centuries, and, in spite of its defects, is one of the greatest of historical compositions. Gibbon also wrote an entertaining autobiography]

I HAD now attained the first of earthly blessings, independence; I was the absolute master of my hours and actions; nor was I deceived in the hope that the establishment of my library in town would allow me to divide the day between study and society. Each year the circle of my acquaintance, the number of my dead and living companions, was enlarged. To a lover of books the shops and sales of London present irresistible temptations; and the manufacture of my history required a various and growing stock of materials. The militia, my travels, the House of Commons, the fame of an author, contributed to multiply my connections: I was chosen a member of the fashionable clubs; and, before I left England in 1783, there were few persons of any eminence in the literary or political world to whom I was a stranger. It would most assuredly be in my power to amuse the reader with a gallery of portraits and a collection of anecdotes. But I have always condemned the practice of transforming a private memorial into a vehicle of satire or praise. By my own choice I passed in town the greatest part of the year: but whenever I was desirous of breathing the air of the country, I possessed an hospitable retreat at Sheffield Place in Sussex, in the family of my valuable friend Mr. Holroyd, whose character, under the name of Lord Sheffield, has since been more conspicuous to the public.

No sooner was I settled in my house and library than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my History. At the outset all was dark and doubtful,—even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation: three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was

tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns, from Commodus to Alexander, a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends, some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated on the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

By the friendship of Mr. (now Lord) Elliot, who had married my first cousin, I was returned at the general election for the borough of Liskeard. I took my seat at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America, and supported, with many a sincere and silent vote, the rights, though not perhaps the interest, of the mother country. After a fleeting illusive hope, prudence condemned me to acquiesce in the humble station of a mute. I was not armed by nature and education with the intrepid energy of mind and voice,

Vincentum strepitus, et natum rebus agendis

Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice. But I assisted at the debates of a free assembly; I listened to the attack and defense of eloquence and reason; I had a near prospect of the character, views, and passions of the first men of the age. The cause of government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a statesman of spotless integrity, a consummate master of debate, who could wield with equal dexterity the arms of reason and of ridicule. He was seated on the treasury bench between his attorney and solicitor general, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis pares quam similes;* and the minister might indulge in a short slumber whilst he was upholden on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow and the skillful eloquence of Wedderburne. From the adverse side of the house an ardent and powerful opposition was supported by the lively declamation of Barré, the legal

acuteness of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox, who in the conduct of a party approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire. By such men every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America. The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian.

The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsly, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. During this awful interval I was neither elated by the ambition of fame nor depressed by the apprehension of contempt. My diligence and accuracy were attested by my own conscience. History is the most popular species of writing, since it can adapt itself to the highest or the lowest capacity. I had chosen an illustrious subject. Rome is familiar to the schoolboy and the statesman; and my narrative was deduced from the last period of classical reading. I had likewise flattered myself that an age of light and liberty would receive, without scandal, an inquiry into the human *causes* of the progress and establishment of Christianity.

I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work, without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilet; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any *profane*

critic. The favor of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favorite is productive of those warm sensibilities which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candor of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labor of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians. . . .

Nearly two years had elapsed between the publication of my first and the commencement of my second volume; and the causes must be assigned of this long delay. 1. After a short holiday, I indulged my curiosity in some studies of a very different nature; a course of anatomy, which was demonstrated by Dr. Hunter, and some lessons of chemistry, which were delivered by Mr. Higgins. The principles of these sciences, and a taste for books of natural history, contributed to multiply my ideas and images; and the anatomist and chemist may sometimes track me in their own snow. 2. I dived, perhaps too deeply, into the mud of the Arian controversy; and many days of reading, thinking, and writing were consumed in the pursuit of a phantom. 3. It is difficult to arrange, with order and perspicuity, the various transactions of the age of Constantine; and so much was I displeased with the first essay that I committed to the flames above fifty sheets. 4. The six months of Paris and pleasure must be deducted from the account. But when I resumed my task I felt my improvement; I was now master of my style and subject, and while the measure of my daily performance was enlarged, I discovered less reason to cancel or correct. It has always been my practice to cast a long paragraph in a single mold, to try it by my ear, to deposit it in my memory, but to suspend the action of the pen till I had given the last polish to my work. Shall I add that I never found my mind more vigorous, nor my composition more happy, than in the winter hurry of society and parliament?

Had I believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity; had I foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility, I might perhaps have softened the two invidious chapters which

would create many enemies and conciliate few friends. But the shaft was shot, the alarm was sounded, and I could only rejoice that if the voice of our priests was clamorous and bitter, their hands were disarmed from the powers of persecution. . . .

Before I could apply for a seat at the general election, the list was already full; but Lord North's promise was sincere, his recommendation was effectual, and I was soon chosen on a vacancy for the borough of Lymington in Hampshire. In the first session of the new Parliament, administration stood their ground; their final overthrow was reserved for the second. The American war had once been the favorite of the country: the pride of England was irritated by the resistance of her colonies, and the executive power was driven by national clamor into the most vigorous and coercive measures. But the length of a fruitless contest, the loss of armies, the accumulation of debt and taxes, and the hostile confederacy of France, Spain, and Holland, indisposed the public to the American war and the persons by whom it was conducted; the representatives of the people followed, at a slow distance, the changes of their opinion; and the ministers, who refused to bend, were broken by the tempest. As soon as Lord North had lost, or was about to lose, a majority in the House of Commons, he surrendered his office, and retired to a private station, with the tranquil assurance of a clear conscience and a cheerful temper: the old fabric was dissolved, and the posts of government were occupied by the victorious and veteran troops of opposition. The Lords of Trade were not immediately dismissed, but the board itself was abolished by Mr. Burke's bill, which decency had compelled the patriots to revive; and I was stripped of a convenient salary, after having enjoyed it about three years.

So flexible is the title of my History, that the final era might be fixed at my own choice; and I long hesitated whether I should be content with the three volumes, the Fall of the Western Empire, which fulfilled my first engagement with the public. In this interval of suspense, nearly a twelvemonth, I returned by a natural impulse to the Greek authors of antiquity; I read with new pleasure the Iliad and the Odyssey, the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, a large portion of the tragic and comic theater of Athens, and many interesting dialogues of the Socratic school. Yet in the luxury of freedom I began to wish for the daily task, the active pur-

suit, which gave a value to every book and an object to every inquiry: the preface of a new edition announced my design, and I dropped without reluctance from the age of Plato to that of Justinian. The original texts of Procopius and Agathias supplied the events and even the characters of his reign; but a laborious winter was devoted to the codes, the pandects, and the modern interpreters, before I presumed to form an abstract of the civil law. My skill was improved by practice, my diligence perhaps was quickened by the loss of office; and, excepting the last chapter, I had finished the fourth volume before I sought a retreat on the banks of the Leman lake. . . .

In the fifth and sixth volumes the revolutions of the Empire and the world are most rapid, various, and instructive; and the Greek or Roman historians are checked by the hostile narratives of the barbarians of the East and the West.

It was not till after many designs, and many trials, that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into ease, correctness, and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms. Happily for my eyes, I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long but temperate labor has been accomplished without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revisal.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake,

and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.



CAGLIOSTRO'S PREDICTIONS.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE.

(From "The Queen's Necklace.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms, at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court" He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work The most popular of his novels are. "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne") and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

It was the beginning of April, 1784, between twelve and one o'clock. Our old acquaintance, the Marshal de Richelieu, having with his own hands colored his eyebrows with a perfumed dye, pushed away the mirror which was held to him by his valet, the successor of his faithful Rafté, and shaking his head in the manner peculiar to himself, "Ah!" said he, "now I look myself;" and, rising from his seat with juvenile vivacity, he commenced shaking off the powder which had fallen from his wig over his blue velvet coat, then, after taking a turn or two up and down his room, called for his *maître d'hôtel*.

In five minutes this personage made his appearance, elaborately dressed.

The marshal turned towards him, and, with a gravity befitting the occasion, said, "Monsieur, I suppose you have prepared me a good dinner?"

"Certainly, monseigneur."

"You have the list of my guests?"

"I remember them perfectly, your grace; I have prepared a dinner for nine."

"There are two sorts of dinners, monsieur," said the marshal.

"True, monseigneur, but ——"

The marshal interrupted him with a slightly impatient movement, although still dignified.

"Do you know, monsieur, that whenever I have heard the word 'but,' — and I have heard it many times in the course of eighty-eight years, — it has been each time, I am sorry to say, the harbinger of some folly!"

"Monseigneur ——"

"In the first place, at what time do we dine?"

"Monseigneur, the citizens dine at two, the bar at three, the nobility at four."

"And I, monsieur?"

"Monseigneur will dine to-day at five."

"Oh, at five!"

"Yes, monseigneur, like the king."

"And why like the king?"

"Because, on the list of your guests is the name of a king."

"Not so, monsieur, you mistake; all my guests to-day are simply noblemen."

"Monseigneur is surely jesting; the Count Haga, who is among the guests ——"

"Well, monsieur!"

"The Count Haga is a king."

"I know no king so called."

"Monseigneur must pardon me then," said the *maître d'hôtel*, bowing, "but, I believed, supposed ——"

"Your business, monsieur, is neither to believe nor to suppose; your business is to read, without comment, the orders I give you. When I wish a thing to be known, I tell it; when I do not tell it, I wish it unknown."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed again, more respectfully, perhaps, than he would have done to a reigning monarch.

"Therefore, monsieur," continued the old marshal, "you will, as I have none but noblemen to dinner, let us dine at my usual hour, — four o'clock."

At this order the countenance of the *maître d'hôtel* became

clouded, as if he had heard his sentence of death; he grew deadly pale, then, recovering himself with the courage of despair, he said, "In any event, your grace cannot dine before five o'clock."

"Why so, monsieur?" cried the marshal.

"Because it is utterly impossible."

"Monsieur," said the marshal, with a haughty air, "it is now, I believe, twenty years since you entered my service?"

"Twenty-one years, a month, and two weeks."

"Well, monsieur, to these twenty-one years, a month, and two weeks, you will not add a day, nor an hour. You understand me, monsieur," he continued, biting his thin lips and depressing his eyebrows; "this evening you seek a new master. I do not choose that the word 'impossible' shall be pronounced in my house; I am too old now to begin to learn its meaning."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed a third time.

"This evening," said he, "I shall have taken leave of monseigneur, but at least up to the last moment my duty shall have been performed as it should be;" and he made two steps towards the door.

"What do you call as it should be?" cried the marshal. "Learn, monsieur, that to do it as it suits me is to do it as it should be. Now, I wish to dine at four, and it does not suit me when I wish to dine at four to be obliged to wait till five."

"Monseigneur," replied the *maître d'hôtel*, gravely, "I have served as butler to his Highness the Prince de Soubise, and as steward to his Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan: with the first, his Majesty, the late King of France, dined once a year; with the second, the Emperor of Austria dined once a month. I know, therefore, how a sovereign should be treated. When he visited the Prince de Soubise, Louis XV. called himself in vain the Baron de Gonesse; at the house of Monsieur de Rohan, the Emperor Joseph was announced as the Count de Packenstein; but he was none the less Emperor. To-day, monseigneur also receives a guest who vainly calls himself Count Haga,— Count Haga is still King of Sweden. I shall leave your service this evening, but Count Haga will have been treated like a king."

"But that," said the marshal, "is the very thing that I am tiring myself to death in forbidding; Count Haga wishes to preserve his incognito as strictly as possible. Well do I see

through your absurd vanity; it is not the crown that you honor but yourself that you wish to glorify with our crowns."

"I do not imagine," said the *maître d'hôtel*, morosely, "that monseigneur is in earnest when he speaks thus to me of money."

"No, no," said the marshal, somewhat abashed. "No, monsieur; money,—why in the devil's name speak of money? Do not beg the question. As I said before, my one object is to prevent the king's presence here from being suspected."

"What, then, does monseigneur take me for? Do you think I am blind? It is not that I wish it known that there is a king here."

"Then, in Heaven's name, do not be obstinate, but let us have dinner at four."

"But at four o'clock, monseigneur, what I am expecting will not have arrived."

"What are you expecting? a fish, like Monsieur Vatel?"

"Monsieur Vatel! Monsieur Vatel!" murmured the *maître d'hôtel.*

"Well, are you horrified at the comparison?"

"No; but Monsieur Vatel has been immortalized merely on account of a sword thrust which he gave himself through his body."

"Ah! ah! And you think that your fellow-artist has purchased glory at too small a price, monsieur?"

"No, monseigneur; but how many others, in our profession, suffer far more than he, and swallow insults and griefs one hundred times worse than a mere sword thrust, and still have never been immortalized."

"But, monsieur, do you not know that it is requisite for one to be either a member of the Academy, or dead, before one can be immortalized?"

"If that is the case, monseigneur, I should think it would be better to be alive, and to do one's duty. I shall not die, and my duty shall be as faithfully performed as that of Monsieur Vatel would have been, had Monsieur le Prince de Conde been patient enough to have waited half an hour."

"Oh, monsieur, you are promising me miracles. You are clever."

"No, monsieur; no miracles."

"But what, then, are you awaiting?"

"Does monseigneur wish that I should tell you?"

"On my faith, I am curious."

"Then, monseigneur, I wait for a bottle of wine."

"A bottle of wine! Explain yourself, monsieur; the thing begins to interest me."

"Listen, then, monseigneur; his Majesty, the King of Sweden — I beg pardon, the Count Haga I should have said — drinks nothing but tokay."

"Well, am I so poor as to have no tokay in my cellar? If so, I must dismiss my butler."

"Not so, your grace; on the contrary, you have about sixty bottles."

"Well, do you think Count Haga will drink sixty-one bottles with his dinner?"

"No, monseigneur; but when Count Haga first visited France, when he was only prince royal, he dined with the late king, who had received twelve bottles of tokay from the Emperor of Austria. You are aware that the tokay of the finest vintages is reserved exclusively for the cellar of the Emperor, and that kings themselves can only drink it when he pleases to send it to them."

"I know it."

"Then, monseigneur, of these twelve bottles of which the prince royal drank, only two remain. One is in the cellar of his Majesty Louis XVI."

"And the other?"

"Ah, monseigneur!" said the *maître d'hôtel*, with a triumphant smile, for he felt that, after the long battle he had been fighting, the moment of victory was at hand, "the other one was stolen."

"By whom, then?"

"By one of my friends, the late king's butler, who was under great obligations to me."

"Oh! and so he gave it to you?"

"Certainly, monseigneur," said the *maître d'hôtel*, with pride.

"And what did you do with it?"

"I placed it carefully in my master's cellar."

"Your master! And who was your master at that time?"

"His Eminence, the Cardinal de Rohan."

"Ah, mon Dieu! at Strasbourg?"

"At Saverne."

"And you have sent to seek this bottle for me!" cried the old marshal.

"For you, monseigneur," replied the *maître d'hôtel*, in a tone which plainly said, "ungrateful as you are."

The Duke de Richelieu seized the hand of the old servant and cried, "I beg pardon; you are the king of *maîtres d'hôtel*."

"And you would have dismissed me," he replied, with an indescribable shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh, I will pay you one hundred pistoles for this bottle of wine."

"And the expenses of its coming here will be another hundred; but you will grant that it is a bagatelle."

"I will grant anything you please, and, to begin, from to-day I double your salary."

"I seek no reward, monseigneur; I have but done my duty."

"And when will your courier arrive?"

"Monseigneur may judge if I have lost time. On what day did I have my orders for the dinner?"

"Why, three days ago, I believe."

"It takes a courier, at his utmost speed, twenty-four hours to go, and the same to return."

"There still remain twenty-four hours," said the marshal; "how have they been employed?"

"Alas! monseigneur, they were lost. The idea only came to me the day after I received the list of your guests. Now calculate the time necessary for the negotiation, and you will perceive that in asking you to wait till five I am only doing what I am absolutely obliged to do."

"The bottle is not yet arrived, then?"

"No, monseigneur."

"Ah, monsieur, if your colleague at Saverne be as devoted to the Prince de Rohan as you are to me, and should refuse the bottle, as you would do in his place ——"

"I? monseigneur ——"

"Yes; you would not, I suppose, have given away such a bottle, had it belonged to me?"

"I beg your pardon, humbly, monseigneur; but had a friend, having a king to provide for, asked me for your best bottle of wine, he should have had it immediately."

"Oh!" said the marshal, with a grimace.

"It is only by helping others that we can expect help in our own need, monseigneur."

"Well, then, I suppose we may calculate that it will be

given; but there is still another risk, — if the bottle should be broken?"

"Oh! monseigneur, who would break a bottle of wine of that value?"

"Well, I trust not; what time, then, do you expect your courier?"

"At four o'clock precisely."

"Then why not dine at four?" replied the marshal, with the obstinacy of a Castilian mule.

"Monseigneur, the wine must rest for an hour; and had it not been for an invention of my own, it would have required three days to recover itself."

Beaten at all points, the marshal gave way.

"Besides," continued the old servant, "be sure, monseigneur, that your guests, knowing that they will have the honor to dine with the Count Haga, will not arrive before half-past four."

"And why not?"

"Consider, monseigneur: to begin with Monsieur de Launay; he comes from the Bastille, and with the ice at present covering the streets of Paris ——"

"No; but he will leave after the prisoners' dinner, at twelve o'clock."

"Pardon me, monseigneur, but the dinner hour at the Bastille has been changed since monseigneur was there; it is now one."

"Monsieur, you are learned on all points; pray go on."

"Madame Dubarry comes from Luciennes, one continued descent, and in this frost."

"That would not prevent her being punctual, since she is no longer a duke's favorite; she plays the queen only among barons. But let me tell you, monsieur, that I desired to have dinner early on account of Monsieur de la Pérouse, who sets off to-night and would not wish to be late."

"But, monseigneur, Monsieur de la Pérouse is with the king, discussing geography and cosmography; he will not get away too early."

"It is possible."

"It is certain, monseigneur, and it will be the same with Monsieur de Favras, who is with the Count de Provence, talking, no doubt, of the new play by the Canon de Beaumarchais."

"You mean the 'Marriage of Figaro'?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"Why, you are quite literary also, it seems."

"In my leisure moments I read, monseigneur."

"We have, however, Monsieur de Condorcet, who, being a geometrician, should at least be punctual."

"Yes; but he will be deep in some calculation, from which, when he rouses himself, it will probably be at least half an hour too late. As for the Count Cagliostro, as he is a stranger, and not well acquainted with the customs of Versailles, he will, in all probability, make us wait for him."

"Well," said the marshal, "you have disposed of all my guests, except Monsieur de Taverney, in a manner worthy of Homer, or of my poor Rafté."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed. "I have not," said he, "named Monsieur de Taverney, because, being an old friend, he will probably be punctual. These are all the guests, I believe."

"Good; and where do we dine?"

"In the great dining room, monseigneur."

"But we shall freeze there."

"It has been warmed for three days, monseigneur; and I believe you will find it perfectly comfortable."

"Very well; but there is a clock striking. Why, it is half-past four!" cried the marshal.

"Yes, monseigneur; and there is the courier entering the courtyard with my bottle of tokay."

"May I continue for another twenty years to be served in this manner!" said the marshal, turning again to his looking-glass, while the *maître d'hôtel* ran downstairs.

"Twenty years!" said a laughing voice, interrupting the marshal in his survey of himself; "twenty years, my dear duke! I wish them to you; but then I shall be sixty, — I shall be very old."

"You, countess!" cried the marshal, "you are my first arrival, and, mon Dieu! you look as young and charming as ever."

"Duke, I am frozen."

"Come into the boudoir, then."

"Oh! *tête-à-tête*, marshal?"

"Not so," replied a somewhat broken voice.

"Ah! Taverney!" said the marshal; and then, whispering to the countess, "Plague take him for disturbing us!"

Madame Dubarry laughed, and they all entered the adjoining room.

At the same moment, the noise of carriages in the street warned the marshal that his guests were arriving; and soon after — thanks to the punctuality of his *maître d'hôtel* — nine persons were seated round the oval table in the dining room. Nine lackeys, silent as shadows, quick without bustle, and attentive without importunity, glided over the carpet, and passed among the guests, without ever touching their chairs, which were surrounded with furs, which were wrapped round the legs of the sitters. These furs, with the heat from the stoves, and the odors from the wine and the dinner, diffused a degree of comfort which manifested itself in the gayety of the guests, who had just finished their soup.

No sound was heard from without, and none within, save that made by the guests themselves; for the plates were changed and the dishes moved round with the most perfect quiet. Nor from the *maître d'hôtel* could a whisper be heard; he seemed to give his orders with his eyes.

The guests, therefore, began to feel as though they were alone. It seemed to them that servants so silent must also be deaf.

Monsieur de Richelieu was the first who broke the silence, by saying to the guest on his right hand, "But, count, you drink nothing."

This was addressed to a man about thirty-eight years of age, short, fair-haired, and with high shoulders; his eye a clear blue, now bright, but oftener with a pensive expression; and with nobility stamped unmistakably on his open and manly forehead.

"I only drink water, marshal," he replied.

"Excepting with Louis XV.," returned the marshal; "I had the honor of dining at his table with you, and you deigned that day to drink wine."

"Ah! you recall a pleasing remembrance, marshal; that was in 1771. It was tokay, from the imperial cellar."

"It was like that with which my *maître d'hôtel* will now have the honor to fill your glass," replied Richelieu, bowing.

Count Haga raised his glass and looked through it. The wine sparkled in the light like liquid rubies. "It is true," said he; "marshal, I thank you."



MADAME DU BARRY

These words were uttered in a manner so noble, that the guests, as if by a common impulse, rose, and cried: —

"Long live the king!"

"Yes," said Count Haga, "long live his Majesty the King of France. What say you, Monsieur de la Pérouse?"

"Monseigneur," replied the captain, with that tone, at once flattering and respectful, common to those accustomed to address crowned heads, "I have just left the king, and his Majesty has shown me so much kindness, that no one will more willingly cry 'Long live the king!' than I. Only, as in another hour I must leave you to join the two ships which his Majesty has put at my disposal, once out of this house I shall take the liberty of saying, 'Long life to another king,' whom I should be proud to serve, had I not already so good a master." And raising his glass, he bowed respectfully to the Count de Haga.

"This health that you propose," said Madame Dubarry, who sat on the marshal's left hand, "we are all ready to drink, but the oldest of us should take the lead."

"Is it you that that concerns, or me, Taverney?" said the marshal, laughing.

"I do not believe," said another on the opposite side, "that Monsieur de Richelieu is the senior of our party."

"Then it is you, Taverney," said the duke.

"No, I am eight years younger than you. I was born in 1704," returned he.

"How rude," said the marshal, "to expose my eighty-eight years!"

"Impossible, duke, that you are eighty-eight!" said Monsieur de Condorcet.

"It is, however, but too true; it is a calculation easy to make, and therefore unworthy of an algebraist like you, marquis. I am of the last century, — the great century, as we call it. My date is 1696."

"Impossible!" cried De Launay.

"Oh, if your father were here, he would not say impossible, — he who, when governor of the Bastille, had me for a lodger in 1714."

"The senior in age, here, however," said Monsieur de Favras, "is the wine Count Haga is now drinking."

"You are right, Monsieur de Favras; this wine is a hundred and twenty years old; to the wine, then, belongs the honor of proposing the health of the king."

"One moment, gentlemen," said Cagliostro, raising his eyes, beaming with intelligence and vivacity; "I claim the precedence."

"You claim precedence over the tokay!" exclaimed all the guests in chorus.

"Assuredly," returned Cagliostro, calmly; "since it was I who bottled it."

"You?"

"Yes, I; on the day of the victory won by Montecuculli over the Turks in 1664."

A burst of laughter followed these words, which Cagliostro had pronounced with perfect gravity.

"By this calculation, you would be something like one hundred and thirty years old," said Madame Dubarry; "for you must have been at least ten years old when you bottled the wine."

"I was more than ten when I performed that operation, madame, as on the following day I had the honor of being deputed by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria to congratulate Montecuculli, who, by the victory of Saint-Gothard, had avenged the day at Especk, in Sclavonia, in which the infidels treated the imperialists so roughly, who were my friends and companions in arms in 1536."

"Oh," said Count Haga, as coolly as Cagliostro himself, "you must have been at least ten years old when you were at that memorable battle."

"A terrible defeat, count," returned Cagliostro.

"Less terrible than Crécy, however," said Condorcet, smiling.

"True, monsieur, for at the battle of Crécy, it was not only an army, but all France, that was beaten; but then this defeat was scarcely a fair victory to the English; for King Edward had cannon, a circumstance of which Philippe de Valois was ignorant, or rather, which he would not believe, although I warned him that I had with my own eyes seen four pieces of artillery which Edward had bought from the Venetians."

"Ah!" said Madame Dubarry; "you knew Philippe de Valois?"

"Madame, I had the honor to be one of the five lords who escorted him off the field of battle; I came to France with the poor old King of Bohemia, who was blind, and who threw away his life when he heard that the battle was lost."

"Ah, monsieur," said Monsieur de la Pérouse, "how much I regret that, instead of the battle of Crécy, it was not that of Actium at which you assisted."

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Oh, because you might have given me some nautical details, which, in spite of Plutarch's fine narration, have ever been obscure to me."

"Which, monsieur? I should be happy to be of service to you."

"Oh, you were there, then, also?"

"No, monsieur; I was then in Egypt. I had been employed by Queen Cleopatra to restore the library at Alexandria, — an office for which I was better qualified than any one else, from having personally known the best authors of antiquity."

"And you have seen Queen Cleopatra?" said Madame Dubarry.

"As I now see you, madame."

"Was she as pretty as they say?"

"Madame, you know beauty is only comparative; a charming queen in Egypt, in Paris she would only have been a pretty grisette."

"Say no harm of grisettes, count."

"God forbid!"

"Then Cleopatra was ——"

"Little, slender, lively, and intelligent; with large almond-shaped eyes, a Grecian nose, teeth like pearls, and a hand like your own, countess, — a fit hand to hold a scepter. See, here is a diamond which she gave me, and which she had had from her brother Ptolemy; she wore it on her thumb."

"On her thumb?" cried Madame Dubarry.

"Yes; it was an Egyptian fashion; and I, you see, can hardly put it on my little finger;" and, taking off the ring, he handed it to Madame Dubarry.

It was a magnificent diamond, of such fine water, and so beautifully cut, as to be worth thirty thousand or forty thousand francs.

The diamond was passed round the table, and returned to Cagliostro, who, putting it quietly on his finger again, said, "Ah, I see well you are all incredulous; this fatal incredulity I have had to contend against all my life. Philippe de Valois would not listen to me when I told him to leave open a retreat to Edward; Cleopatra would not believe me when I warned

"Very seriously, sire, — I beg pardon, I mean count;" and Cagliostro bowed in such a way as to indicate that his error was a voluntary one.

"Then," said the marshal, "Madame Dubarry is not old enough to be made young again?"

"No, on my conscience."

"Well, then, I will give you another subject: here is my friend Taverney, — what do you say to him? Does he not look like a contemporary of Pontius Pilate? But perhaps he, on the contrary, is too old?"

Cagliostro looked at the baron. "No," said he.

"Ah! my dear count," exclaimed Richelieu; "if you will renew his youth, I will proclaim you a true pupil of Medea."

"You wish it?" asked Cagliostro of the host, and looking round at the same time on all assembled.

Every one called out, "Yes."

"And you also, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"I more than any one," said the baron.

"Well, it is easy," returned Cagliostro; and he drew from his pocket a small bottle, and poured into a glass some of the liquid it contained. Then, mixing these drops with half a glass of iced champagne, he passed it to the baron.

All eyes followed his movements eagerly.

The baron took the glass, but as he was about to drink he hesitated.

Every one began to laugh, but Cagliostro called out, "Drink, baron, or you will lose a liquor of which each drop is worth a hundred louis d'or."

"The devil," cried Richelieu; "that is even better than tokay."

"I must then drink?" said the baron, almost trembling.

"Or pass the glass to another, sir, that some one at least may profit by it."

"Pass it here," said Richelieu, holding out his hand.

The baron raised the glass, and, decided doubtless by the delicious smell and the beautiful rose color which those few drops had given to the champagne, he swallowed the magic liquor. In an instant a kind of shiver ran through him; he seemed to feel all his old and sluggish blood rushing quickly through his veins, from his heart to his feet, his wrinkled skin seemed to expand, his eyes, half covered by their lids, appeared to open without his will, and the pupils to grow and brighten,

the trembling of his hands to cease, his voice to strengthen, and his limbs to recover their former youthful elasticity. In fact, it seemed as if the liquid in its descent had regenerated his whole body.

A cry of surprise, wonder, and admiration rang through the room.

Taverney, who had been slowly eating with his gums, began to feel famished; he seized a plate and helped himself largely to a ragout, and then demolished a partridge, bones and all, calling out that his teeth were coming back to him. He ate, laughed, and cried for joy for half an hour, while the others remained gazing at him in stupefied wonder; then little by little he failed again, like a lamp whose oil is burning out, and all the former signs of old age returned upon him.

"Oh!" groaned he, "once more adieu to my youth," and he gave utterance to a deep sigh, while two tears rolled over his cheeks.

Instinctively, at this mournful spectacle of the old man first made young again, and then seeming to become yet older than before from the contrast, the sigh was echoed all round the table.

"It is easy to explain, gentlemen," said Cagliostro; "I gave the baron but thirty-five drops of the elixir. He became young, therefore, for only thirty-five minutes."

"Oh more, more, count!" cried the old man, eagerly.

"No, monsieur, for perhaps the second trial would kill you."

Of all the guests, Madame Dubarry, who had already tested the virtue of the elixir, seemed most deeply interested while old Taverney's youth seemed thus to renew itself; she had watched him with delight and triumph, and half fancied herself growing young again at the sight, while she could hardly refrain from endeavoring to snatch from Cagliostro the wonderful bottle; but now, seeing him resume his old age even quicker than he had lost it, "Alas!" she said sadly, "all is vanity and deception; the effects of this wonderful secret last for thirty-five minutes."

"That is to say," said Count Haga, "that, in order to resume your youth for two years, you would have to drink a perfect river."

Every one laughed.

"Oh!" said De Condorcet, "the calculation is simple, a mere nothing of 3,153,000 drops for one year's youth."

"An inundation," said La Pérouse.

"However, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "according to you I have not needed so much, as a small bottle about four times the size of that you hold given me by your friend Joseph Balsamo has been sufficient to arrest the march of time for ten years."

"Just so, madame. And you alone approach this mysterious truth. The man who has already grown old needs this large quantity to produce an immediate and powerful effect; but a woman of thirty, as you were, or a man of forty, as I was, when I began to drink this elixir, still full of life and youth, needs but ten drops at each period of decay; and with these ten drops may eternally continue his life and youth at the same point of attractiveness and power."

"What do you call the periods of decay?" asked Count Haga.

"The natural periods, count. In a state of nature, man's strength increases until thirty-five years of age. It then remains stationary until forty; and from that time forward it begins to diminish, but almost imperceptibly, until fifty; then the process becomes quicker and quicker to the day of his death. In our state of civilization, when the body is weakened by excess, cares, and maladies, increase of strength is arrested at thirty years, the failure begins at thirty-five. The time, then, to take nature is when she is stationary, so as to forestall the beginning of decay. He who, possessor as I am of the secret of this elixir, knows how to seize the happy moment will live as I live; always young, or at least always young enough for what he has to do in the world."

"Oh, Monsieur de Cagliostro," cried the countess, "why, if you could choose your own age, did you not stop at twenty instead of at forty?"

"Because, madame," said Cagliostro, smiling, "it suits me better to be a man of forty, still healthy and vigorous, than a raw youth of twenty."

"Oh!" said the countess.

"Doubtless, madame," continued Cagliostro, "at twenty, one pleases women of thirty; at forty, we govern women of twenty and men of sixty."

"I yield, monsieur," said the countess, "for you are a living proof of the truth of your own words."

"Then I," said Taverney, piteously, "am condemned; it is too late for me."

"Monsieur de Richelieu has been more skillful than you," said La Pérouse naïvely, with the frankness of a sailor, "and I have always heard that he had some secret."

"It is a report that the women have spread," laughed Count Haga.

"Is that a reason for disbelieving it, duke?" asked Madame Dubarry.

The old duke colored, a rare thing for him; but replied, "Do you wish, gentlemen, to have my receipt?"

"Oh, by all means."

"Well, then, it is simply to take care of yourself."

"Oh, oh!" cried all.

"I should question the efficacy of the receipt," replied the countess, "had I not already proved the virtue of that given me by Monsieur de Cagliostro. But, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "I must ask more about the elixir."

"Well, madame?"

"You said you first used it at forty years of age ——"

"Yes, madame."

"And that since that time, that is, since the siege of Troy ——"

"A little before, madame."

"That you have always remained forty years old?"

"You see me now."

"But then, monsieur," said De Condorcet, "you prove more to us than your theory requires."

"How so, Monsieur le Marquis? what do I prove to you?"

"You prove not only the perpetuation of youth, but the preservation of life; for if since the siege of Troy you have been always forty, you have never died."

"True, marquis, I have never died."

"But are you, then, invulnerable, like Achilles, or still more so, for Achilles was killed by a wound in the heel inflicted by the arrow of Paris?"

"No, I am not invulnerable, and there is my great regret," said Cagliostro.

"Then, monsieur, you may be killed."

"Alas! yes."

"How, then, have you escaped all accidents for three thousand five hundred years?"

"It is chance, marquis, but will you follow my reasoning?"

"Yes, yes," cried all, with eagerness.

Cagliostro continued: "What is the first requisite to life?" he asked, spreading out his white and beautiful hands covered with rings, among which Cleopatra's shone conspicuously. "Is it not health?"

"Certainly."

"And the way to preserve health is——"

"Proper management," said Count Haga.

"Right, count. And why should not my elixir be the best possible method of treatment?"

"Who knows that?"

"You, count."

"Yes, doubtless, but——"

"But no one else," said Madame Dubarry.

"That, madame, is a question that we will discuss later. Well, I have always followed the regimen of my drops; and as they are the fulfillment of the fondest dreams of men of all times, as they are the water of youth of the ancients, the elixir of life of our modern philosophers, I have continually preserved my youth, consequently my health and my life. That is plain."

"But all things exhaust themselves; the finest constitution, as well as the worst."

"The body of Paris, like that of Vulcan," said the countess. "Perhaps you knew Paris, by the bye?"

"Perfectly, madame; he was a fine young man, but really did not deserve all that has been said of him. In the first place, he had red hair."

"Red hair! horrible!"

"Unluckily, madame, Helen was not of your opinion. But to return to our subject. You say, Monsieur de Taverney, that all things exhaust themselves; but you also know that everything recovers again, regenerates, or is replaced, whichever you please to call it. The famous knife of Saint-Hubert, which so often changed both blade and handle, is an example, for through every change it still remained the knife of Saint-Hubert. The wine which the monks of Heidelberg preserve so carefully in their cellars remains still the same wine, although each year they pour into it a fresh supply. Therefore this wine always remains clear, bright, and delicious; while the wine which Opimus and I hid in the earthen jars was, when I tried it a hundred years after, only a thick, dirty substance, which might have been eaten, but certainly could not have

been drunk. Well, I follow the example of the monks of Heidelberg, and preserve my body by introducing into it every year new elements, which regenerate the old. Every morning a new and fresh atom replaces in my blood, my flesh, and my bones some particle which has perished. I stay that ruin which most men allow insensibly to invade their whole being, and I force into action all those powers which God has given to every human being, but which most people allow to lie dormant. Consequently they have retained their first vigor, and have received constantly a new stimulant. As a result of this careful observation of the laws of life and health, my brain, my muscles, my heart, my nerves, and my soul have never failed in their various functions. This is the great study of my life, and, as in all things he who does one thing constantly does that thing better than others, I am becoming more skillful than others in avoiding the dangers of an existence of three thousand years. Thus, you would not get me to enter a tottering house; I have seen too many houses not to tell at a glance the safe from the unsafe. You would not see me go out hunting with a man who managed his gun badly. From Cephalus, who killed his wife Procris, down to the Regent, who shot the prince in the eye, I have seen too many unskillful people. You could not make me accept in battle the post which many a man would take without thinking, because I should calculate in a moment the chances of danger at each point. You will tell me that one cannot foresee a stray bullet; but the man who has escaped a million gunshots will hardly fall a victim to one now. Ah! you look incredulous, but am I not a living proof? I do not tell you that I am immortal, only that I know better than others how to avoid danger; for instance, I would not remain here now alone with Monsieur de Launay, who is thinking that, if he had me in the Bastille, he would put my immortality to the test of starvation; neither would I remain with Monsieur de Condorcet, for he is thinking that he might just empty into my glass the contents of that ring which he wears on his left hand, and which is full of poison, — not with any evil intent, but just as a scientific experiment, to see if I should die."

The two people named looked at each other, and colored.

"Confess, Monsieur de Launay, we are not in a court of justice; besides, thoughts are not punished. Did you not think what I said? And you, Monsieur de Condorcet, would you not

have liked to let me taste the poison in your ring, in the name of your beloved mistress, science?"

"Indeed," said Monsieur de Launay, laughing. "I confess you are right; it was folly, but that folly did pass through my mind just before you accused me."

"And I," said Monsieur de Condorcet, "will not be less candid. I did think that if you tasted the contents of my ring, I would not give much for your life."

A cry of admiration burst from the rest of the party; these avowals confirming not the immortality, but the penetration, of Count Cagliostro.

"You see," said Cagliostro, quietly, "that I divined these dangers; well, it is the same with other things. The experience of a long life reveals to me at a glance much of the past and of the future of those whom I meet. My capabilities in this way extend even to animals and inanimate objects. If I get into a carriage, I can tell from the look of the horses if they are likely to run away, and from that of the coachman if he will overturn me. If I go on board ship, I can see if the captain is ignorant or obstinate, and consequently likely to endanger me. I should then leave the coachman or captain, escape from those horses or that ship. I do not deny chance, I only lessen it, and instead of incurring a hundred chances, like the rest of the world, I prevent ninety-nine of them, and endeavor to guard against the hundredth. This is the good of having lived three thousand years."

"Then," said La Pérouse, laughing, amidst the wonder and enthusiasm created by this speech of Cagliostro's, "you should come with me when I embark to make the tour of the world; you would render me a signal service."

Cagliostro did not reply.

"Monsieur de Richelieu," continued La Pérouse, "as the Count Cagliostro, which is very intelligible, does not wish to quit such good company, you must permit me to do so without him. Excuse me, Count Haga, and you, madame, but it is seven o'clock, and I have promised his Majesty to start at a quarter past. But since Count Cagliostro will not be tempted to come with me and see my ships, perhaps he can tell me what will happen to me between Versailles and Brest. From Brest to the Pole I ask nothing; that is my own business. But he ought to tell me what may happen on my way to Brest."

Cagliostro looked at La Pérouse with such a melancholy air,

so full both of pity and kindness, that the others were struck by it. The sailor himself, however, did not remark it. He took leave of the company, put on his fur riding coat, into one of the pockets of which Madame Dubarry pushed a bottle of delicious cordial, welcome to a traveler, but which he would not have provided for himself, to recall to him, she said, his absent friends during the long nights of a journey in such bitter cold.

La Pérouse, still full of gayety, bowed respectfully to Count Haga, and held out his hand to the old marshal.

"Adieu, dear La Pérouse," said the latter.

"No, duke, *au revoir*," replied La Pérouse; "one would think I was going away forever. Now I have but to circumnavigate the globe,—five or six years' absence; it is scarcely worth while to say 'Adieu' for that."

"Five or six years," said the marshal; "you might almost as well say five or six centuries; days are years at my age, therefore I say adieu."

"Bah! ask the sorcerer," returned La Pérouse, still laughing; "he will promise you twenty years' more life. Will you not, Count Cagliostro? Oh, count, why did I not hear sooner of those precious drops of yours? Whatever the price, I should have shipped a tun on the Astrolabe. Madame, another kiss of that beautiful hand; I shall certainly not see such another till I return. *Au revoir*," and he left the room.

Cagliostro still preserved the same mournful silence. They heard the steps of the captain as he left the house, his gay voice in the courtyard, and his farewells to the people assembled to see him depart. Then the horses shook their heads covered with bells, the door of the carriage shut with some noise, and the wheels were heard rolling along the street.

La Pérouse had started on that voyage from which he was destined never to return.

When they could no longer hear a sound, all looks, as if controlled by a superior power, were again turned to Cagliostro; there seemed a kind of inspired light in his eyes.

Count Haga first broke the silence, which had lasted for some minutes. "Why did you not reply to his question?" he inquired of Cagliostro.

Cagliostro started, as if the question had roused him from a reverie. "Because," said he, "I must either have told a falsehood or a sad truth."

"How so?"

"I must have said to him, 'Monsieur de la Pérouse, the duke is right in saying to you adieu, and not *au revoir*.'"

"Oh," said Richelieu, turning pale, "what do you mean?"

"Reassure yourself, marshal; this sad prediction does not concern you."

"What," cried Madame Dubarry, "this poor La Pérouse, who has just kissed my hand ——"

"Not only, madame, will never kiss it again, but will never again see those he has just left," said Cagliostro, looking attentively at the glass of water he was holding up, which in that position exhibited a luminous surface of an opal tint, crossed by the shadows of surrounding objects.

A cry of astonishment burst from all. The interest of the conversation deepened every moment, and you might have thought, from the solemn and anxious air with which all regarded Cagliostro, that it was some ancient and infallible oracle they were consulting.

In the midst of this preoccupation, Monsieur de Favras, expressing the sentiments of them all, rose, made a gesture, and walked on tiptoe to the antechamber, that he might be sure there were no servants listening. But, as we have already said, this house was as carefully kept as that of Monsieur le Maréchal de Richelieu, and Monsieur de Favras found in the adjoining room only an old servitor, who, rigorous as a sentinel at an exposed post, guarded the approach to the dining room while the solemn hour of dessert was passing.

He returned to his former seat, and made a sign to the others at the table, indicating that they were indeed quite alone.

"Pray, then, count," said Madame Dubarry, motioning to De Favras that she understood his meaning, although he had not uttered a word, "tell us what will befall poor La Pérouse."

Cagliostro shook his head.

"Oh, yes, let us hear!" cried all the rest.

"Well, then, Monsieur de la Pérouse intends, as you know, to make the tour of the globe, and continue the researches of poor Captain Cook, who was killed in the Sandwich Islands."

"Yes, yes, we know."

"Everything should foretell a happy termination to this voyage; Monsieur de la Pérouse is a good seaman, and his route has been most skillfully traced by the king."

"Yes," interrupted Count Haga, "the King of France is a clever geographer; is he not, Monsieur de Condorcet?"

"More skillful than is needful for a king," replied the marquis; "kings ought to know things only slightly, then they will let themselves be guided by those who know them thoroughly."

"Is this a lesson, marquis?" said Count Haga, smiling.

Condorcet blushed. "Oh, no," said he; "only a simple reflection, a general truth."

"Well, he is gone," said Madame Dubarry, anxious to bring the conversation back to La Pérouse.

"Yes, he is gone," replied Cagliostro, "but don't believe, in spite of his haste, that he will soon embark. I foresee much time lost at Brest."

"That would be a pity," said De Condorcet; "this is the time to set out; it is even now rather late, — February or March would have been better."

"Oh, do not grudge him these few months, Monsieur de Condorcet, for during them he will at least live and hope."

"He has got good officers, I suppose?" said Richelieu.

"Yes; he who commands the second ship is a distinguished officer. I see him, — young, adventurous, brave, unhappily."

"Why unhappily?"

"A year after I look for him, and see him no more," said Cagliostro, anxiously consulting his glass. "No one here is related to Monsieur de Langle?"

"No."

"No one knows him?"

"No."

"Well, death will commence with him; I see him no longer."

A murmur of affright escaped from all the guests

"But he, La Pérouse?" cried several voices.

"He sails, he lands, he reembarks; I see one, two years of successful navigation; we hear news of him, and then ——"

"Then?"

"Years pass."

"But at last?"

"The sea is vast, the heavens are clouded, here and there appear unknown lands, and figures hideous as the monsters of the Grecian Archipelago. They watch the ship, which is being carried in a fog amongst the breakers, by a tempest less

fearful than themselves, and then ominous flames. Oh! La Pérouse, La Pérouse, if you could hear me, I would cry to you. You set out, like Columbus, to discover a world; beware of unknown isles!"

He ceased, and an icy shiver ran through the assembly.

"But why did you not warn him?" asked Count Haga, who, in spite of himself, had succumbed to the influence of this extraordinary man.

"Yes," cried Madame Dubarry, "why not send after him and bring him back? The life of a man like La Pérouse is surely worth a courier, my dear marshal."

The marshal understood, and rose to ring the bell.

Cagliostro extended his arm to stop him. "Alas!" said he, "all advice would be useless. I can foretell destiny, but I cannot change it. Monsieur de la Pérouse would laugh if he heard my words, as the son of Priam laughed when Cassandra prophesied; and see, you begin to laugh yourself, Count Haga, and laughing is contagious: your companions are catching it. Do not restrain yourselves, gentlemen—I am accustomed to an incredulous audience."

"Oh, we believe," said Madame Dubarry and the Duke de Richelieu; "and I believe," murmured Taverney; "and I also," said Count Haga, politely.

"Yes," replied Cagliostro, "you believe because it concerns La Pérouse; but if I spoke of yourself, you would not believe."

"Oh!"

"I am sure of it."

"I confess that what would have made me believe, would have been if you had said to him, 'Beware of unknown isles.' Then he would at least have had the chance of avoiding them."

"I assure you no, count; and if he had believed me, it would only have been more horrible, for the unfortunate man would have seen himself approaching those isles destined to be fatal to him without the power to flee from them. Therefore he would have died, not one, but a thousand deaths, for he would have gone through it all by anticipation. Hope, of which I should have deprived him, is the last consolation of the unfortunate wretch beneath the knife. The blade touches him, he feels its sharp edge, his blood flows, and still he hopes; even to his last breath, until life itself is extinct, he clings to hope."

"That is true," said several of the guests, in a low voice.

"Yes," said De Condorcet; "the veil which hides from us our future is the only real good which God has vouchsafed to man."

"Nevertheless," said Count Haga, "did a man like you say to me, Shun a certain man, or a certain thing, I would beware, and I would thank you for the counsel."

Cagliostro shook his head with a sad smile.

"I mean it, Monsieur de Cagliostro," continued Count Haga; "warn me, and I will thank you."

"You wish me to tell you what I would not tell La Pérouse?"

"Yes, I wish it."

Cagliostro opened his mouth as if to begin, and then stopped, and said, "No, count, no!"

"I beg you."

Cagliostro turned away his head. "Never," he murmured.

"Take care," said the count, "you are making me incredulous."

"Incredulity is better than misery."

"Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the count, gravely, "you forget one thing, which is, that though there are men who had better remain ignorant of their destiny, there are others who should know it, as it concerns not themselves alone, but millions of others."

"Then," said Cagliostro, "command me; if your Majesty commands, I will obey."

"I command you to reveal to me my destiny, Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the king, with an air at once courteous and dignified.

At this moment, as Count Haga had dropped his incognito in speaking to Cagliostro, Monsieur de Richelieu advanced towards him, and said, "Thanks, sire, for the honor that the King of Sweden has done my house; will your Majesty assume the place of honor? My house is yours from this moment."

"Let us remain as we are, marshal; I wish to hear what Monsieur de Cagliostro is about to say."

"One does not speak the truth to kings, sire."

"Bah! I am not in my kingdom; take your place again, duke. Proceed, Monsieur de Cagliostro, I beg."

Cagliostro looked again through his glass, and one might have imagined the particles agitated by this look, as they

danced in the light. "Sire," said he, "tell me what you wish to know."

"Tell me by what death I shall die."

"By a gunshot, sire."

The eyes of Gustavus grew bright. "Ah, in a battle!" said he; "the death of a soldier! Thanks, Monsieur de Cagliostro, a hundred times thanks. Oh, I foresee battles, and Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. have shown me how a King of Sweden should die."

Cagliostro drooped his head without replying.

"Oh!" cried Count Haga, "will not my wound then be given in battle?"

"No, sire."

"In a sedition?—yes, that is possible."

"No, not in a sedition, sire."

"But where, then?"

"At a ball, sire."

The king remained silent, and Cagliostro buried his head in his hands.

Every one looked pale and frightened except the prophet and him whom the prophecy chiefly concerned. Then Monsieur de Condorcet took the glass of water and examined it, as if there he could solve the problem of all that had been going on. In fact, the scholar was trying to gauge the depth of the water, its luminous refractions and microscopic play. He, who sought a reason for everything, pondered over the fact that a mere juggler could, by the magic of his charlatanism, disturb men of sense like those around the table; and he could not deny that Cagliostro possessed an extraordinary power; but finding nothing to satisfy him, he ceased his scrutiny and placed the water on the table, in the midst of the general stupefaction caused by Cagliostro's predictions. "Well, I also," said he, "will beg our illustrious prophet to consult for me his magic mirror: unfortunately, I am not a powerful lord; I cannot command, and my obscure life concerns no millions of people."

"Monsieur," said Count Haga, "you command in the name of science, and your life belongs not only to a nation, but to all mankind."

"Thanks," said De Condorcet; "but perhaps your opinion on this subject is not shared by Monsieur de Cagliostro."

Cagliostro raised his head. "Yes, marquis," said he, in a

manner which began to be excited, "you are indeed a powerful lord in the kingdom of intelligence; look me, then, in the face, and tell me, seriously, if you also wish that I should prophesy to you."

"Seriously, count, upon my honor."

"Well, marquis," said Cagliostro, in a hoarse voice, "you will die of that poison which you carry in your ring; you will die ——"

"Oh, but if I throw it away?"

"Throw it away!"

"You allow that that would be easy."

"Throw it away!"

"Oh, yes, marquis!" cried Madame Dubarry; "throw away that horrid poison! Throw it away, if it be only to falsify this prophet of evil, who threatens us all with so many misfortunes. For if you throw it away you cannot die by it, as Monsieur de Cagliostro predicts; so there, at least, he will have been wrong."

"Madame la Comtesse is right," said Count Haga.

"Bravo, countess!" said Richelieu. "Come, marquis, throw away that poison, for now I know you carry it, I shall tremble every time we drink together; the ring might open of itself, and ——"

"The two glasses touched together come very close," said Taverney. "Throw it away, marquis, throw it away!"

"It is useless," said Cagliostro, quietly; "Monsieur de Condorcet will not throw it away."

"No," returned De Condorcet, "I shall not throw it away; not that I wish to aid my destiny, but because this is a unique poison, prepared by Cabanis, and which chance has completely hardened, and that chance might never occur again; therefore I will not throw it away. Triumph if you will, Monsieur de Cagliostro."

"Destiny," replied he, "ever finds some way to work out its own ends."

"Then I shall die by poison," said the marquis; "well, so be it. It is an admirable death, I think; a little poison on the tip of the tongue, and I am gone. It is scarcely dying; it is merely minus life, to use an algebraic term."

"It is not necessary for you to suffer, monsieur," said Cagliostro, coldly; and he made a gesture to indicate that he would say no more regarding Monsieur de Condorcet.

"Then, monsieur," said Monsieur de Favras, "we have a shipwreck, a gunshot, and a poisoning, which makes my mouth water. Will you not do me the favor also to predict some little pleasure of the same kind for me?"

"Oh, marquis!" replied Cagliostro, beginning to grow warm under this irony, "do not envy these gentlemen; you will have still better."

"Better!" said Monsieur de Favras, laughing; "that is pledging yourself to a great deal. It is difficult to beat the sea, fire, and poison."

"There remains the cord, marquis," said Cagliostro, bowing.

"The cord! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you will be hanged," replied Cagliostro, seeming no more the master of his prophetic rage.

"Hanged! the devil!" cried the guests.

"Monsieur forgets that I am a nobleman," said Monsieur de Favras, coldly; "or if he means to speak of a suicide, I warn him that I shall respect myself sufficiently, even in my last moments, not to use a cord while I have a sword."

"I do not speak of a suicide, monsieur."

"Then you speak of a punishment?"

"Yes."

"You are a foreigner, monsieur, and therefore I pardon you."

"What?"

"Your ignorance, monsieur. In France we decapitate noblemen."

"You may arrange this, if you can, with the executioner," replied Cagliostro, crushing him with this rough response.

Monsieur de Favras said no more. There was a general silence and shrinking for a few minutes.

"Do you know that I tremble at last," said Monsieur de Launay; "my predecessors have come off so badly, that I fear for myself if I now take my turn."

"Then you are more reasonable than they; you are right. Do not seek to know the future; good or bad, let it rest,—it is in the hands of God."

"Oh! Monsieur de Launay," said Madame Dubarry, "I hope you will not be less courageous than the others have been."

"I hope so too, madame," said the governor. Then, turning to Cagliostro, "Monsieur," he said, "favor me, in my turn, with my horoscope, if you please."

"It is easy," replied Cagliostro; "a blow on the head with the hatchet, and all will be over."

A look of dismay was once more general. Richelieu and Taverney begged Cagliostro to say no more, but female curiosity carried the day.

"To hear you talk, count," said Madame Dubarry, "one would think the whole universe must die a violent death. Here we were, eight of us, and five are already condemned by you."

"Oh, you understand that it is all prearranged to frighten us, and we shall only laugh at it," said Monsieur de Favras, trying to do so.

"Certainly we will laugh," said Count Haga, "be it true or false."

"Oh, I will laugh too, then," said Madame Dubarry. "I will not dishonor the assembly by my cowardice; but, alas! I am only a woman. I cannot rank among you and be worthy of a tragical end. A woman dies in her bed. My death, a sorrowful old woman abandoned by every one, will be the worst of all. Will it not, Monsieur de Cagliostro?"

She stopped, and seemed to wait for the prophet to reassure her. Cagliostro did not speak; so, her curiosity obtaining the mastery over her fears, she went on: "Well, Monsieur de Cagliostro, will you not answer me?"

"How can I answer you unless you question me?"

"But——" said she.

"Come," said Cagliostro, "will you question me, yes or no?"

She hesitated; then, rallying her courage, "Yes," she cried, "I will run the risk. Tell me the fate of Jeanne de Vaubernier, Countess Dubarry."

"On the scaffold, madame," replied the prophet of evil.

"A jest, monsieur, is it not?" said she, looking at him with a supplicating air.

Cagliostro seemed not to see it. "Why do you think I jest?" said he.

"Oh, because to die on the scaffold one must have committed some crime,—stolen, or committed murder, or done something dreadful; and it is not likely I shall do that. It was a jest, was it not?"

"Oh, mon Dieu! yes," said Cagliostro; "all I have said is but a jest."

The countess laughed, but scarcely in a natural manner.

"Come, Monsieur de Favras," said she, "let us order our funerals."

"Oh, that will be needless for you, madame," said Cagliostro.

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Because you will go to the scaffold in a car."

"Oh, how horrible! This dreadful man, marshal! For Heaven's sake choose more cheerful guests next time, or I will never visit you again."

"Excuse me, madame," said Cagliostro, "but you, like all the rest, would have me speak."

"I like all the rest! At least, I hope you will grant me time to choose my confessor."

"It will be superfluous, countess."

"Why?"

"The last person who will mount the scaffold in France with a confessor will be the King of France." And Cagliostro pronounced these words in so thrilling a voice that every one was struck with horror.

All were silent.

Cagliostro raised to his lips the glass of water in which he had read these fearful prophecies, but scarcely had he touched it, when he set it down with a movement of disgust. He turned his eyes to Monsieur de Taverney.

"Oh," cried he, in terror, "do not tell me anything! I do not wish to know."

"Well, then, I will ask instead of him," said Richelieu.

"You, marshal, be happy; you are the only one of us all who will die in his bed."

"Coffee, gentlemen, coffee," cried the marshal, enchanted with the prediction. Every one rose.

But before passing into the drawing-room, Count Haga, approaching Cagliostro, said, "Monsieur, I am not trying to evade my destiny, but tell me what to beware of."

"Of a muff, monsieur," replied Cagliostro.

"And I?" said Condorcet.

"Of an omelette."

"Good; I renounce eggs," and he left the room.

"And I?" said Monsieur de Favras; "what must I fear?"

"A letter."

"And I?" said De Launay.

"The taking of the Bastille."

"Oh, you quite reassure me." And he went away laughing.

"Now for me, monsieur," said the countess, trembling.

"You, beautiful countess, shun the Place Louis XV."

"Alas!" said the countess, "one day already I lost myself there; that day I suffered much. I nearly lost my head."

"Ah, well, countess, this time you will lose it and never find it again."

Madame Dubarry uttered a cry and left the room, and Cagliostro was about to follow her, when Richelieu stopped him.

"One moment," said he; "there remains only Taverney and I, my dear sorcerer."

"Monsieur de Taverney begged me to say nothing, and you, marshal, have asked me nothing."

"Oh, I do not wish to hear," again cried Taverney.

"But come, to prove your power, tell us something that only Taverney and I know," said Richelieu.

"What?" asked Cagliostro, smiling.

"Tell us what makes Taverney come to Versailles, instead of living quietly in his beautiful house at Maison-Rouge, which the king bought for him three years ago."

"Nothing more simple, marshal," said Cagliostro. "Ten years ago, Monsieur de Taverney wished to give his daughter, Mademoiselle Andrée, to the King Louis XV., but he did not succeed."

"Oh!" growled Taverney.

"Now, monsieur wishes to give his son, Philippe de Taverney, to the Queen Marie Antoinette; ask him if I speak the truth."

"On my word," said Taverney, trembling, "this man is a sorcerer; devil take me if he is not!"

"Do not speak so cavalierly of the devil, my old comrade," said the marshal.

"It is frightful," murmured Taverney, and he turned to implore Cagliostro to be discreet, but he was gone.

"Come, Taverney, to the drawing-room," said the marshal, "or they will drink their coffee without us."

But when they arrived there the room was empty; no one had courage to face again the author of these terrible predictions.

The wax lights burned in the candelabra, the fire burned on the hearth, but all for nothing.

"Ma foi, old friend, it seems we must take our coffee *tête-à-tête*. Why, where the devil has he gone?" Richelieu looked all around him, but Taverney had vanished like the rest. "Never mind," said the marshal, chuckling as Voltaire might have done, and rubbing his withered though still white hands; "I shall be the only one to die in my bed. Well, Count Cagliostro, at least I believe. In my bed! that was it; I shall die in my bed, and I trust not for a long time. Holla! my *valet de chambre* and my drops."

The valet entered with the bottle, and the marshal went with him into the bedroom.



MISTAKES, METHODS, AND CRIMES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By EDMUND BURKE.

(From "Reflections on the Revolution in France.")

[EDMUND BURKE, British orator and political philosopher, was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 12, 1729. He gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1746; in 1750 went to London to study law,—but never was called to the bar; became noted in literary and theatrical circles, and in 1756 published his "Vindication of Natural Society," in answer to Bolingbroke, and the treatise on "The Sublime and the Beautiful." In 1759 he became private secretary to "Single speech" William Gerard Hamilton, but a few years later quarreled with and left him. In 1764 he became a member of the famous club with Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, etc. In 1765 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Rockingham, just made first lord of the treasury, and was shortly returned to Parliament His speeches are part of the enduring monuments of English literature In 1769 he published his pamphlets, "Observations on a Late Publication (George Grenville's) on the Present State of the Nation"; and in 1770 "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" He was made privy councilor and paymaster of the forces in 1782. For several years from 1783, he was occupied with the affairs of India, the prosecution of Warren Hastings, etc. Late in 1789 he wrote "Reflections on the Revolution in France," issued a year later, in 1796, "Letters on a Regicide Peace" He died July 9, 1797]

YOU will observe that from *Magna Charta* to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity, as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom without any reference whatever to any other

more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage; and an house of commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

This policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity who never look back to their ancestors. Besides, the people of England well know that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of government. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a kind of mortmain forever. By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, molding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable, and cherishing with the warmth

of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchers, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its galleries of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men: on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

You might, if you pleased, have profited of our example, and have given to your recovered freedom a correspondent dignity. Your privileges, though discontinued, were not lost to memory. Your constitution, it is true, whilst you were out of possession, suffered waste and dilapidation; but you possessed in some parts the walls, and in all the foundations, of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls; you might have built on those old foundations. Your constitution was suspended before it was perfected; but you had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished. In your old states you possessed that variety of parts corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed; you had all that combination, and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counteraction which, in the natural and in the political

world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in your old and in our present constitution, interpose a salutary check to all precipitate resolutions; they render deliberation a matter not of choice, but of necessity; they make all change a subject of compromise, which naturally begets moderation, they produce temperaments preventing the sore evil of harsh, crude, unqualified reformations; and rendering all the headlong exertions of arbitrary power, in the few or in the many, forever impracticable. Through that diversity of members and interests, general liberty had as many securities as there were separate views in the several orders; whilst by pressing down the whole by the weight of a real monarchy, the separate parts would have been prevented from warping and starting from their allotted places.

You had all these advantages in your ancient states; but you chose to act as if you had never been molded into civil society, and had everything to begin anew. You began ill, because you began by despising everything that belonged to you. You set up your trade without a capital. If the last generations of your country appeared without much luster in your eyes, you might have passed them by, and derived your claims from a more early race of ancestors. Under a pious predilection for those ancestors, your imaginations would have realized in them a standard of virtue and wisdom, beyond the vulgar practice of the hour; and you have risen with the example to whose imitation you aspired. Respecting your forefathers, you would have been taught to respect yourselves. You would not have chosen to consider the French as a people of yesterday, as a nation of lowborn servile wretches until the emancipating year of 1789. In order to furnish, at the expense of your honor, an excuse to your apologists here for several enormities of yours, you would not have been content to be represented as a gang of Maroon slaves, suddenly broke loose from the house of bondage, and therefore to be pardoned for your abuse of the liberty to which you were not accustomed, and ill fitted. Would it not, my worthy friend, have been wiser to have you thought, what I, for one, always thought you, a generous and gallant nation, long misled to your disadvantage by your high and romantic sentiments of fidelity, honor, and loyalty; that events had been unfavorable to you,

but that you were not enslaved through any illiberal or servile disposition; that in your most devoted submission you were actuated by a principle of public spirit, and that it was your country you worshiped, in the person of your king? Had you made it to be understood that in the delusion of this amiable error you had gone further than your wise ancestors; that you were resolved to resume your ancient privileges, whilst you preserved the spirit of your ancient and your recent loyalty and honor; or, if diffident of yourselves, and not clearly discerning the almost obliterated constitution of your ancestors, you had looked to your neighbors in this land, who had kept alive the ancient principles and models of the old common law of Europe meliorated and adapted to its present state — by following wise examples you would have given new examples of wisdom to the world. You would have rendered the *cause* of liberty venerable in the eyes of every worthy mind in every nation. You would have shamed despotism from the earth, by showing that freedom was not only reconcilable but as, when well disciplined it is, auxiliary to law. You would have had an unoppressive but a productive revenue. You would have had a flourishing commerce to feed it. You would have had a free constitution; a potent monarchy; a disciplined army; a reformed and venerated clergy; a mitigated but spirited nobility, to lead your virtue, not to overlay it; you would have had a liberal order of commons, to emulate and to recruit that nobility; you would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious, and obedient people, taught to seek and to recognize the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions; in which consists the true moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction, which, by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walk of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and imbitter that real inequality which it never can remove; and which the order of civil life establishes as much for the benefit of those whom it must leave in a humble state, as those whom it is able to exalt to a condition more splendid, but not more happy. You had a smooth and easy career of felicity and glory laid open to you, beyond anything recorded in the history of the world; but you have shown that difficulty is good for man.

Compute your gains: see what is got by those extravagant and presumptuous speculations which have taught your leaders to despise all their predecessors, and all their contemporaries,

and even to despise themselves, until the moment in which they became truly despicable. By following those false lights, France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher price than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal blessings. France has bought poverty by crime! France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest; but she has abandoned her interest, that she might prostitute her virtue. All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the license of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices; and has extended through all ranks of life, as if she were communicating some privilege, or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power. This is one of the new principles of equality in France.

France, by the perfidy of her leaders, has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient council in the cabinets of princes, and disarmed it of its most potent topics. She has sanctified the dark suspicious maxims of tyrannous distrust, and taught kings to tremble at (what will hereafter be called) the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians. Sovereigns will consider those who advise them to place an unlimited confidence in their people as subverters of their thrones, as traitors who aim at their destruction, by leading their easy good nature, under specious pretenses, to admit combinations of bold and faithless men into a participation of their power. This alone, if there were nothing else, is an irreparable calamity to you and to mankind. Remember that your parliament of Paris told your king that in calling the states together, he had nothing to fear but the prodigal excess of their zeal in providing for the support of the throne. It is right that these men should hide their heads. It is right that they should bear their part in the ruin which their counsel has brought on their sovereign and their country. Such sanguine declarations tend to lull authority asleep; to encourage it rashly to engage in perilous adventures of untried policy; to neglect those provisions, preparations, and precautions which distinguish benevolence from

imbecility; and without which no man can answer for the salutary effect of any abstract plan of government or of freedom. For want of these, they have seen the medicine of the state corrupted into its poison. They have seen the French rebel against a mild and lawful monarch, with more fury, outrage, and insult than ever any people has been known to rise against the most illegal usurper, or the most sanguinary tyrant. Their resistance was made to concession; their revolt was from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favors, and immunities.

This was unnatural. The rest is in order. They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned; tribunals subverted; industry without vigor; commerce expiring; the revenue unpaid, yet the people impoverished; a church pillaged, and a state not relieved; civil and military anarchy made the constitution of the kingdom; everything human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit, and national bankruptcy the consequence; and to crown all, the paper securities of new, precarious, tottering power, the discredited paper securities of impoverished fraud, and beggared rapine, held out as a currency for the support of an empire, in lieu of the two great recognized species that represent the lasting conventional credit of mankind, which disappeared and hid themselves in the earth from whence they came, when the principle of property, whose creatures and representatives they are, was systematically subverted.

Were all these dreadful things necessary? Were they the inevitable results of the desperate struggle of determined patriots, compelled to wade through blood and tumult, to the quiet shore of a tranquil and prosperous liberty? No! nothing like it. The fresh ruins of France, which shock our feelings wherever we can turn our eyes, are not the devastation of civil war; they are the sad, but instructive, monuments of rash and ignorant counsel in time of profound peace. They are the display of inconsiderate and presumptuous, because unresisted and irresistible, authority.

The persons who have thus squandered away the precious treasure of their crimes, the persons who have made this prodigal and wild waste of public evils (the last stake reserved for the ultimate ransom of the state) have met in their progress with little, or rather with no opposition at all. Their whole march was more like a triumphal procession than the progress

of a war. Their pioneers have gone before them, and demolished and laid everything level at their feet. Not one drop of their blood have they shed in the cause of the country they have ruined. They have made no sacrifices to their projects of greater consequence than their shoe buckles, whilst they were imprisoning their king, murdering their fellow-citizens, and bathing in tears, and plunging in poverty and distress, thousands of worthy men and worthy families. Their cruelty has not even been the base result of fear. It has been the effect of their sense of perfect safety, in authorizing treasons, robberies, rapes, assassinations, slaughters, and burnings throughout their harassed land. But the cause of all was plain from the beginning.



THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.[1]

BY ANDRÉ CHÉNIER

(Translated by Henry Curwen)

LET a stoic with tearless eyes hastily clutch at death,
But I with my tears and prayers at the chilly North wind's breath
Will shiver and hide and flee.
There may be sorrowful days, but then there are hours of joy —
Ah! was there ever a sweet but sooner or late must cloy —
Or ever a stormless sea?

Illusions and hopes and dreams are fluttering thro' my brain,
Till the dreary dungeon walls would fetter my soul in vain,
For I borrow me airy wings;
O joy for heaven's free air, as merrily up I fly,
Away from the snarer's nets, to the blue fields of the sky,
Where Philomel soaring sings!

Why should I die so young, when the lingering, peaceful years,
Full of soft lulling delights, are waiting to still my tears
In their dreamless depths profound?
Laughing his love in my eyes, my darling kissed me to-day,
Till my own joy overflows, to conjure and soothe away
The sorrows of all around.

[1] From "Sorrow and Song" By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co

O Death! thou canst wait awhile, for a moment let me hide,
There are weary hearts eno', whose dolorous shame and pride
Hail thee with pitiful cry;
For me the summer has still such tremulous green delights,
And Love such soft caresses, and my songs such wild delights,
That I do not wish to die!



LAST NIGHT AND EXECUTION OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY A. DE LAMARTINE.

[ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE, French poet, historian, Academician, and statesman, was born at Mâcon, October 21, 1790, and spent much of his youth in Italy. In 1820 appeared his "Méditations Poétiques," containing the famous elegy "Le Lac" (The Lake). The success of this work helped to open up for him a diplomatic career He held several posts in Italy to the accession of Louis Philippe, and sat in the National Assembly from 1833 to the revolution of 1848, when he became minister of foreign affairs, and exercised a great influence over the first movements of the new republic A pension of 25,000 francs was granted to him by the government in 1867. Lamartine's important prose works are: "History of the Girondins" (1847), which unquestionably had much influence in bringing about the events of 1848, "Graziella"; "History of the Restoration", and "Souvenirs of the East" He died at Paris in 1869.]

THESE first symptoms of a return of popular feeling to the Gironde alarmed the Commune. Auduin, Pache's son-in-law, who had formerly been a priest, and was now one of the church's bitterest persecutors, called on the Committee of Safety to close the debate by allowing the president to declare that sufficient evidence had been heard. The jury, constrained by this declaration, closed the debate on the 30th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening. All the accused were declared guilty of having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, and condemned to death.

At this sentence a cry of astonishment and horror burst from the accused; the greater number, and especially Boileau, Ducos, Fonfrède, Antiboul, Mainvielle, expected an acquittal. One of the accused, who had made a motion with his hand as though to tear his garments, slipped from his seat on to the floor. It was Valazé. "What, Valazé, are you losing your courage?" said Brissot, striving to support him. "No, I am dying," re-

turned Valazé; and he expired, his hand on the poniard with which he had pierced his heart.

At this spectacle silence instantly prevailed, and the example of Valazé made the young Girondists blush for their momentary weakness.

Boileau alone protesting against the sentence which confounded him with the Gironde, cast his hat into the air, exclaiming, "I am innocent; I am a Jacobin; I am a Montagnard." The sarcasms of the spectators were the sole reply, and, instead of pity, he only met with contempt. Brissot inclined his head on his breast, and appeared immersed in reflection. Fauchet and Lasource clasped their hands, and raised their eyes to heaven. Vergniaud, seated on the highest bench, gazed on the tribunal, his colleagues, and the crowd, with a look that seemed to scan the scene, and to seek in the past an example of such a decision of destiny, and such ingratitude on the part of the people. Sillery cast away his crutch, and exclaimed, "This is the most glorious day of my life." Fonfrède threw his arms round Ducos, and burst into tears. "Mon ami," said he, "I cause your death, but console yourself, we shall die together."

At this moment a cry was heard, and a young man in vain strove to force his way through the crowd. "Let me fly from this spectacle," cried he, covering his eyes with his hands. "Wretch that I am, it is I who have killed them. It is my '*Brissot dévoilé*' which has killed them. I cannot bear the sight of my work. I feel their blood fall on the hand that has denounced them." This young man was Camille Desmoulins, inconsiderate in his pity as his hatred, and whom the crowd detained and silenced as though he had been a child.

It was eleven o'clock at night. After a moment's pause, occasioned by the unexpectedness of the sentence, and the emotion of the prisoners, the sitting was closed amidst cries of *Vive la République!*

The Girondists, as they quitted their places, assembled round the corpse of Valazé, extended on a bench; touched it respectfully, to assure themselves that life was extinct, and then, as though seized with an electric inspiration by contact with the republican who had perished by his own hand, they exclaimed simultaneously, "We die innocent. *Vive la République!*" Some of them threw amongst the crowd handfuls of *assignats*, not, as it has been supposed, to excite the people to revolt and

disorder, but, like the Romans, to bequeath to them wealth no longer useful to themselves. The populace eagerly collected these legacies of the dying, and appeared touched with pity. Hermann ordered the *gens d'armes* to remove the prisoners; and their presence of mind, which had for a moment forsaken them, now returned with the conviction of their fate.

In fulfillment of the promise they had made the other prisoners in the Conciergerie to inform them of their fate by the echoes of their voices, they burst, on quitting the tribunals, into the "Marseillaise" hymn: —

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

and sang the chorus with an energy that made the vaults ring again.

At these sounds the prisoners awoke and comprehended that the accused sang their own death song; and tears, acclamations, and sobs replied to their strains. They were all confined for this their last night on earth in the large dungeon, the waiting room of death. The tribunal had just decreed that the yet warm corpse of Valazé "*should be carried back to prison, conveyed in the same cart with his accomplices to the scaffold, and interred with them.*" The only sentence perhaps that ever punished the dead.

Four *gens d'armes* followed the column of the condemned, bearing on a litter the bleeding corpse, and laid it down in a corner of the dungeon. The Girondists came one by one to kiss the hand of their friend, and then covered his visage with his mantle. They were so soon to rejoin him that their adieus were rather respectful than sad. "To-morrow," said they: and they recruited their strength for this morrow.

It was near at hand, for it was already midnight. The deputy Bailleul, their colleague at the Assembly, proscribed like them, but who had escaped the proscription, and was concealed in Paris, had promised to send them from without, on the day of their trial, a last repast, triumphant or funereal, according to the sentence; to rejoice at their freedom, or commemorate their death. Bailleul, though invisible, kept his promise through the agency of a friend. The funereal supper was set out in the large dungeon; the daintiest meats, the choicest wines, the rarest flowers, and numerous flambeaux decked the oaken table of the prison. The last luxury of an

eternal farewell,—prodigality of dying men, who have no need to save aught for the following day. The Girondists took their places in silence, to recruit their exhausted strength, and then await the day. A priest, then a young man, but destined to survive them more than half a century, the Abbé Lambert, the friend of Brissot and the other Girondists, who had obtained admittance into the Conciergerie to console or bless the dying, awaited in the corridor the conclusion of the supper; the doors were open, and he observed and noted down in his mind the gestures, the sighs, and the words of those assembled there: and it is to him that posterity owes the greater portion of these details,—faithful as conscience, and exact as the memory of a last friend.

The repast was prolonged till dawn. Vergniaud, seated at the center of the table, presided, with the same calm dignity he had presided at the Convention, on the night of the 10th of August. Vergniaud was of all the one who least regretted life,—for he had gained sufficient glory, and left neither father, mother, wife, nor children behind him. The others formed groups, with the exception of Brissot, who sat at the end of the table, eating but little, and not uttering a word.

For a long time nothing in their features or conversation indicated that this repast was the prelude to death. They ate and drank with appetite, but sobriety; but when the table was cleared, and nothing left except the fruit, wine, and flowers, the conversation became alternately animated, noisy, and grave, as the conversation of careless men, whose thoughts and tongues are freed by wine. Mainvielle, Antiboul, Duchâtel, Fonfrède, Ducos, and all those young men who could not feel themselves sufficiently aged in an hour to die on the morrow, burst into gay and joyous sallies; but their language, contrasted with approaching death, profaned the sanctity of their last hours, and threw a glacial expression over the false gayety of these young men.

Brissot, Fauchet, Sillery, Lasource, Lehardy, Carra, strove sometimes to reply to these noisy provocations, but the misplaced gayety of these young men found no echo in the hearts of their elder colleagues. Vergniaud, more grave, and more really intrepid in his gravity, gazed on Ducos and Fonfrède with a smile in which indulgence was mingled with compassion.

Towards the morning the conversation became more solemn.

Brissot spoke prophetically of the misfortunes of the republic, deprived of her most virtuous and eloquent citizens. "How much blood will it require to wash out our own," cried he. They were silent for a moment, and appeared terrified at the phantom of the future evoked by Brissot. "My friends," replied Vergniaud, "we have killed the tree by pruning it. It was too aged: Robespierre cuts it. Will he be more fortunate than ourselves? No; the soil is too weak to nourish the roots of civic liberty: this people is too childish to wield its laws without hurting itself. It will return to its kings as babes return to their toys. We were deceived as to the age in which we were born, and in which we die for the freedom of the world," continued he. "We deemed ourselves at Rome, and we were at Paris. But revolutions are like those crises which blanch in a single night the hair of a man, — they soon bring nations to maturity. Our blood is sufficiently warm to fertilize the soil of the republic. Let us not carry away with us the future; and let us bequeath to the people hope, in exchange for the death we shall receive at their hands."

A long silence followed this speech of Vergniaud's, and the conversation turned from earth to heaven. "What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" said Ducos, who always mingled mirth with the most serious subjects. Each replied according to his nature. "We shall sleep after the fatigues of the day," replied some. The skepticism of the age corrupted even their last thoughts, and only promised the destruction of the soul to those men who were about to die for the immortality of a human idea. The immortality of the soul, and the sublime conjectures of that future life to which they were so near, offered a more fitting theme for their last moment. Their voices sank, their accents became more solemn. Fonfrède, Gensonné, Carra, Fauchet, and Brissot spoke in terms in which breathed all the divinity of human reason and all the certainty of conscience on the mysterious problems of the immaterial destiny of the human mind.

Vergniaud, who had hitherto been silent, now appealed to by his friends, joined in the debate. "Never," said the eye-witness whom we have before cited, and who had often admired him in the tribune, "never had his look, his gesture, his language, and his voice more profoundly affected his hearers."

The words of Vergniaud were lost, their impression alone remained.

After having united all the moral proofs of the existence of a being whom he termed the Supreme Being,—after having demonstrated the necessity of a Providence, the consequence of the excellence of this Supreme Being, and the necessity of justice, a divine debt of the Creator, towards his creatures,—after having cited, from Socrates to Cicero, and from Cicero to all the just who have perished, the universal belief of all peoples and philosophers, a proof above all others, since there is in nature an instinct of a future existence, as strong as the instinct of a present life,—after having carried, even to enthusiasm, the certainty of a continuation of existence, after this present state, which is not destroyed but metamorphosed by death,—"But," added he, in more eloquent language, exalted even to lyricism, and bringing the subject to the condition of his fellow-prisoners, to deduce his strongest proof from themselves, "are not we ourselves the best proof of immortality? We, calm, serene, unmoved in the presence of the corpse of our friend—of our own corpse—discussing, like a peaceful assembly of philosophers, on the light or darkness which shall succeed our last sigh; dying, more happy than Danton, who will live,—than Robespierre, who will triumph. Whence then arises this calmness in our discourse, and this serenity in our souls? Is it not in us the result of the feeling that we have performed a great duty towards humanity? What is our country—what is humanity? Is it this mass of animated dust which is to-day man, to-morrow a heap of clay? No, it is not for this living clod of earth, it is for the spirit of humanity and our fatherland that we die. What are we ourselves but atoms of this collective spirit of the human race? Each of the men who compose our species has an immortal spirit, imperishable, and confounded with that soul of his country and mankind for which it is so sweet, so glorious, to devote ourselves—to suffer, and to die. It is for this reason," continued he, "that we are not sublime dupes, but beings who obey their moral instinct; and who, when they have fulfilled this duty, will live, suffer, or enjoy in immortality the destinies of humanity. Let us die then, not with confidence, but certainty. Our conscience is our guide in this mighty trial; our judge, the great Eternal, whose name is sought for by ages, and to whose designs we are subservient as tools which he breaks in the work, but whose fragments fall at his feet. Death is but the greatest act of life, since it gives birth to a higher state of

existence. Were it not thus," added he, more solemnly, "there would be something greater than God. It would be the just man, immolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. This supposition is a folly of blasphemy, and I repel it with contempt or horror. No! Vergniaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Vergniaud, and will not, to-morrow, suffer him to ascend a scaffold, but to justify and avenge him in future ages."

Fauchet made an eloquent discourse on the Passion, comparing their death to Calvary. They were all much moved, and many wept.

Vergniaud reconciled, in a few words, all the different opinions. "Let us believe what we will," said he, "but let us die certain of our life and the price of our death. Let us each sacrifice what we possess, the one his doubt, the other his faith, all of us our blood for liberty. When man offers himself as a victim to Heaven, what more can he give?"

Daylight began to stream in at the windows. "Let us go to bed," said Ducos: "life is so trifling a thing that it is not worth the hour of sleep we lose in regretting it." "Let us watch," said Lasource to Sillery and Fauchet; "eternity is so certain and so terrible that a thousand lives would not suffice to prepare for it." They rose from table, and reëntered their chambers, where most of them threw themselves on their beds.

Thirteen remained in the larger dungeon; some conversed in whispers, others wept, some slept. At eight o'clock they were allowed to walk about in the corridors. The Abbé Lambert, the pious friend of Brissot, who had passed the night at the door of their dungeon, was still awaiting permission to communicate with them. Brissot, perceiving him, sprang forward and clasped him in his arms. The priest offered him the assistance of his ministry, to soften or sanctify death; but Brissot gratefully but firmly refused. "Do you know anything more holy than the death of an honest man, who dies for having refused the blood of his fellow-creatures to wretches?" said he. The abbé said nothing more.

Lasource, who had witnessed the interview, approached Brissot. "Do you believe," said he to him, "in the immortality of your soul, and the providence of God?" "I do believe in them," returned Brissot; "and it is because I believe in them that I am about to die." "Well," replied Lasource,

"there is but a step from thence to religion. I, the minister of another faith, have never so much admired the ministers of yours, as in these dungeons into which they bring the pardon of Heaven to the condemned. In your place I should confess." Brissot made no reply, but joined Vergniaud, Gensonné, and the younger prisoners, most of whom declined the aid of the priest. Some sat on the stone parapet, others walked about arm in arm; some knelt at the priest's feet, and received absolution after a brief confession of their faults. All awaiting calmly the signal for their departure, and resembling by their attitude a halt previous to the battle.

The Abbé Emery, although a nonjuring priest, had obtained permission to see Fauchet at the grating that separated the court from the corridor, and there listened to and absolved the bishop of Calvados. Fauchet, absolved and penitent, listened to the confession of Sillery, and bestowed on his friend the divine pardon he had just received.

At ten o'clock the executioners came to prepare them for the scaffold. Gensonné, picking up a lock of his black hair, gave it to the Abbé Lambert, and begged him to give it to his wife, whose residence he named. "Tell her it is all I can send her of my remains, and that my last thoughts in death were hers." Vergniaud drew his watch from his pocket, scratched with a pen some initials, and the date of the 30th of October, in the inside of the gold case, and gave it to one of the assistants to transmit it to a young girl to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom it is said he had intended to marry.

All had a name, a regret, a friendship; all had some souvenir of themselves to send to those they left on earth. The hope of a remembrance here is the last tie that binds the dying to life. These mysterious legacies were all duly delivered.

When all was ready, and the last lock of hair had fallen on the stones of the dungeon, the executioners and *gens d'armes* made the condemned march in a column to the court of the palace, where five carts, surrounded by an immense crowd, awaited them. The moment they emerged from the Conciergerie the Girondists burst into the "Marseillaise," laying stress on these verses, which contained a double meaning —

> "Contre nous de la tyrannie
> L'étendard sanglant est levé"

From this moment they ceased to think of themselves, in

order to think of the example of the death of republicans they wished to leave the people. Their voices sank at the end of each verse, only to rise more sonorous at the first line of the next verse. Each cart contained four, with the exception of the last, in which lay the body of Valazé. His head, shaken by the concussion over the stones, swayed to and fro before his friends, who were forced to close their eyes to avoid seeing his livid features, but who still joined in the strain. On their arrival at the scaffold they all embraced, in token of community in liberty, life, and death, and then resumed their funereal chant. All died without weakness. Sillery, with irony, after ascending the platform, walked round, saluting the people as though to thank them for his glory and death. The hymn became feebler at each fall of the ax; one voice still continued it, that of Vergniaud, executed the last. Like his companions, he did not die, but passed away in enthusiasm, and his life, commenced by immortal orations, ended by a hymn to the eternity of the Revolution.

One cart bore away their bodies, and one grave, by the side of that of Louis XVI., received them.

Some years afterwards, in searching the archives of the parish of La Madeleine, the bill of the gravedigger of the Commune was found, with the order of the president on the national treasury for its payment. "Twenty-two deputies of the Gironde; the coffins, 147 francs; expenses of interment, 63 francs; total 210 francs."

Such was the price of the shovelfuls of earth that covered the founders of the republic. Never did Æschylus or Shakespeare invent a more bitter derision of fate than this bill of a gravedigger, demanding and receiving his pay for having alternately buried all the monarchy and all the republic of a mighty nation.

Such were the last moments of these men; they had, during their short life, all the illusions of hope; they had in death the greatest happiness which Heaven reserves for great minds, that martyrdom that rejoices in itself, and which elevates to the sanctity of a victim the man who perishes for his conscience and his country. It would be superfluous to judge them; they have been judged by their life and death. They committed three errors: the first in not having boldly proclaimed the republic before the 10th of August, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly; the second, in having conspired

against the constitution of 1791, and by this means forcing the national sovereignty to act as a faction, taken part of the death of the king, and forced the Revolution to employ cruel means; the third was in the time of the Convention, having sought to govern when they should have given battle.

They had three virtues which amply atoned for their defects in the eyes of posterity. They adored liberty, they founded the republic, that precocious truth of future governments, and they died for having refused blood to the people. Their age condemned them to death, and the future has glorified and pardoned them. They died because they would not permit liberty to sully herself, and on their memory will be engraved that inscription which Vergniaud, their voice, wrote with his own hand on the wall of his dungeon — "Death rather than dishonor." "*Potius mori quam fœdari.*"

Scarcely had their heads rolled on the scaffold than a gloomy and sanguinary hue spread itself, instead of the luster of their party, over the Convention. Youth, beauty, illusion, genius, eloquence, — all seemed to disappear with them. Paris might have said with Lacedæmon, after the loss of her youth in battle, "The country has lost its flower; liberty has lost its *prestige;* the republic has lost its spring."

Whilst the twenty-two Girondists perished thus at Paris, Pétion, Buzot, Barbaroux, and Guadet wandered, hunted like wild beasts, in the forests and caves of the Gironde. Madame Roland awaited her fate in a dungeon of the prison of the Abbaye. Dumouriez plotted in exile to escape his remorse; and La Fayette, who had been faithful to liberty at least, expiated in the subterranean cells of the fortress of Olmutz the crime of having been its apostle, and of still professing it even in his chains.



A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[Charles Dickens, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved

into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood" Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

The Sea Still Rises.

Haggard Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week, in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest nightcap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of

the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him! "Listen, everywhere!" said madame again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does everybody here recall old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell?"

"Everybody!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they

had, and came pouring down into the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then, a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming: Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground that grass may grow from him! With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped into a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled underfoot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of Examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a



"Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter"

bunch of grass upon his back. Ha! ha! that was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighboring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvelous quickness, at a distance; the more readily, because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray as of hope of protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace — Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied — The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey from their high perches — when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now full of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go — as a cat might have done to a mouse — and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her: the women passion-

ately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful, and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the dispatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper, seized him — would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company — set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day, in Wolf procession, through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually, these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day played gently with their meager children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning, when Defarge's wine shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door: —

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh well," returned madame "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept: even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine that blood and

hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastile fell, or old Foulon was seized: not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

Fire Rises.

There was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do — beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shriveled and poor as the miserable people. Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them — all worn out.

Monseigneur (often a most worthy individual gentleman) was a national blessing, gave a chivalrous tone to things, was a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless, Monseigneur as a class had, somehow or other, brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something shortsighted in the eternal arrangements, surely! Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flint, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasure of the chase — now found in hunting the people; now found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of bar-

say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe into his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with a hail driving in between them like a pygmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveler then, moving to the brow of the hill.

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain——"

"*To the Devil with all that!*" *interrupted the other,* rolling his eye over the landscape. "*I* go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me, before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road mender plied his dusty labor, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned towards it that he used his tools mechanically, and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woolen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveler had traveled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles

chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guardhouses, gates, trenches, and drawbridges seemed to the mender of roads to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centers all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then, the mender of the roads having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his house top alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by and by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old château, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of buildings massive and dark

in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall, among the old spears and knives, and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept East, West, North, and South, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the courtyard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But not for long. Presently, the château began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then, a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows flames burst forth, and the stone faces awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was a saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help, every one!" The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly; and never moved.

The rider from the château, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep, to the prison on the crag. At the gate, a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them, a group of soldiers. "Help, gentlemen officers! The château is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help, help!" The officers looked towards the soldiers, who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips, "It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again and through the street, the village was illuminating. The mender of roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired as

one man and woman by the idea of lighting up, had darted into their houses, and were putting candles in every dull little pane of glass. The general scarcity of everything occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part, the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and that post horses would roast.

The château was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze, the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured: anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The château burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shriveled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls, like crystallization; stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination. The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes—though it was but a small installment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in those latter days—became impatient for an interview with him and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his house top behind his stack of chimneys; this time resolved, if his door were

broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament), to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Probably Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant château for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace is his favor. A trying suspense, to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But, the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also, there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strung up in their turn. But the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, fire burned. The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully.



EPISODES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor, in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus", in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course His chief succeeding works were "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

COUNT FERSEN.

ROYALTY should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather vache, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider "Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses," in that iron Nibelungen Song! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantuamaker and to that; and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing as — might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her Nécessaire; dear Nécessaire, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilet implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers, — never to get to hand. All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humored.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi; gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, "to watch the Austrians." His Majesty will not cross the frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they are to all people. Nor shall old war god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our brave Bouillé; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Baton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the mean while, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise? Such a Constitutional Circular is dispatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in



CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE AT ECCLEFECHAN

all Newspapers; with the finest effect. Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen; — as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery Chevalier du Nord, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight? He will descend on fire wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons, — if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not!

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher, — one of them, a most important one, hard to *de*cipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste. As for Duke de Villequier, he is gone ever since the Day of Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Townhall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the Nécessaire, the clothes, the packing of jewels, — could he understand it when betrayed? Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his sentries to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come "to see his children." Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named Berline; done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to "Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy," far North, to wait

there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting Woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homeward with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coach Builders and such like; — so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting maids; further, certain necessary horses; one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at Corpus-Christi Day, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim, over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal, what they call spectral: and never rests at any moment: one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the 20th of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney coach, and glass coach (carrosse de remise), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass Coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass Coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's Couchée, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace world is retiring home. But the Glass Coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm and arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door;

starts a shoe buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is, however, by the Glass Coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass Coachman still waits. — Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel, — where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her badine, — light little magic rod which she calls badine, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy hat, and touched the wheel spoke with her badine? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid ci-devant Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue de Bac; far from the Glass Coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts — which he must button close up, under his jarvey surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass Coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvey drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvey dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen lady, in gypsy hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and now, O Glass Coachman

of a thousand, — Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou, — drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass Coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock Carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, — these windows, all silent, of Number 42. were Mirabeau's. Toward the Barrier, not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?" — "Gone with it an hour and half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter. — "C'est bien." Yes, it is well; — though had not such hour and half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin: looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest? — and as for us of the Glass Coach, haste too; O haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass Coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass Coach itself is turned adrift, its head toward the City; to wander whither it lists, — and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammercloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward toward Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with

post horses ready ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting Maids and their bandboxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting Women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvey surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, toward Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! Baroness de Korff is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting Maid* is the Queen in gypsy hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. The other hooded Dame, styled *Traveling Companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy:—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Long-haired Childeric Donothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone towers are Raincy; towers of wicket D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb Merchant, with his ass and

the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper Parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies — how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the Soubrettes.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with sister Elizabeth, and the children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "Eh bien, me voilà (Well, here you have me);" and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, to some Procession du Roi de Basoche; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with

his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic: ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest flebile ludibrium of a Pickle-herring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most *un*gorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace,—toward its doom, of slow torture, peine forte et dure.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, "all dusty," is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wineglass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France cannot be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.

On Monday night Royalty went: on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickle-herring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, toward "pain strong and hard." Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!

Charlotte Corday.

In the leafy months of June and July, several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper* leaves, named



CHARLOTTE CORDAY

Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, "of the Union for Resistance to Oppression." In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humor. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, "arrested in their own houses," will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes, and elsewhither, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here, at the "Intendance or Departmental Mansion," of the town of Caen, in Calvados; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How the Bourdeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay, Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare, and means even to "bury herself" under her own stone and mortar first, — of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen*

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper; and fervors and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's "Provincials." What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; also a secondary questionable General

Puisaye, and others; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye National Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near: forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of Carabots, Anti-jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of Bulletins, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the "Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us." And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at: To put down Anarchy by Civil War! Durum et durum, the Proverb says, non faciunt murum. La Vendée burns: Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed;—lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work and counterwork; "you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past." Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed,—and indeed is now come to Paris to give "explanations."

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity; they ray-forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison; there may Romme lie, under lock and key, "for fifty days"; and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.—

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a

young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance; her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand. "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision, is in this fair female Figure. "By energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendor; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without and the dim-simmering 25,000,000 within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday, the 9th of July, seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good Journey; her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along, amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday:—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the

Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! — The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. — Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight, — toward a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the 13th of the month; eve of the Bastille day, — when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then"; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has traveled; — and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven pence halfpenny of ready money, in paper; with slipper bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid — Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led them. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity: yet surely on the way toward that? — Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and

wished to speak with you. — Be seated, mon enfant. Now, what are the Traitors going at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? — Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's friend, clutching his tablets to write: Barbaroux, Pétion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: Pétion, and Louvet, and — Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "À moi, chère amie (Help, dear)!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman, left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's friend is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar, — *whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; reechoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One whom they think it honor to call "the good Sansculotte," — whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and newborn children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise, but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapped once in swaddling clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men! — A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The chère amie, and neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," intrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet,

all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed, —which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation?—"By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (extrêmement), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tiptoe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying toward death,—alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the



JEAN PAUL MARAT,

neckerchief from her neck: a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifulest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent stillness, are dreaming not of Love paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus' sacrifices and Death well earned? That 25,000,000 hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this; whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-demonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus.* Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.



THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[1777–1844.]

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown!
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's Crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between·
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried: when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—
Then ceased;—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the Victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save,—
So peace instead of death let us bring!
But yield, proud foe! thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king!"

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose:
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England! raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze
Whilst the wine cup shines in light!
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride,
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of Fame that died
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing Glory to the souls
Of the Brave!



THE HUNTSMEN.

BY CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

(*From "Atala": translated by Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint Pierre*)

[FRANÇOIS RENÉ AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE CHÂTEAUBRIAND, French writer and diplomatist, was born of a noble Breton family at St. Malo, September 14, 1768 He entered the army at eighteen; traveled in America among the Indians (1791–1792), was wounded while serving with the royalist forces at Thionville, and subsequently emigrated to England, where he supported himself by teaching and general literary work. "Atala" (1801), a romance of the North American Indians, created a sensation, and "The Genius of Christianity" (1802) was enthusiastically received. In 1803 he was appointed by Napoleon secretary of legation at Rome and later minister to the Swiss republic of Valais, a post which he resigned on the murder of the Duc d'Enghien (1804) Under the Bourbon dynasty he was created a peer of France, and held several important diplomatic posts He died at Paris, July 4, 1848 Besides the works already mentioned Châteaubriand wrote: "René," "The Martyrs," "The Natchez," "Journey from Paris to Jerusalem," memoirs, etc]

NOTHING but a miracle could save Atala from the fascinating solicitations of love, and the persuasive voice of nature:

and that miracle was wrought. The daughter of Simaghan invoked the God of Christians; her matchless form, prostrate on the ground, in the humble posture of supplication, she offered a pious prayer to Heaven. What a sublime idea I then formed, O René! of a religion which, in the midst of deserts, amid the wants of life, pours innumerable comforts on a wretched being; of a religion which can, at will, curb the most impetuous passion, when the secrecy of woods, the absence of men, the mystery of the shade, all seem to favor it. How heavenly she looked, the ingenious savage, the innocent Atala, when on her knees before a fallen pine, which seemed as a victim at the foot of the altar, she offered to the Lord of life through the tufted trees the most fervent prayers for the conversion of her idolatrous lover. Her eyes turned toward the refulgent lamp of night, her cheeks bedewed with tears of love and piety, she appeared like an immortal spirit. Often did I think I saw her take her flight to Heaven; often methought I saw descending from the azure skies, and that I heard whispering among the branches, those aerial beings the Great Spirit sends to the holy hermits of the rocks, when he chooses to recall them to his bosom. I trembled, as I feared Atala had but a short time to spend on this mortal earth.

She sobbed, she wept so bitterly, she looked so distressed, that I felt almost tempted to obey and leave her, when the cries of death resounded through the forest, and I was seized by four armed warriors. Our flight had been discovered, and their chief had sent them in our pursuit.

Atala, who seemed divine, so dignified were her mien and her steps, cast a scornful look on them; and, without uttering a word, she hastened to her father.

He was deaf to all her supplications, he increased the number of my guards, he doubled my fetters, and refused to let my beloved come near me. Five days elapsed, and we perceived Apalachucla lying near the river Chatautché. I was immediately crowned with flowers, my face was painted with blue and vermilion, pearls were tied to my nose and ears, and a Chechikoué was put into my hands.

Thus adorned for the sacrifice, I entered Apalachucla, followed by the shouts of an immense crowd. I gave myself up for lost, when the sound of a conch was heard, and the Mico, chief of the whole tribe, ordered the council to assemble. You know, my boy, what horrid tortures the savages inflict upon

their prisoners of war. Christian missionaries, at the peril of their lives, with an indefatigable zeal had prevailed on several nations to replace, by a mild slavery, the torments of death. The Muscogulges had not yet adopted that humane custom; but a numerous party had declared for it; and it was to determine on that important question that Mico had assembled the Sachems. I was brought to the hall of debate, situate on an isolated spot near Apalachucla. Three circles of columns composed the elegant and simple architecture of the building: they were made of cypress, well carved and polished; the columns augmented in height and size and decreased in number as they drew near the center, which was supported by a single pillar, from whose top long strips of bark, bending over the other columns, covered the rotunda like a transparent fan.

The council met. Fifty old men, clad in magnificent beaver cloaks, sat upon steps opposite the entrance of the pavilion; the great chief stood in the midst of them, holding in his hand the calumet of peace, half painted for war. On the right of the elders were placed fifty matrons, dressed in flowing garments, made of the down of swans. The chiefs of the warriors, a tomahawk in their hands, feathers on their heads, their wrists and breasts stained with blood, sat on the left. At the foot of the central column burnt the fire of council. The first juggler, followed by eight attendants in long robes, a stuffed owl on his head, threw some copal in the flame, and offered a sacrifice to the sun. The triple range of elders, matrons, and warriors, the clouds of frankincense, the sacrifice, all gave to the savage council an awful and pompous appearance.

I stood in the center loaded with chains. The sacrifice over, the Mico simply exposed the reasons for which he had convened them, and threw a blue collar in the room as a token of what he had said. Then arose a Sachem, of the tribe of the eagle, who spoke thus:—

"Father and venerable Mico, Sachems, matrons, and you warriors of the tribes of the eagle, the beaver, the serpent, and the tortoise, do not alter any of the customs of our ancestors: burn the prisoner. Let no reason whatever abate our courage. The plan was suggested by white men, and therefore must be pernicious: here is a red collar as a pledge of my words." And he threw it in the hall.

A matron rose and said:—

"Father of the tribe of the eagle, you possess the shrewd

penetration of the fox, and the slow prudence of the tortoise. I will strengthen the ties of friendship between us, and we shall both plant the tree of peace. But let us remove from the customs of our forefathers all that shocks humanity and reason. Let us have slaves to cultivate our fields, and suffer the groans of prisoners no longer to disturb infants in their mothers' womb."

As when the stormy sea dashes her tumultuous billows; or when the faded leaves in autumn are whirled by the winds; or when the reeds in the Meschacébé bend and suddenly rise under the emerging floods; or when a herd of amorous stags roar in the solitary woods — such was the murmur of the council. Sachems, warriors, matrons, all spoke together. The opinions varied, no one could agree; the council was on the point of breaking up. At last the ancient custom prevailed, and it was resolved that I should be burnt with the usual tortures. A circumstance protracted my fate. The feast of the dead, or the banquet of souls, drew near, and it was forbidden to put any prisoner to death during the days allotted to that holy rite. I was intrusted to the care of a vigilant guard, and the Sachems, no doubt, kept away the daughter of Simaghan, for I saw her no more. . . .

How much are men to be pitied, dear boy! Those very Indians whose customs are so affecting, those very women who had expressed so much compassion for my misfortunes, now called aloud for my death; nay, whole nations delayed their journey to behold the tortures of a harmless youth.

In the middle of a valley, towards the north, and at some distance from the village, was a dark wood of cypress and pines, called the grove of blood. A narrow path led to it amid the moldering ruins of old monuments that had belonged to a tribe now unknown in the desert; there was a wide lawn in the center of the wood, on which they sacrificed their prisoners of war: thither was I conducted in triumph. All was prepared for my death: the fatal stake of Areskoui planted, ancient pines, cypress, and elms felled to the ground, the pile erected, and amphitheaters constructed for the spectators. Each inventing new tortures; one wanted to tear the skin off my forehead, another to burn my eyes with red-hot hatchets. I thus began my death song: —

"I am a true man, I fear neither fire nor death, O Muscogulges! I defy you, and think you less than women. My

father, the warlike Outalissi, son of Miscou, has drunk in the skulls of your most renowned heroes. You shall not draw one single sigh from my heart."

Provoked at my song, one of the warriors pierced my arm with an arrow. I said, "Brother, I thank thee."

Expeditious as were my tormentors, they could not get everything ready for my execution, before the setting sun. They consulted the juggler, who forbade to disturb the genii of the night, and my death was therefore postponed until the next day. But impatient to behold the horrid sight, and to be ready against the morrow's dawn, they remained in the wood, kindled the evening fire, and began their dances.

I was stretched on my back, and cords entwined around my neck, my arms and my feet were tied to spears stuck deep in the ground: guards sat on the ropes, and I could not move unfelt by them. Night darkened on the skies, the songs and dances ended, the half-consumed piles threw but a glimmering light, which reflected the shadows of a few wandering savages. At last all was asleep, and as the busy hum of men decreased, the roaring of the storm augmented, and succeeded to the confused din of voices.

It was at that hour when the newly delivered Indian awakes from her slumbers, and thinking she hears the cries of her first-born, starts from her couch to press her milky breast on his coral lips. My eyes turned toward the murky heavens, I sadly reflected on my dismal fate; Atala seemed a monster of ingratitude to me, who had preferred the most horrid death rather than forsake her: she left me forlorn in the most awful moment, yet I felt I loved her, and that I gladly died for her.

In exquisite pleasure, a secret impulse leads us to profit of each precious instant. In extreme pain, on the contrary, our soul, blighted and torn by excessive sorrow, slumbers almost senseless; our eyes oppressed with tears naturally close, and thus Providence administers his balmy comfort to the unfortunate. I felt, in spite of myself, that momentary sleep which suspends for a time the sufferings of the wretched. I dreamt that a generous hand tore away my bonds, and I experienced that sweet sensation so delicious to the freed prisoner, whose limbs were bruised by galling fetters.

The sensation became so powerful that I opened my eyes. By the light of the moon, whose propitious rays darted through the fleecy clouds, I perceived a tall figure dressed in white, and

silently occupied in untying my chains. I was going to call aloud, when a well-known hand stopt my mouth. One single cord remained, which it seemed impossible to break without waking the guard that lay stretched upon it. Atala pulled it, the warrior, half awake, started; Atala stood motionless; he stared, took her for the genius of the ruins, and fell aghast on the ground, shutting his eyes and invoking his manitou.

The cord is broken. I rise and follow my deliverer. But how many perils surround us! now we are ready to stumble against some savage sleeping in the shade; sometimes called by a guard, Atala answers, altering her voice; children shriek, dogs bark, we had scarcely passed the fatal inclosure when the most terrific yells resounded through the forest, the whole camp awaked, the savages light their torches to pursue us, and we hasten our steps: when the first dawn of morn appeared we were already far in the desert. Great Spirit! thou knowest how exquisite was my felicity, when I found myself once more in the wilderness with Atala, with my deliverer, my beloved Atala, who gave herself to me forever! Throwing myself at her feet, I said with a faltering voice, "Men are poor beings, O daughter of Simaghan! but when they are visited by the genii, they are mere atoms. Thou art my genius, thou hast visited me; gratitude cannot find utterance." Atala offered her hand with a melancholy smile; "I must follow you, since you will not fly without me. Last night I bribed the juggler, intoxicated your guards with the essence of fire, and cheerfully hazarded my life for you, who gave yours for me. Yes, young idolater!" exclaimed she, with an accent that terrified me, "Yes, the sacrifice shall be reciprocal."

Atala gave me weapons she had carried with her, dressed my wound with the leaves of papaia, and bathed it with her tears. "It is a salutary balm you pour on my wound," said I. "Alas! I fear it is poison," she replied, "which flows from a blighted heart." She tore a veil from her bosom, and tied my arm with her hair.

Intoxication, which among savages lasts long, and is a kind of malady, prevented our enemies, no doubt, from pursuing us for the first day. If they sought for us afterwards, they probably went towards the western side, thinking we were gone down the Meschacébé. But we had bent our course towards the fixed star, guiding our steps by the moss on the oaks.

We soon perceived how little we had gained by my deliver-

ance. The desert now displayed its boundless solitudes before us; inexperienced in a lonely life, in the midst of forests, wandering from the right path, we strayed helpless and forlorn. While I gazed on Atala, I often thought of the history of Hagar in the desert of Beersheba, which Lopez had made me read, and which happened in those remote times when men lived three ages of oaks. . . .

Alas! I soon perceived how much Atala's seeming serenity had deceived me: as we went farther into the desert, she grew more melancholy. Sometimes she suddenly shuddered, and quickly turned her head, or I surprised her casting on me the most impassioned looks, and then she would raise her eyes to heaven in deep affliction. What terrified me most was a secret painful thought she kept concealed from me, but which her agitated countenance partly discovered. Constantly encouraging and repelling my solicitations, reviving or destroying my hopes; when I thought I had made some progress in her heart, she always disappointed my expectations. Often did she say, "I cherish thee, O my beloved! as the shady groves in the sultry heat; thou art as beauteous as the verdant landskip, embalmed with the flowers of spring; when I approach thee I tremble; if my hand meets with thine I think myself dying: the other day, as thou wert slumbering on my bosom, the wind scattered thy locks on my face, methought I felt the touch of some spirit. Yes, I have seen the young kids sport on the sloping mountain of Occona; I have listened to the language of men advanced in years. But the meekness of playful kids, the wisdom of elders, are neither so sweet nor so persuasive as thy words. Well, Chactas, I can never be thy wife!"

The perpetual contradictions of love and religion, her excessive tenderness, her chaste purity, her noble mind, her exquisite sensibility, the elevation of her soul on great occasions, and her susceptibility in trifles, showed me in Atala the most incomprehensible being. She could not obtain a momentary empire of the heart; her exalted love and her rigid virtue forced man to worship, or to hate her.

After a rapid march of fifteen nights, we reached the mountains of Alleghany, and came to the banks of the Tennasse, a river that empties itself in the Ohio. By the advice of Atala, I built a canoe, which I calked with the gum of plum trees, seaming the barks with the roots of pines; and embarking on the frail pirogue, we were carried along by the stream.

Solitude, the constant presence of the beloved object, our misfortunes, all increased our love. Atala's resolution began to forsake her, and her passion in weakening her delicate frame was triumphing over her virtue. She constantly prayed to her mother, whose angry ghost she seemed endeavoring to appease. Sometimes she asked me if I did not hear the groans of an invisible spirit; or if I did not see flames darting from the ground. Worn by fatigue, consumed by desire, and thinking that we were forever lost in these vast forests: often, clasping my beloved in my arms, did I propose to her to build a hut, and spend the remainder of our days in those deserts; she obstinately refused, saying, "Remember, my dear friend, what a warrior owes to his country. What is a poor weak woman, in comparison of the many duties thou hast to fulfill? Take courage, son of Outalassi, do not murmur against thy destiny. The heart of man is like the sponge in the river; in fair weather it imbibes the purest water, and when the storms have disturbed the waves, it is swelled by the slimy flood. Has the sponge a right to say, I thought there never should have been a storm, nor that I should have been dried by the scorching sun?"

O René! if you fear the aching of the heart, avoid lonely retreats; great passions are solitary, bringing them to a desert is leading them to their own empire. Distracted with grief and fears, exposed every moment to fall into the hands of Indian foes, or to be swallowed by the waves, to be stung by serpents, or devoured by wild beasts, scarce able to procure our miserable pittance, knowing not where to bend our steps, we thought our misfortunes could never be greater, when the most fatal accident filled up the measure of our woes. It was on the twenty-seventh sun, since our flight from the grove of blood. The moon of fire had begun her course, and all foreboded a storm. About the hour when the Indian matrons suspended their rakes to the branches of savin trees, when the parrots shelter themselves from the heat of the day in the hollow cypresses, the sky began to darken. All was still in the wilderness. Soon distant peals of thunder were repeated by the echoes of woods as ancient as the world; dreading to perish in the flood, we hurried on shore to seek shelter in the forest.

Walking on a marshy ground, we could hardly proceed under arches of smilax, amongst clumps of vines, indigoes, and creeping lianes that entangled our feet like nets; the earth

was sinking under us, we feared to be buried in the mire. Numberless insects, enormous bats, almost blinded us; we heard the fatal rattle of the poisonous snake; wolves, bears, buffaloes, carcajoux, and tigers flocked in crowds to save themselves in the forest. They rent the air with their terrific yells.

Total darkness overspread the atmosphere, the lowering clouds covered the tops of trees, lurid lightnings tore the blazing skies, the tempestuous wind whirled cloud upon cloud, the firmament, rent asunder, unveiled through its crevices a new heaven on fire; the whole mass of the forest bowed in awful reverence. What a sublime and tremendous sight! the thunder poured conflagration on the woods; the flames spread in oceans of fire, columns of smoke assailed the heavens, disgorging their bolts in the vast combustion; the rolling thunder, the clash of shattered trees, the groaning of phantoms, the howling of wild beasts, the roaring of torrents, the hissing of lightning extinguished in the waves. All seemed a wreck of matter, ringing through the desert.

The Great Spirit knows that, during the seeming dissolution of nature, I saw or feared for none but Atala. Leaning against the tree which served us as a refuge, my body bent over her lovely form, I endeavored to shelter her from the rain that fell from the dripping foliage; seated on the wet ground, I held her on my knees, warming her cold feet in my hands. Listening attentively to the storm, I felt Atala's tears, hot like the milk pouring from the luxuriant udder, drop on my burning cheek. "O Atala!" exclaimed I, "open thy heart to me, tell the painful secret thou hast ostensibly concealed: thou knowest how sweet it is to unfold our most private thoughts to a friend. Yes, I see it, thou weepest for thy native hut!" — "Child of nature," she replied, "why should I weep for my native hut, since my father was not born in the land of palms?" — "What," said I, with amazement, "your father was not born in the land of palms! who then was he that placed you in this world of sorrow?" She resumed, "Before my mother brought to Simaghan, as her marriage portion, thirty mares, twenty oxen, one hundred tubs of acorn oil, fifty beavers' skins, and many more treasures, she had known a white man. But the mother of my mother, throwing water on her face, obliged her to espouse Magnanimous Simaghan, our chief, revered by the nation as one of the genii. My mother told her bridegroom, 'My womb

has conceived, O slay me!' 'No,' replied generous Simaghan, 'may the Great Spirit spare me the horrid deed. I will not mangle you, I shall not cut your nose nor your ears, because you have spoken truth, and have not deceived the bridal couch. The fruit of your womb shall be mine, and I will not approach you till the ricebird is flown, and that the thirteenth moon has illumined the sky.' About that time she gave me birth; and as I grew, I soon displayed the haughtiness of a Spaniard, blended with the pride of a savage. She made me a Christian like my father and herself; shortly after the sorrows of love assailed her, and she now rests in the narrow hut hung with skins, from which no one ever returns." So Atala ended her narrative. I asked, "Who then was thy father, poor orphan of the wilderness? What name did he bear among men? How was he called among the genii?" — "I never bathed my father's feet," replied Atala; "I only know that he resided with his sister at St. Augustine, and that he has ever been faithful to my mother. Philip was his name among the angels, and men called him Lopez."

Hearing these last words, I exclaimed with rapture, clasping my beloved to my throbbing breast, "O sister! O daughter of Lopez! O the child of my benefactor!" Atala, alarmed, inquired the cause of my emotion. But when she learned Lopez was that generous protector who had adopted me at St. Augustine, and whom I had forsaken to wander in the desert, she shared my frantic joy. Already overwhelmed by our passion, fraternal love was too much. The fainting Atala vainly tried to escape me, with a convulsive motion she raised her hands to her face, and then reclined her beauteous head on my bosom. Already had I tasted on her quivering lips the intoxicating draught of love; my eyes directed towards heaven, in those dreary wilds, and in presence of the Eternal Spirit, I held my adored entwined in my arms, — nuptial pomp, fit to grace our exquisite love, and worthy of our misfortunes! Superb forests, that bent your lofty heads in verdant domes over us like the canopy of the bridal couch, — burning pines that served as hymeneal torches, — roaring torrents, groaning mountains, horrid and sublime nature, could you not one instant conceive in your terrific mysteries the felicity of one man?

Atala opposing but a weak resistance, I was going to taste ecstatic bliss, when a thunderbolt, darting through the dark space, felled a pine close by us. The forest filled with sul-

phurous smoke, aghast we fly; O surprise! when silence suspended the tremendous crushing of nature, we heard the sound of a bell. We listened, and shortly distinguished the barking of a dog; the sound draws near, the dog appears, runs and skips, licking our feet with joy. A venerable hermit followed along the shade, with a lantern in his hand. "Blessed be Providence!" exclaimed he, when he saw us; "I have been long looking for you—we usually ring our bell at night during a storm to call the straying traveler. Like our brethren on Mount Lebanon and on the Alps, we teach our dogs to track the wandering stranger in these deserts. Mine scented you as soon as the storm began, and led me hither. Good God, how young they are! Poor children, how they must have suffered in these wilds! Come, I have brought a bearskin; it will serve for you, young maid; here is some wine in my gourd that will strengthen you. The Almighty be praised in all his works! great is his mercy, his goodness is infinite."

Atala, throwing herself at his feet, said, "Chief of prayer! I am a Christian, and Heaven sends you here to save me." To me the old man was incomprehensible: his charity appeared so much above human that I thought myself in a dream. By the light of his lantern, I saw the hermit's hoary locks and beard dripping with rain; his face, his hands, his feet, were mangled by thorns. "Old man," said I, "what a heart is thine, since thou hast not feared to be crushed by the thunderbolt?"—"Feared!" replied he, warmly, "feared! when I knew my fellow-creatures in peril, and that I could assist them? Alas! I should prove a wretched servant of Christ!"—"But do you know that I am no Christian?"—"Young man," resumed he, "have I asked thy religion? Christ never said, my blood shall wash this and not that man. He died for the Jew as well as the Gentile, and in us poor mortals he beheld none but brethren. What I now do for you is a trifle; in other climes you would meet with greater assistance. But glory be to God, and not to priests. What are we but weak men, and the humble tools the Omnipotent employs to accomplish his works? Who then is the cowardly soldier that would basely forsake his leader when, the cross in his hand, his forehead crowned with thorns, he hastens to the help of the unfortunate?"

The old man's words penetrated my heart, and tears of admiration and gratitude rushed from my eyes. "My dear Neophytes," said the missionary, "I am the pastor of some of

your savage brethren in these deserts: my cell is near, on the mountain. Come, follow me, there you may rest; and although you will not find the luxuries of life, it will prove a refuge against the storm, and you must return thanks to the Most High; for, alas! there are many who now want an asylum."



CASABIANCA.

By FELICIA D HEMANS.

[1793-1835.]

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the "Orient," remained at his post in the battle of the Nile after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

The boy stood on the burning deck
  Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
  Shone round him o'er the dead

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
  As born to rule the storm —
A creature of heroic blood,
  A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
  Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
  His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say
  If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
  Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
  "If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
  And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
  And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
  In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With *mast*, and *helm*, and *pennon fair*,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!



THE MURDER OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.[1]

By PIERRE LANFREY.

(From "The History of Napoleon.")

[PIERRE LANFREY: A French historian and publicist; born at Chambéry, Savoy, October 26, 1828, died at Pau, November 16, 1877. He was educated at the Jesuits' College in his native town, and at the Collège Bourbon, Paris. He studied law but did not practice, giving his attention exclusively to historical research and literary work. His published writings include: "The Church and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century" (1857), "Essay on the French Revolution" (1858), "Political Studies and Portraits" (1863), and "History of Napoleon I" (5 vols, 1867–1875). The last named is his principal work, and was left incomplete M. Lanfrey was a soldier in the war with Germany; was elected deputy to the National Assembly in 1871; and was ambassador to Thiers (1871–1873). He was chosen senator in 1875, but, owing to feeble health, he was unable to serve]

DECIDED as he was to strike the Bourbons personally, in order to disgust them with conspiracies and terrify their partisans, he had immediately inquired if there were not within his reach another member of this family, which he doubly detested since they had fought hand to hand with him, and since they had contemptuously rejected his offer of two millions as the price of a renunciation of the crown of France. Unhappily for

[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.

the glory of the First Consul, this Bourbon was found; he had resided for nearly two years at Ettenheim, very near Strasburg, but in the territory of Baden. He was the Duc d'Enghien, son of the Prince de Condé, a young man full of ardor and courage, always in the foremost rank in the battles in which his father's army had taken part. Having retired to Ettenheim at the end of the war, he had lived there, attracted by a romantic passion for the Princess Charlotte de Rohan, whom he had secretly married, while the neighborhood of the Black Forest allowed him to satisfy his taste for hunting. A perfect stranger to the conspiracy, of which he had not even known the existence, he was waiting till the English Cabinet, which gave him a pension, should send him notice to resume his services in the corps of the emigrants. Bonaparte caused him to be watched by an ancient servitor of his house, named Lamothe, whose report gave no evidence of his complicity with the conspirators of Paris, but mentioned two circumstances calculated to raise suspicions: the first was the presence at Ettenheim of Dumouriez, whose name the agent had by mistake confused with that of the Marquis de Thumery; the second was a widely spread report, though equally erroneous, that the Duc d'Enghien sometimes ventured to go to the theater at Strasburg. But these two facts, supposing them proved, which was not the case, did not constitute a serious presumption, for nothing had hitherto shown that Dumouriez belonged to the conspiracy, and if the duke went stealthily to Strasburg, it by no means followed that he had come as far as Paris. The Government had, moreover, in their hands the correspondence of Drake with Méhée, they had the reports of their agents in the neighborhood, of Taylor and Spencer Smith; they had the dispatches of M. de Massias, our minister at Baden; and they knew so much the better that there was no foundation in Drake's conspiracy, that Bonaparte had himself organized it, and held all the threads of the imbroglio. If the Duc d'Enghien had played at Ettenheim the part attributed to him, it is certain that some mention of it would be found in the various documents, which are all silent about him. Napoleon could not for a moment believe that the Duc d'Enghien was conspiring against him, and we can only regard as an abominable comedy the famous scene, so often brought forward, which Desmarest first related: "Well, M. Réal, you never told me that the Duc d'Enghien was four leagues from my frontier, organizing a military plot; am I then



DUC D'ENGHIEN

a dog, that the first comer may murder with impunity?" Then came Talleyrand, who met with the same reception, and after him Cambacérès, who, on hearing that it was proposed to seize and shoot the Duc d'Enghien, respectfully expressed a wish that the severity would not go so far. "Learn," replied Bonaparte, "that I will not spare my murderers!" Moreover, this explosion of feigned anger appears so uncalled for, even to the author of this narrative, that he explains it by Napoleon's persuasion that the Duc d'Enghien was the French prince who was to put himself at the head of the conspirators. But they had named this French prince more than a month before in their depositions; it was the Count d'Artois, followed by the Duc de Berri. This prince was to come from England and not from the banks of the Rhine; it was he whom Savary had been awaiting twenty-eight days at Biville cliff. This second error is then still less admissible than the first. The only crime of the Duc d'Enghien was being within reach of Bonaparte at the moment that Bonaparte needed the blood of a Bourbon, and it was for this reason alone that he was chosen and struck.

All of the arguments invented both at the time and since for throwing upon chance or passive instruments the responsibility of the murder, fall to the ground before a simple statement of the facts. It was at the end of February when Bonaparte learned that he must definitely renounce all hope of drawing the Count d'Artois into the ambuscade of Biville; he immediately made Réal write to the prefect of Strasburg, to inquire if the Duc d'Enghien was at Ettenheim. In this letter of March 1st to M. Shée, Réal does not ask: "Is the duke conspiring? Have you any information to give concerning him?" He simply asks this: "Is the duke still at Ettenheim?" Lamothe's report arrived at Paris March 9, the 10th of March Bonaparte gave Caulaincourt and Ordener orders to cross the frontier, and invest one Offenburg, and the other Ettenheim. This fact is closely connected with all that precedes it; it was the resolution of a violent soul impatient to strike. How can it be attributed to another than himself, who was then everything, and who alone in this affair was carried away by passion and blinded by self-interest? In his conversations at St. Helena, sometimes he claimed the resolution as his own; at others, he ascribed it to the perfidious counsels of involuntary actors who were mixed up in this melancholy drama, as if he was accustomed to be influenced by those around him, espe-

cially upon questions of such importance! And whom does he accuse of this? The man who, by his position, had the least interest in hurrying him on to such an excess, and who, by his character, felt the most repugnance to it, Talleyrand,—the cold, prudent, moderate Talleyrand, the man of middle courses, the enemy of extreme parties, whose nature was complaisant even to cowardice, but neither bad nor cruel. And to what end would Talleyrand have imagined this crime? To compromise Bonaparte forever with the Bourbons and render their return impossible? But why? What fear or what ambition could inspire in him such madness? Was this royal race between himself and the throne? What had he so much to dread in the Bourbons,—he who had been steeped in none of the excesses of the Revolution, who had not been either a regicide like Fouché or a terrorist like Bonaparte,—he who was one of the few possible statesmen in the event of a restoration?

To this false and cowardly excuse, pleaded by a man who sometimes repudiated his own crime, and sometimes gloried in it with cynical pride, according as he thought of appeasing or amazing historians, the apologists of the reign have added justifications of which he had himself never thought, and of which the success would probably have furnished him with fresh reasons for despising men more ingenious than the tyrant himself in freeing his tyranny from reproach. Such is the tale of the pretended *quid pro quo*, which was Bonaparte's determining motive. This story, which appears to have been originally invented by Réal and Savary, men strongly interested in exculpating their master in order to clear their own memory, consists in maintaining that the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien was only resolved upon on the conviction that he was a certain mysterious personage, known by the name of Charles, whom some of the prisoners said they had seen at Georges', and of whom they gave a description. According to this version, Bonaparte was persuaded that this personage was the prince who was to put himself at the head of the conspiracy in order to direct it, and he only ordered the Duc d'Enghien to be seized "that he might confront him with the witnesses"; that is to say, that he might prove his identity with this unknown individual; hence the fatal error which led to the catastrophe of Vincennes. In the first place, we find no trace of this conviction in the original documents; they had the most minute description of the mysterious personage,—"bald, fair, middle

height," etc. This description did not answer in any point to that of the Duc d'Enghien; the first gendarmes could have proved it; and the question was not even asked of the agent sent to Ettenheim to watch the duke! In the second place, this description was no other than that of Charles Pichegru, whose identity they had easily been able to prove, since he had been confined in the Temple for ten days, with the prisoners who had denounced him, and when the Duc d'Enghien was taken, no one for a moment thought of the confrontation. In the third place, Bonaparte had known since February 14, that is to say, for a month, by the confession of Bouvet de Lozier, that the chiefs of the conspiracy were the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Berri, who were coming from England, the center of the plot, and not from the banks of the Rhine; and it was only because he had failed to get possession of their persons that he thought of seizing the Duc d'Enghien, whose name had never even been pronounced in a single deposition.

There is more: the published account of Georges' trial shows that when Picot was questioned upon the name of the mysterious personage, as far back as the 14th of February, he replied that it could be no other than Pichegru, and his declaration was confirmed by all the other prisoners. Every one of these assertions, and all that has since been added to them to make them appear more probable, breaks down under a close examination. Not only was the original determination Bonaparte's, but never was a resolution more freely pondered over and adopted, never was one more independent of that fatality, of those errors, which so often influence our designs, and never was one more personal; it bears his signature, and has nothing in common with the revolutionary atrocities in which we always meet with the blind inflexibility of a principle. The terror struck in the name of the law; here it is the Corsican vendetta, which pursues its enemy, in his children, in his family, and, when occasion requires, in his most distant relations.

There was, it is said, a council, in which the measure was only discussed for the sake of form, and in which Cambacérès claims the honor of having given counsels of moderation, that were too timid to be listened to, which drew upon him this famous reply: "You have become very sparing of the blood of the Bourbons!" But we must put in the list of stories the anecdote of a pretended report, read by Talleyrand in support of the measure, which he stole from the archives to burn, but

left by mistake at the bottom of a drawer, where an avenging providence took care to preserve it. These are gross falsehoods that are not worth discussion. The only document that Talleyrand drew up at that time (and it is too much for his honor) is the one in which, as minister of foreign affairs, he informed the Elector of Baden of the violation of territory which the First Consul had committed "with the deepest regret."

On the 15th of March, 1804, a detachment of dragoons set out from Schelestadt, in the middle of the night, under the order of Colonel Ordener, crossed the Rhine, surprised Ettenheim, and surrounded the house in which Duc d'Enghien lived. He was at first inclined to reply to the summons to open the door by firing upon his assailants; he was deterred from doing so by a German officer, who was near him, and who having asked him "if he was compromised," upon his reply in the negative pointed out to him the uselessness of resistance; he surrendered himself prisoner, not to expose his friends. All his papers were then seized, and he was conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he was confined with the Marquis de Thumery and the persons who had been found in his house. Of all these persons, who were eight in number, the Marquis and Colonel Grunstein were the only ones that belonged to the military emigrants; the others were ecclesiastics and domestics. They had therefore immediate proof of the falsity of the report both with regard to the presence of Dumouriez and the complicity of the duke with the conspiracy of Paris, of which there was no trace in his papers, and even of the military rank that he was said to hold with a view of the coming war, for he was living there as a private individual; and the assemblage of emigrants that were supposed to have grouped around him was purely imaginary.

But the death of the unfortunate young man had been resolved upon, and was the more inevitable that it was combined with a political calculation. As early as the 12th of March, Bonaparte retired to Malmaison, where he both escaped solicitations that he was decided not to listen to, and was removed from the theater of the crime, for he did not wish to appear personally in an act in which his will had been supreme. It is Murat, whom he had just named governor of Paris, Réal, the head of his police, and Savary, his man of execution, who take the most prominent part in a drama in which they were only his instruments. On the 15th of March he wrote to Réal to pre-

pare everything in the château of Vincennes. On the 17th he had the correspondence of the Duc d'Enghien in his hands; two days later he returned it to Réal, commanding him not to allow any discussion to take place upon the greater or lesser charges that his papers contained. He knew that all these charges were reduced to a single one, — to the crime of having served in the army of the emigrants, and being ready to serve in it again, — a crime that he had pardoned in so many thousands of men, infinitely less excusable than the heir of a family so cruelly tried by the Revolution; he knew that all the suspicions that had been raised against him were without foundation. The imprudent story of Savary, relative to the confusion "with the mysterious personage," becomes at this point so unsustainable that his continuators are obliged to admit that Bonaparte was no longer under this false impression; but he then feared, they say, "to expose himself to the contemptuous laugh of the Royalists." A singular reason for sacrificing an innocent person! Bonaparte had, moreover, nothing of the kind to apprehend from a terrified party. He was no longer under the influence of fear or illusion; he acted with due knowledge. On the 18th of March he received a dispatch from M. de Massias, our minister at Baden, who certified "that the conduct of the duke had always been innocent and moderate."

According to the received story, his dispatch was intercepted by M. de Talleyrand; but such activity in a hatred without motives scarcely appears reconcilable with the careless character of this statesman. M. de Massias did more; he went to Strasburg, and informed the prefect that there was neither plot nor assemblage of emigrants at Ettenheim. Are we to believe that M. Shée had, like Talleyrand, taken an oath to ruin the duke? The conduct and the intentions of the Duc d'Enghien were of very little consequence to Bonaparte; what he wanted was to get rid of him. Upon all these points his mind was so fully made up, that in the draft of the examination which he sent to Réal on the morning of the 20th of March (and more probably the evening of the 19th) the grievance of complicity in the conspiracy is not even mentioned; he is no longer accused of anything more "than of having borne arms against his country," and collateral facts connected with this principal one; he merely asks him, in the last place, "if he had any knowledge of the plot, and if in case it succeeded, he was not to enter Alsace." He takes no more pains to invoke false pretexts, he contents him-

self with a reason which is sufficient for condemning him to death, for this was all he wanted.

While preparations were being made for this tragic event, Bonaparte remained shut up in Malmaison, inaccessible to every one except his most intimate familiars. He recited to them, they say, verses from our most celebrated poets on the subject of clemency, in order to stop their supplications by giving utterance to sentiments that did not exist in his heart. Réal and Savary had continual interviews with him, and they arranged together the measures to be taken. As no one cared to fix his name to a dishonorable decree, the prince was to be tried by a commission composed of the colonels of the garrison of Paris, men of great devotion, and incapable of discerning the gravity of the act demanded of them. Réal was not to compromise himself by taking part in an examination that was only a form; his place was to be supplied by a captain reporter chosen by Murat. If the prisoner should ask to be allowed to see Bonaparte, no attention was to be paid to his demand. The First Consul ordered that the sentence was to be executed immediately, a sinister expression which clearly indicated the nature of that sentence. Notwithstanding all the lies that have been told about this incident of his life, there is no trace of a fact which proves that he experienced a moment's hesitation; everything shows, on the contrary, that a murder was never more coldly committed. He has been represented as walking by himself for hours together in the avenues of Malmaison, restless, hesitating, and in an anxious state of mind. "The proof of his agitation," it has been said, "is in his inoccupation, for he dictated scarcely a single letter during the whole week that he stayed at Malmaison, a unique instance of idleness in his life." A glance at his correspondence from the 15th to the 23d of March suffices to show the incorrectness of this assertion; in this short space of time he dictated twenty-seven letters, some of them of unusual length, and relative to affairs of every kind. On the 20th of March alone, a day on which his agitation would have been at its height, he dictated as many as seven, and in this number we find a long one written to Soult, in which he speaks of nothing but the calibre of the bombs at Boulogne and Fort Rouge, the changes to be made in the platforms of the gunboats and pinnaces of the Batavian Flotilla, and the "bales of poisoned cotton which the English had vomited upon our coasts to infect the continent," — an idea that would appear

ridiculous under any other circumstances, and one which bespeaks a singularly darkened imagination, but not a mind stung by remorse.

The Duc d'Enghien reached Paris on the 20th of March, about eleven o'clock in the morning; he was detained at the gate till four o'clock in the afternoon, evidently for fresh orders from Malmaison. From thence he was conducted by the outer boulevards to the dungeon of Vincennes, where Bonaparte had placed as governor a confidential man, well worthy of the work over which he was to preside. It was that same Harel who had delivered up to him the innocent heads of Arena, Ceracchi, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville for a crime of which he was the sole instigator and sole perpetrator. The prince was then allowed to take some rest and refreshment. It has been discovered by a close inquiry that was afterward instituted upon this tragical event, that when the Duc d'Enghien arrived at Vincennes to be tried, his grave was already dug. Toward midnight he was awoke by Captain Dautancourt, who commenced a preliminary examination as reporter of the commission. His replies were simple, noble, and modest, extremely clear and perfectly truthful. He admitted that he had served all through the war, first as a volunteer, and afterwards as major of the vanguard of the Corps de Bourbon; that he received pay from England, and had nothing else to depend on. But he denied ever having known either Dumouriez or Pichegru. At the moment of signing the report, he wrote with his own hand upon the minute "that he earnestly demanded to have a private interview with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my way of thinking, and the horror of my situation," he added, "make me hope that he will not refuse my demand." The choice of the hour alone indicated that his fate was decided. It is this request of a dying man, repeated a few minutes later before the commission, and not only foreseen but refused beforehand, as both Hullin and Savary attest, that is transformed, in the narrative of St. Helena, into a letter which was kept back by Talleyrand, always thirsting for the blood of the Bourbons. "The duke," says Napoleon, "wrote me a letter, in which he offered me his services, and asked for the command of an army, and that wretch of a Talleyrand did not give it to me till two days after the death of the prince!" This is a twofold and shameful calumny, one against Talleyrand, the other against the Duc

d'Enghien, and the latter is particularly odious: it is like a blow struck by the executioner on the face of the victim after he has beheaded him. The duke wrote no letter at all, much less such a discreditable one; but even if he had written it, either at Strasburg or Vincennes, it would under no circumstances have been put into the hands of M. Talleyrand. It would have been sent with all the other papers straight to Malmaison, or, in case of a very improbable confusion, to the Grand Judge or Réal, who was charged with the superintendence of the police, or even to Murat, governor of Paris. It is not possible that it was addressed to M. Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs. Supposing him to have been the cruel monster that such a deed would denote, Talleyrand was too pliant, too cautious, to act thus toward a man like Bonaparte. This anecdote can only do harm to the memory of him who invented it, and to the intelligence of those who have sanctioned it.

At two o'clock in the morning the prince was brought before the military commission that General Hullin presided over. By the mournful and immovable countenances of these men, accustomed to passive obedience, it was easy to see that they had received their orders, and the condemnation of the accused was written upon their severe and dejected faces. Everything in them and about them declared the melancholy office they had accepted; the darkness which surrounded them, the mystery with which they proceeded, the silence and isolation of this nocturnal hour, the absence of witnesses, of the public, of a counsel that is not refused to the worst of murderers, of all the forms for protecting the accused, the stealthy alacrity with which they hurried through their work, all these mute things have a terrible voice which cries: "These are not judges!" At the sight of their attitude the prisoner divined the fate that awaited him. The noble youth stood erect and replied with simple and manly dignity to the summary questions addressed to him by Hullin. They were put for the sake of form, and were merely an abridged repetition of those of the captain reporter: they state no other fact than that of having borne arms against the Republic, a fact that the prisoner did not deny. It is said that when Hullin asked him if he were connected with the plot against the life of the First Consul, the blood of the Condés boiled within him, and he repelled the suspicion with a flush of anger and indignation, but the hard

reproaches which twenty years later Savary placed in the mouth of Hullin, are devoid of all probability, for the judges were more embarrassed than the accused. Hullin, who is a better authority, assures us, on the contrary, that he endeavored to suggest to the prisoner a reticence that might save him, and that he rejected it with lofty resentment, as unworthy of himself. When the examination was terminated, the prince repeated his demand to have an interview with the First Consul. Then Savary, who had hitherto stood in silence before the fireplace and behind the president's chair, said: "Now, this is my business." After remaining half an hour with closed doors, for the semblance of a deliberation, and drawing up a decree signed in blank, the prisoner was fetched. Harel appeared with a torch in his hand; he conducted them through a dark passage to a staircase, which led down to the ditch of the château. Here they met a company of Savary's gendarmes, arrayed in order of battle; the prince's sentence was read to him by the side of the grave that had been dug for him beforehand, into which his body was about to be thrown. A lantern placed close to the grave threw its dismal light upon this scene of murder. The condemned man, then addressing the bystanders, asked if there was any one among them who would take charge of the last message of a dying man. An officer stepped out of the ranks; the duke confided to him a packet of hair to give to a beloved one. A few minutes after he fell before the fire of the soldiers.

Such was this ambush, one of the most cowardly that has ever been laid at any period. If we are to believe the excuses of those who took part in its execution, no one was responsible for it, and fatality alone committed the crime. To all the unfortunate mistakes which were discovered too late in this event may be added a last and still more deplorable one, which would alone have ruined the prince. Réal, charged with questioning him, opened the order which intrusted him with his mission when it was too late, and he did not arrive at Vincennes till after the execution. But if Réal was appointed to examine him, how was it that Murat, who cursed the part he had to play, took upon himself to confide it to Captain Dautancourt? And if Réal hastened to Vincennes, how was it that he wrote two letters to Hullin in the morning, begging him to send a copy of the examination and the sentence? Never have more miserable subterfuges been imagined, to screen the guilty from

the just contempt of history. The same may be said of Savary's story with regard to the reception given him by Bonaparte when he went to Malmaison to render an account of his mission: "He listened to me with the greatest surprise! He fixed his lynx eyes upon me. 'There is,' he said, 'something incomprehensible in this. The sentence was not to be pronounced till Réal had examined the prisoner upon a point which it was important for us to clear up. There is a crime that leads to nothing!'" The point to be cleared up was still the question of identity of the duke with the mysterious personage, bald, fair, of middle height! When we think that such impudent inventions have been accepted by a whole generation, we are led to ask if falsehood has not in itself a savor and an attraction so irresistible for vulgar appetites that truth can no longer appear to them other than repulsive! No; in the catastrophe of Vincennes there was neither accident, nor confusion, nor mistake: everything in it was conceived, premeditated, and combined with artistic care, and any one must have let prejudice destroy common sense, who accepts the stories invented by the criminal himself. How could the man, whom we see in his correspondence so particular, so attentive to the smallest details, so penetrating and so inquisitive with regard to the most insignificant agents of the conspiracy, the man who dictated the questions to be asked, and directed all the proceedings against Querelle and the woman Pocheton, suddenly become the sport of quid pro quos, of heedlessness, and the tremendous mistakes which are attributed to him, when the persons in question were a Bourbon or a Condé? How can we admit that a mind so clear-sighted, a character so self-willed and imperious, could, in this critical circumstance, have been merely a docile puppet in the hands of Talleyrand? No, in spite of falsifications and lies, in spite of hypocrisy more odious than the crime itself, he cannot escape the responsibility of an act which he performed with the utmost calculation; the deed will remain his own before God and before men, and history will not even admit in his favor that division of ignominy which complicity creates for the benefit of the guilty, for in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien there was one principal author, and there were instruments; accomplices there were none.

The news of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien was not known in Paris till the evening of the 21st of March; it produced a most disastrous impression. It was, in fact, a revival

of the terror, but the terror for the benefit of a single man, the terror without the fanaticism, without the publicity and broad daylight; for the whole of this ignoble tragedy, the arrest, the execution, had all taken place at night. Nevertheless, the public, deprived of all means of expressing their reprobation, were forced to keep silence, and the sensation was transient. Men are so inconsistent, even in hatred, that in less than three months after the murder those who had been most indignant were petitioning the murderer for some place in his antechambers. There was only one protestation, that of Chateaubriand, who resigned his office of chargé d'affaires to the Republic of Valais. Fourcroy received a concluding speech, all ready prepared, which he hastened to deliver to the Legislative Body, to dismiss this assembly. Bonaparte went himself to the Council of State and indulged in one of those monologues, in which he seemed to attack an imaginary interlocutor, as if he felt the condemnation that was hidden under the general silence. "The people of Paris were a set of nincompoops; they had always been the misfortune of France! As for public opinion, its judgments were to be respected, but its caprices were to be despised. Moreover, he had fifty thousand men to make the will of the nation respected!" He next entered into endless explanations which no one asked of him; then, as if irritated by the obstinate silence around, he hastily broke up the sitting. The newspapers had orders to say nothing. The *Moniteur* for that day and the day following, March 22, had a perfectly different character; it was full of mystery, gentleness, and contrition. On the 21st of March it published on the first page a letter from Pope Pius VII. "to his very dear son in Jesus Christ, Napoleon Bonaparté, relative to the churches of Germany;" a precious testimony of affection to display to pious people in these difficult circumstances. It did not contain a word on the tragic event that was in every mouth. A short note, however, informed the public of the assemblage of emigrants on the right side of the Rhine, "crowded with these new legionaries." Without naming the Duc d'Enghien, it said that "a Bourbon prince, with his staff and bureaux, had taken up his residence on this spot, from whence the movement was to be directed;" a shameful lie, invented to prepare public opinion, for the government had received, several days before, the names of eight perfectly inoffensive persons who surrounded the prince, and it required singular audacity to trans-

form them into a staff and bureaux for recruiting. The next day, March 22, the official journal again commenced with an article of the most edifying piety; it was more and more steeped in devotion. This time it is the Bishop of Counstances who vouches for the religious *sentiments* of the First Consul. In the middle of a solemn mass, demanded by the soldiers to thank God for the discovery of the conspiracy, the bishop proposed for their imitation the enthusiastic faith of the new Constantine: "Soldiers," he said, "never forget that God whom the conqueror of Marengo adores, that God before whom we have seen him in the cathedral of Milan bow his head, crowned by victory," etc. After this edifying introduction, and at the end of the news of the day, in the most obscure corner of the official paper, we find a document which seems placed there like some insignificant historical notice, without preface or reflections, or anything to attract the eye; it is the sentence of the Military Commission on one Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien. And as a climax to this perfidy and premeditated arrangement, the sentence itself is a forgery. The original decree, which Réal took to Malmaison, had appeared too brutal in its eloquent brevity, and had been lengthened by the addition of some judicial forms.



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By CHARLES WOLFE.

[1791-1823.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
  Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
  And we far away on the billow;

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
  But we left him alone with his glory.



THE SHIP DUELS AND THE PRIVATEERS.[1]

BY J B MACMASTER.

(From "History of the United States.")

[JOHN BACH MACMASTER, American historian, was born at Brooklyn, N Y., June 29, 1852; is professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania. His chief work is the "History of the People of the United States" (1883–1895), not yet completed He has also written "Benjamin Franklin" in the "American Men of Letters" series, etc]

WHILE the army which the republicans had expected would long since have taken Canada was meeting with disaster after disaster on land, the hated and neglected navy was winning victory after victory on the sea. Such was the neglect into which this arm of the service had been suffered to fall, that but five ships were ready for sea on the day war was declared. Two of these, by order of the Secretary, were riding at anchor

[1] Copyright, 1895, by J B MacMaster Used by permission of D Appleton & Co and F Warne & Co (Crown 8vo, price 10s 6d)

in the lower bay at New York, where, on the 21st of June, the "United States," the "Congress," and the "Argus" came in from the southward and joined them. The arrival of the frigates was most timely; for they had hardly passed the Hook before Commodore John Rodgers, who commanded, received news of the declaration of war, and within an hour the fleet — composed of the "President," the "United States," the "Congress," the "Argus," and the "Hornet" — weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Rodgers had orders to strike any of the British cruisers that had so long been searching merchantmen off Sandy Hook and return to port. But information had been received that the homeward-bound plate fleet had left Jamaica late in May, and he went off in pursuit. For a while he ran southeast, till, falling in with an American brig that had seen the Jamaica fleet of eighty-five vessels, under convoy, in latitude 36° north, longitude 67° west, he set sail in that direction, and at six in the morning of June 23, made out a stranger in the northeast. She proved to be the British thirty-six-gun frigate "Belvidera," Captain Richard Byron, which stood toward the fleet for a few minutes, and then turned and went off to the northeast, with the Americans in hot pursuit. The "President," happening to be the best sailer, came up with her late in the afternoon, fired three shots into her stern, and was about to send a fourth when the gun exploded, killing and wounding sixteen men, and among them Captain Rodgers. Confusion and demoralization followed, the sailing became bad, the shots fell short, and the "Belvidera," cutting away her anchors and throwing her barge, gig, yawl, and jolly-boat into the sea, and starting fourteen tons of water, drew ahead and was soon out of danger. The fleet now went a second time in pursuit of the Jamaica men, and kept up the chase till within a day's run of the English Channel, when they stood to the southward and came back to Boston by way of Madeira, the Western Islands, and the Grand Banks.

While Rodgers was thus searching for the plate fleet, an English squadron was looking for him. Three days after her fight with the "President," the "Belvidera" reached Halifax with the news of war. Vice Admiral Sawyer instantly dispatched Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke with the "Shannon," the "Africa," the "Æolus," and the "Belvidera," to destroy Rodgers' fleet. Sweeping down the coast, the squadron was joined at Nantucket Island by the "Guerrière," and on July

16 fell in with and took the brig "Nautilus," then one day from port. Luck was with them, and twenty-four hours later the "Constitution," Captain Isaac Hull, ran into their midst.

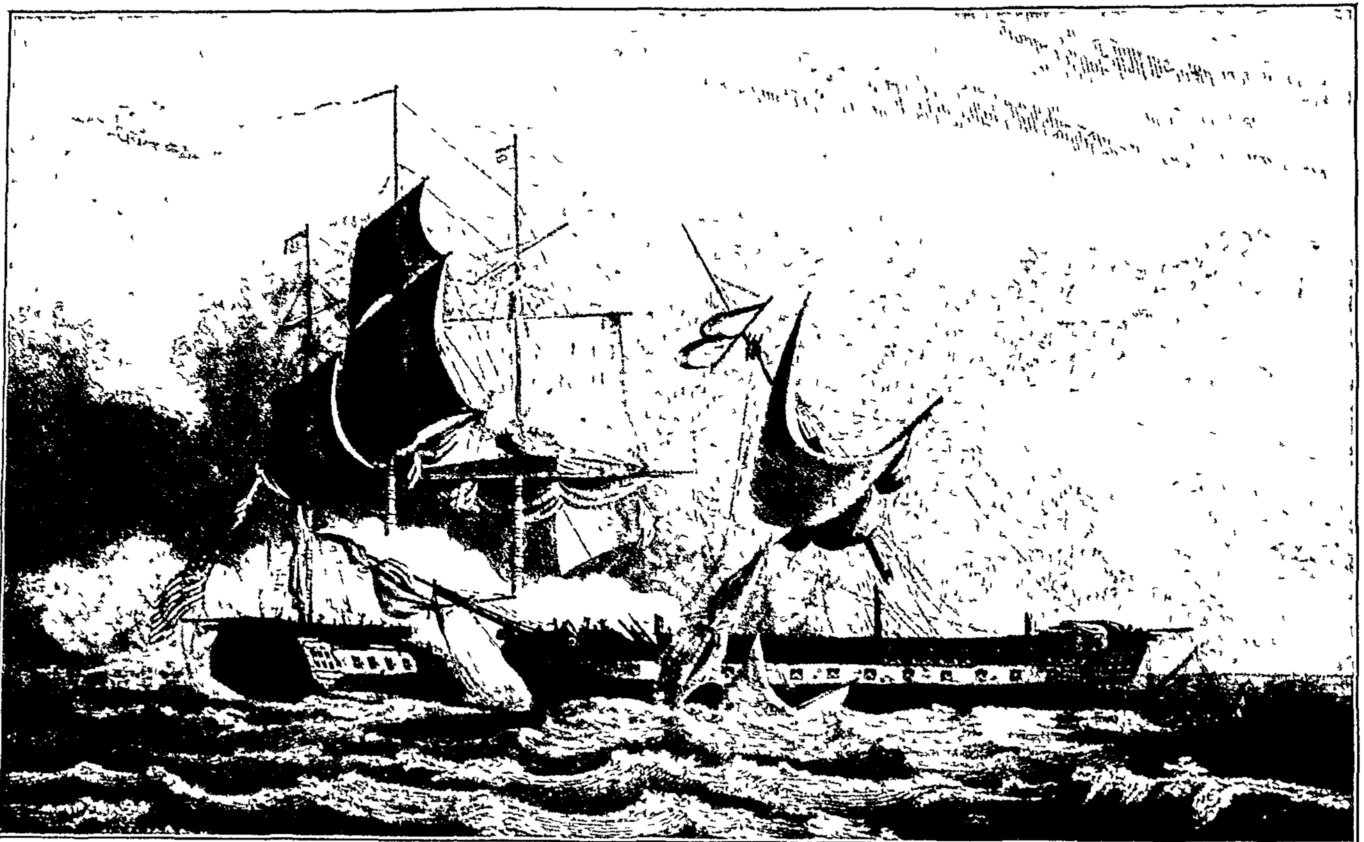
She had left Annapolis on the 12th of July, and had experienced such light winds and strong currents that on the afternoon of the 17th she had gone no farther than Barnegat, on the coast of New Jersey, when the lookout about two o'clock in the afternoon descried four sails to the northward, and by and by a fifth in the northeast. Five was the number of Rodgers' fleet. But Hull, not feeling sure that the strangers were friends, and finding that he was getting too near the coast, changed his course and went off due east toward the nearest ship, which was the "Guerrière," Captain James Richards Dacres. Captain Dacres had parted from the squadron some time before, and, not expecting to meet it so soon, believed the vessels to be the fleet of Captain Rodgers. He would not join them, therefore, and, on sighting the "Constitution" coming toward him, kept away, so that it was half-past seven before Hull caught up with the Guerrière, and, clearing for action, ran on side by side with her, but not venturing to fire lest she might be a friend.

Captain Broke, meanwhile, seeing the two frigates near together, concluded they were Americans, and carefully abstained from making any signals lest they should be frightened away. The situation at nightfall was thus most complicated: the British fleet supposed the "Guerrière" and the "Constitution" were Americans; the "Guerrière" supposed the British fleet belonged to the United States and was not certain as to the "Constitution," while Captain Hull was not sure as to the character of the "Guerrière." He was not long in doubt, however, for about three in the morning the "Guerrière" fired two guns and a rocket and made off. Daylight showed that the fleet belonged to the enemy, and Hull turned to escape.

And now began the most exciting chase recorded in naval annals. During the night the Englishmen closed in about him, and when the mist and the darkness lifted, the "Shannon" was some five miles astern; two others were to leeward, and the rest of the fleet ten miles astern. The ocean being quite calm and no wind stirring, Hull put out his boats to tow the "Constitution." Broke imitated him, and summoned all the boats of his squadron to tow the "Shannon"; and having furled all sail was gaining steadily on the "Constitution," when a little

breeze swept over the water and sent her a few hundred yards ahead before the "Shannon" could shake out her sails and catch it. But the wind soon died out, and the "Shannon," creeping up, got near enough to throw her shot over the "Constitution." Fearing that this would soon destroy the rigging and so make her a prize to the fleet, Lieutenant Charles Morris suggested kedging. Hull took the suggestion, ordered all the spare rope to be payed down into the cutters, which were sent half a mile ahead, where a kedge was let go. The moment the anchor touched bottom a signal was given, the crew, in the language of the sailors, "clapped on," and the ship was warped ahead. Meantime a second kedge had been carried forward and dropped, so that when the first was tripped the second was ready to be hauled on. This device Broke also imitated, and all that day and till late the next night the "Constitution" and her pursuers kept on towing and kedging and occasionally exchanging harmless shots. A light breeze then sprang up, which freshened toward midnight, and the men were allowed to rest till two in the morning of the 19th, when the wind once more died out and kedging was again resorted to. By noon the breeze became light again, and about half-past six in the evening a squall of rain was seen coming over the ocean. For this, as for everything, Hull was ready, and keeping his sails taut till just before the squall struck, he then, in a moment, furled the light ones and double-reefed the others, and so led the English captains to believe that a gust of unusual violence was near. Without waiting for it to strike them, they at once shortened sail and bore up before the wind, which compelled them to take a course just the opposite of that of the "Constitution." The squall was really very light, and as soon as the rain hid him from his pursuers Hull made all sail, and, though the fleet continued the pursuit till the next morning, he escaped after a chase of three nights and two days, or sixty-six hours. Six days later he entered Boston harbor.

There he stayed till August 2, when he again put to sea. Having no orders, he ran down to the Bay of Fundy, sailed along the coast of Nova Scotia, passed Newfoundland, and took his station off Cape Race, captured some merchantmen, and, sailing southward, spoke a Salem privateer whose captain informed him that a frigate was not far distant. Taking the course indicated, Hull, on the afternoon of August 19, sighted his old enemy the "Guerrière." The order to clear



CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIÈRE

the decks was instantly given; the boatswain's cry, "All hands clear ship for action!" sounded through the frigate; the fife and drum beat to quarters, and every man hurried to his place and work. Marines and sailors climbed into the tops to be prepared to pick off the enemy if the frigates came to close quarters, or trim the topsails if a sudden maneuver became necessary, while below others stood ready to do the same with the lower sails. The gun crews made haste to unlash the guns and load them; the powder boys ran about the deck piling up ammunition beside the carriages; a blanket soaked with water was hung over the entrance to the magazine; muskets, boarding pikes, and cutlasses were stacked around the masts; buckets of loaded pistols were placed near at hand for the purpose of repelling boarders, and the deck sanded that it might not be made slippery by the blood shed by the killed and wounded. Each welcomed the other; for Dacres, who commanded the "Guerrière," had just spread a challenge on the log of a merchantman and sent it to New York, offering to meet any frigate in the American navy off Sandy Hook, and Hull was most anxious not to return to port without a fight. For an hour the two ships wore and yawed and maneuvered, coming nearer and nearer till within pistol range, when the "Guerrière" bore up and went off with the wind on her quarter, as an indication of her willingness to engage in a yardarm and yardarm encounter. The "Constitution" immediately made sail, got alongside, and the two ran on together. As the battle must be at close quarters, Hull ordered all firing to stop, had his guns reloaded with round shot and grape, and quietly waited. Again and again Lieutenant Morris came to the quarter-deck and asked for orders to fire; but not till the frigates were at short pistol range was the command given, and a broadside delivered with unerring aim. For ten minutes the battle raged furiously. The mizzenmast of the "Guerrière" was then shot away, and falling into the sea brought her up to the wind and so caused the "Constitution" to forge ahead. Fearing that he might be raked, Hull crossed the bows of the enemy, came about, raked her, and attempted to lay her on board. In doing so the "Guerrière" thrust her bowsprit diagonally across the "Constitution's" lee quarter. This afforded Dacres so fine a chance to board that Lieutenant Morris sprang upon the taffrail to get a view of the enemy's deck, and beheld the men gathering on the forecastle and heard the officers instruct-

the decks was instantly given; the boatswain's cry, "All hands clear ship for action!" sounded through the frigate; the fife and drum beat to quarters, and every man hurried to his place and work. Marines and sailors climbed into the tops to be prepared to pick off the enemy if the frigates came to close quarters, or trim the topsails if a sudden maneuver became necessary, while below others stood ready to do the same with the lower sails. The gun crews made haste to unlash the guns and load them; the powder boys ran about the deck piling up ammunition beside the carriages; a blanket soaked with water was hung over the entrance to the magazine; muskets, boarding pikes, and cutlasses were stacked around the masts; buckets of loaded pistols were placed near at hand for the purpose of repelling boarders, and the deck sanded that it might not be made slippery by the blood shed by the killed and wounded. Each welcomed the other; for Dacres, who commanded the "Guerrière," had just spread a challenge on the log of a merchantman and sent it to New York, offering to meet any frigate in the American navy off Sandy Hook, and Hull was most anxious not to return to port without a fight. For an hour the two ships wore and yawed and maneuvered, coming nearer and nearer till within pistol range, when the "Guerrière" bore up and went off with the wind on her quarter, as an indication of her willingness to engage in a yardarm and yardarm encounter. The "Constitution" immediately made sail, got alongside, and the two ran on together. As the battle must be at close quarters, Hull ordered all firing to stop, had his guns reloaded with round shot and grape, and quietly waited. Again and again Lieutenant Morris came to the quarter-deck and asked for orders to fire; but not till the frigates were at short pistol range was the command given, and a broadside delivered with unerring aim. For ten minutes the battle raged furiously. The mizzenmast of the "Guerrière" was then shot away, and falling into the sea brought her up to the wind and so caused the "Constitution" to forge ahead. Fearing that he might be raked, Hull crossed the bows of the enemy, came about, raked her, and attempted to lay her on board. In doing so the "Guerrière" thrust her bowsprit diagonally across the "Constitution's" lee quarter. This afforded Dacres so fine a chance to board that Lieutenant Morris sprang upon the taffrail to get a view of the enemy's deck, and beheld the men gathering on the forecastle and heard the officers instruct-

ing them how to board. Jumping down, he reported this to Captain Hull, and in a minute the marines and seamen of the "Constitution," armed with muskets and pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, were mustered on the quarter-deck waiting for the enemy to come over the bulwarks. None came, and a terrible musketry fight began. Lieutenant Morris, who, seizing a rope that dangled from the bowsprit of the "Guerrière," had climbed up and was about to lash the frigates together, was laid on the deck by a bullet. Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, standing on the taffrail crying out, "Shall I board?" was killed outright. Master Alwyn, who stood near by, was shot in the shoulder. On the "Guerrière" almost every man on the forecastle was picked off. Finding the sea too rough to board, the sails were filled and the two frigates drew apart. As they did so the foremast of the "Guerrière" fell, dragging the mainmast with it, and in a few minutes she struck. It was time she did, for every mast had gone by the board; her hull had been pierced by thirty shot; seventy-nine of her crew were dead or wounded, and she lay a helpless wreck, rolling her deck guns in the sea. As it was not possible to save her, Hull transferred his prisoners to the "Constitution," gave his prize to the flames, and, turning homeward, reached Boston on August 30, entered the lower harbor, and dropped anchor off the lighthouse. The day being Sunday, he did not go up to the city. But the news did, and when the people learned that the "Constitution" with Dacres and his crew was below they could not restrain their joy, though the day was the Sabbath. As Federalists they could not forget that it was a Federalist Congress and a Federalist President that established the navy; that Federalists had always been its steady friends and stanch defenders; that it had long been their boast that in the hour of trial the "wooden walls of Columbia" would prove the bulwark of the nation; and now, when the hour of trial had come and a frigate built by Yankee shipwrights in a Boston shipyard and commanded by a Yankee captain had more than made that boast good, they could not find expression for their gratitude. The delight felt by every true American all over the country was intensified by local pride, and was made extravagant when on Wednesday morning the newspapers announced, side by side, the capture of the "Guerrière" and the surrender of Detroit. On Monday, when Hull brought the "Constitution" up the bay, he was given a reception the like of

which Boston had not yet accorded to any man. Every ship was gay with bunting. The whole population of the city stood on the wharves and crowded the windows and house tops overlooking the bay, and as Hull stepped ashore greeted him with a salute from the artillery and with deafening cheers and escorted him through the bunting-dressed streets to the Coffeehouse, where he was received in "true Republican style." But now that the victory on the sea was made greater by contrast with defeat on land, men of both parties united to give Hull a naval dinner, to which Rodgers and the officers of his squadron, who had just returned, were invited. The old toast, "The Wooden Walls of Columbia," came again into use, and limners and engravers at once set to work to produce those representations of the great sea fight which, after hanging for a generation on the walls of our ancestors' houses and being copied by the makers of bad schoolbooks, were consigned to the garrets by a less patriotic generation, and are now rarely to be met with.

As the handbills spread the news southward the pleasure of the people was expressed in innumerable ways. At New York money was raised to buy swords to be presented to Hull and his officers. At Philadelphia subscriptions were asked for a fund to purchase two fine pieces of plate for Hull and Lieutenant Morris. When the news reached Baltimore salutes were fired and every ship in the harbor ran up its flags. That same day, September 7, the frigate "Essex" entered the Delaware and took part in the demonstrations of joy going on in every town along the river bank.

Her cruise had been short and generally uneventful. As Captain Porter was not ready to sail with Rodgers' fleet, he finished his preparations, and, passing Sandy Hook on July 3, began a cruise to the southward in search of the frigate "Thetis," from South America with specie. After taking a few prizes of no great value, and failing to meet the "Thetis," he turned northward, and on the night of July 10 sighted a convoy of British merchantmen. There was a moon, but clouds so obscured it that Porter determined to go close in, speak one of the ships, find out the strength of the escort, and, if possible, take her. To conceal his character the guns of the "Essex" were run in, the ports were closed, the topgallant masts were housed, the sails trimmed in a slovenly manner, the men hidden, and everything done to give her the appearance of a merchant ship. Then, about three in the morning, the "Essex"

drew cautiously in and spoke the sternmost vessel, and learned from her master that the fleet was carrying about a thousand soldiers from Barbadoes to Brock's army at Quebec, and that the escort was the thirty-two-gun frigate "Minerva."

The success which so far attended his venture encouraged Porter to go in yet farther and speak a second. But her master was so alarmed by the appearance of the "Essex," that he made ready to signal the presence of a stranger, when the ports were thrown open, the muzzles of twenty guns thrust out, and the transport ordered to follow in the frigate's wake or be blown to pieces. Taking his prize off a short distance, Porter found her to be a brig with one hundred and ninety-seven soldiers on board. Going in a second time, he was about to attempt to capture another transport, when dawn broke and the enemy discovered him. Whereupon, clearing for action, he offered battle to the "Minerva." This offer was declined, and the "Essex" and her prize went off to the southward, meeting with nothing till August 13, when a sail was seen which proved to be the sixteen-gun ship-sloop "Alert," Captain Thomas Lamb Paulden Laughharne. Drags were at once put astern, the reefs shaken out, all sail made, and everything possible was done to persuade the enemy that the "Essex" was most anxious to escape. Completely deceived, the "Alert" ran down, and, with three cheers from her crew, opened fire. In eight minutes she was a prize, with seven feet of water in her hold.

This new lot of prisoners raised the number of Englishmen on board the frigate to five hundred. As they outnumbered the crew two to one, it was not long before a plan was laid by the coxswain of the "Alert's" gig to capture the "Essex" and take her to Halifax. By good fortune, however, on the night the attempt was to be made, the coxswain, pistol in hand, approached the hammock of Midshipman David Glasgow Farragut to see if he was asleep, and was discovered. Pretending to be asleep, Farragut lay quiet till the coxswain was gone, and then crept into the cabin and informed Captain Porter. Rushing into the berth deck, Porter shouted "Fire!" The crew promptly went to the main hatch, where they were armed, and the attempt was frustrated. But the warning was not unheeded; and that he might be rid of his dangerous prisoners he now transferred them to the "Alert," threw over her guns, and sent the Englishmen to Nova Scotia on parole. After a further cruise, during which he was chased by the "Shannon"

and another ship, Captain Porter was forced to put in for water and stores. With her return every ship in the navy was in port, and, taking advantage of this, the Secretary formed such as were on the Atlantic seaboard into three squadrons. To the first, commanded by Rodgers, were assigned the "President," the "Congress," and the "Wasp." The second, under Bainbridge, was composed of the "Constitution," the "Essex," and the "Hornet." To Decatur were intrusted the "United States," and the "Argus."

The orders of the three commanders bore date October 2, bade them sail without delay, and left to their judgment where to go and what to do. Thus instructed, Rodgers and Decatur sailed from Boston on October 8 with such ships as were ready, but parted company when four days out. Again ill luck attended Rodgers, who, after chasing the British frigates "Nymph" and "Galatea," and cruising far and wide, from the Grand Banks to 17° north latitude, returned to Boston on the last day of the year with nine small prizes. But one, the Jamaica packet "Swallow," was of any value, and on her were two hundred thousand dollars in specie. To the "Wasp," the third ship of Rodgers' squadron, fate was both kind and cruel. Master Commandant Jacob Jones, her commander, having received orders to join Rodgers at sea, set sail from the Delaware on October 13, and ran off southward to get in the track of vessels passing from Halifax to Bermuda; and about eleven o'clock on the clear, moonlight night of Saturday, October 17, he suddenly found himself near five strange sail steering eastward. They were part of a convoy of fourteen merchantmen on their way from Honduras to England under the protection of the eighteen-gun brig "Frolic," Captain Thomas Whinyates. They had been scattered by a cyclone the day before, and had but just begun to rejoin their convoy. But some of them seeming in the moonlight to be ships of war, the "Wasp" drew to windward and followed them through the night. At daybreak on Sunday, Master Commandant Jones, perceiving that none but the "Frolic" was armed, bore down to attack her. She then showed Spanish colors. But the "Wasp," undeceived, came on till within sixty yards and hailed, when the "Frolic" ran up the British ensign and opened with cannon and musketry. The sea, lashed into fury by a two days' cyclone, was running mountain high. Wave after wave swept the deck and drenched the sailors. The two ships

rolled till the muzzles of their guns dipped in the water. But the crews cheered loudly and the firing became incessant. The Americans discharged their guns as the "Wasp" went down the wave, so that the shot fell either on the deck or hull of the "Frolic." The Englishmen fired as their ship went up the wave, and their shots struck the rigging of the "Wasp" or were wasted. The result was soon apparent. The slaughter on the "Frolic" became something terrible. The topmasts and rigging of the "Wasp" were so cut to pieces that when the last brace was carried away Master Commandant Jones, fearing the masts would fall and the "Frolic" escape, determined to board her and end the battle. Wearing ship for this purpose, he ran down and struck her. As the side of the "Wasp" rubbed across the bow of the "Frolic" her jibboom came in between the main and mizzen rigging, and passed over the heads of Master Commandant Jones and Lieutenant Biddle. She now lay so fair for raking, that orders were given for another broadside. While loading, two of the guns of the "Wasp" went through the bow ports of the "Frolic," and when discharged swept the deck.

At this moment a seaman named John Lang leaped upon a gun, cutlass in hand, and was about to board when he was called down; but he would not come, and climbing on the bowsprit of the "Frolic," was instantly followed by Lieutenant Biddle and the crew. Passing Lang and another sailor on the forecastle, Lieutenant Biddle was amazed to see that, save the man at the wheel and three officers who, as he came forward, threw down their swords at his feet, not a living soul was on the deck. The crew had gone below to avoid the terrible fire of the "Wasp." As no one present was able to lower the flag, Lieutenant Biddle leaped into the rigging and hauled the ensign down. The sight which then met him was dreadful. The gun deck was strewn with bodies, and at every roll of the sloop water mingled with blood swept over it, splashing the dead and swirling about the feet of the victors. The berth deck was crowded with dead, wounded, and dying, for of a crew of one hundred and ten men, but twenty were unhurt. On the "Wasp" the loss was five killed and five wounded.

Master Commandant Jones now ordered Lieutenant Biddle to take the prize into Charleston. But while he was busy attending the wounded, burying the dead, clearing away the

wreck, and preparing the "Frolic" for the voyage, a strange ship under a press of canvas was seen coming toward him. The stranger was the British seventy-four-gun frigate "Poictiers," Captain John Poer Beresford, who, throwing a shot across the "Frolic" as he sped by, ranged up near the "Wasp" and forced her to surrender. The two ships were then taken into Bermuda.

Just one week later another ship duel was fought with the usual result. After parting with the squadron of Rodgers, the "United States," Captain Decatur, cruised off to the southward and eastward, and on Sunday, October 25, when off the Azores, fell in with the British frigate "Macedonian," Captain John Surnam Carden, who instantly made chase. But Decatur had no intention of escaping, and the action, like its predecessors, was short and decisive. In ninety minutes the "United States" had shot away the mizzenmast of the "Macedonian," had dismounted two of her main-deck guns and all but two of the carronades of her engaged side, had killed forty-three and wounded sixty-one of the crew, had put one hundred shot in her hull, and made her a prize. On the "United States" twelve men were killed or wounded. It was the old story of bulldog courage, stubborn resistance, and frightful slaughter on the part of the British; and of splendid gunnery and perfect discipline and seamanship on the part of the Americans.

Placing his lieutenant on board the "Macedonian" as prize master, Decatur ended his cruise, convoyed her home and set her in Newport, while he passed on to New London, which he reached December 4. Lieutenant Hamilton, a son of the Secretary of the Navy, was then sent to Washington with letters and the captured flag. Reaching the capital on the evening of December 8, he learned that a great naval ball in honor of the capture of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert" was in progress at Tomlinson's Hotel, that the flags of these two vessels were hanging on the wall of the ballroom, and that the President, the Secretaries, and a most distinguished company were there assembled. Hastening to the hotel, he announced himself, and in a few minutes was surrounded by every gentleman at the ball and escorted to the room where, with cheers and singing, the flag of the "Macedonian" was hung beside those of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert."

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

BY ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

[ERNST MORITZ ARNDT, German poet and patriot, was born in the Isle of Rugen, December 29, 1769, died at Bonn, January 29, 1860 He wrote in 1806 the first series of the "Spirit of the Times," which procured his exile, later he was editor of *The Watchman* at Cologne In 1848 he advocated the formation of the German Empire. He was a professor and miscellaneous writer, but his fame rests on his lyrics of the Napoleonic period, to inspire his countrymen.]

WHERE is the German's fatherland?
The Prussians' land? The Swabians' land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria, or the Styrians' land?
Is't where the Marsers' cattle graze?
Is it the Mark where forges blaze?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Westphalia? Pomerania's strand?
Where sand dunes drift along the shores,
Or where the brawling Danube roars?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is't Tyrol? Where the Switzers dwell?
That land and folk would please me well.
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Ah! Austria surely it must be,
In honors rich and victory,
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is it the gem which princely guile
Tore from the German crown erewhile?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land!
"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung!"
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths are sworn by clasp of hand,
Where faith and truth beam in the eyes,
And in the heart affection lies
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath the southron's guile doth brand,
Where all are foes whose deeds offend,
Where every noble soul's a friend.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

All Germany that land shall be:
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!



ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY LORD BYRON.

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON. A famous English poet, born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe

Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa"]

I.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive —
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject — yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned, — power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshiped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of saber sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;

The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife —
All quelled! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V

The Desolator desolate!
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
  A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
  Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI

He who of old would rend the oak,
  Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
  Alone — how looked he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld, abandoned power.

VIII

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;

A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain.
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay,
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away.

But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
  To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
  Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
  Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
  Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
  And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile —
  It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
  That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his byword to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
  What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
  But one — "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy scepter gone,
  Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth —
So long obeyed — so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
  Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
  His vulture and his rock!

Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
  The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!



THE RESCUE OF PICCIOLA.

By X. B. SAINTINE.

[Xavier Boniface Saintine, a French novelist and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1798. A little romantic masterpiece, "Picciola" (1838), gained him celebrity the moment it appeared. The work ranks as a French classic. Saintine wrote several other romances and over two hundred plays, most of them in collaboration with other authors. He died in Paris, January 21, 1865.]

[Charney, a political prisoner, has fixed his affections on a flower that grew between the stones of his prison and is in danger of withering]

The intervention of Josephine in Charney's favor had not proved so efficient as might have been supposed. At the conclusion of her mild intercessions in favor of the prisoner and his plant, when she proceeded to place in the hands of Napoleon the handkerchief inscribed with his memorial, the Emperor recalled to mind the singular indifference — so mortifying to his self-love — with which, during the warlike evolutions of the morning at Marengo, Josephine had cast her vacant, careless gaze upon the commemoration of his triumph; and thus predisposed to displeasure, the obnoxious name of Charney served only to aggravate his ill humor.

"Is the man mad?" cried he, "or does he pretend to deceive me by a farce? A Jacobin turned botanist! — about as good a jest as Marat descanting in the tribune on the pleasures of pastoral life, or Couthon presenting himself to the Convention with a rose in his buttonhole."

Josephine vainly attempted to appeal against the name of Jacobin thus lightly bestowed upon the Count; for as she commenced her remonstrance a chamberlain made his appearance, to announce that the general officers, ambassadors, and deputies of Italy were awaiting their Majesties in the audience chamber, — where, having hastily repaired, Napoleon immediately burst forth into a denunciation against visionaries, phi-

losophers, and liberals, mainly inspired by the recent mention of the Count de Charney. In an imperious tone he threatened that all such disturbers of public order should be speedily reduced to submission; but the loud and threatening tone he had assumed, which was supposed to be a spontaneous outbreak of passion, was in fact a premeditated lesson bestowed on the assembly, and more especially on the Prussian ambassador, who was present at the scene. Napoleon seized the opportunity to announce to the representatives of Europe the divorce of the Emperor of the French from the principles of the French Revolution!

By way of homage to the throne, the subordinates of the Emperor hastened to emulate his new profession of faith. The general commandant at Turin more especially, Jacques-Abdallah Menon, forgetting or renouncing his former principles, burst forth into a furious diatribe against the pseudo-Brutuses of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France, — on which signal there arose from the minions of the Empire a unanimous chorus of execrations against all conspirators, revolutionists, and more especially Jacobins, till, overawed by their virulence, Josephine began to tremble at the storm she had been unwittingly the means of exciting. At length drawing near to the ear of Napoleon she took courage to whisper, in a tone of mingled tenderness and irony, "What need, Sire, of all these denunciations? My memorial regards neither a Jacobin nor a conspirator, but simply a poor plant, whose plots against the safety of the Empire should scarcely excite such vast tumults of consternation."

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders. "Can you suppose me the dupe of such absurd pretenses?" he exclaimed. "This Charney is a man of high faculties and the most dangerous principles, — would you pass him upon me for a blockhead? The flower, the pavement, the whole romance, is a mere pretext. The fellow is getting up a plan of escape! It must be looked to. Menon, let a careful eye be kept upon the movements of those imprisoned for political offenses in the citadel of Fenestrella. One Charney has presumed to address to me a memorial. How did he manage to forward his petition otherwise than through the hands of the commandant? Is such the discipline kept up in the state prisons of the Empire?"

Again the Empress ventured to interpose in defense of her protégé.

"Enough, madam, enough of this man!" exclaimed the commander in chief; and discouraged and alarmed by the displeasure expressed in his words and looks, Josephine cast down her eyes, and was silent from confusion.

General Menon, on the other hand, mortified by the public rebuke of the Emperor, was not sparing in the reprimand dispatched to the captain commandant of the citadel of Fenestrella, who in his turn, as we have seen, vented his vexation on the prisoners committed to his charge. Even Girardi, in addition to the cruel sentence of separation from his daughter (who on arriving full of hopes at the gate of the fortress was commanded to appear there no more), had been subjected, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit, by which, however, nothing unsatisfactory was elicited.

But emotions more painful than those resulting from the forfeiture of his manuscripts now awaited the Count. As he traversed the courtyard on his way to the bastion with the commandant and his two acolytes, Captain Morand, who had either passed without notice on his arrival the fences and scaffolding surrounding the plant, or was now stimulated by the arrogant contumacy of Charney to an act of vengeance, paused to point out to Ludovico this glaring breach of prison discipline manifested before his eyes.

"What is the meaning of all this rubbish?" cried he. "Is *such*, sir, the order you maintain in your department?"

"*That*, captain," replied the jailer, in a half-hesitating, half-grumbling tone, drawing his pipe out of his mouth with one hand, and raising the other to his cap in a military salute,—"*that*, under your favor, is the plant I told you of, which is so good for the gout and all sorts of disorders."

Then letting fall his arm by an imperceptible movement, he replaced his pipe in its usual place.

"Death and the devil!" cried the captain, "if these gentlemen were allowed to have their way, all the chambers and courts of the citadel might be made into gardens, menageries, or shops,—like so many stalls at a fair. Away with this weed at once, and everything belonging to it!"

Ludovico turned his eyes alternately toward the captain, the Count, and the flower, and was about to interpose a word or two of expostulation. "Silence!" cried the commandant,—"silence, and do your duty!"

Thus fiercely admonished, Ludovico held his peace. Re-

moving the pipe once more from his mouth, he extinguished it, shook out the dust, and deposited it on the edge of the wall while he proceeded to business. Deliberately laying aside his cap, his waistcoat, and rubbing his hands as if to gain courage for the job, he paused a moment, then suddenly, with a movement of anger as if against himself or his chief, seized the hay bands and matting and dispersed them over the court. Next went the uprights which had supported them, which he tore up one after the other, broke over his knee, and threw the pieces on the pavement. His former tenderness for Picciola seemed suddenly converted into a fit of abhorrence.

Charney, meanwhile, stood motionless and stupefied, his eyes fixed wistfully upon the plant thus exposed to view, as if his looks could still afford protection to its helplessness. The day had been cool, the sky overclouded, and from the stem, which had rallied during the night, sprang several little healthy, verdant shoots. It seemed as though Picciola were collecting all her strength to die!

To die,—Picciola!—his own, his only; the world of his existence and his dreams; the pivot on which revolved his very life,—to be reduced to nothingness! Midway in his aspirations toward a higher sphere, the flight of the poor captive over whose head Heaven has suspended its sentence of expiation is to be suddenly arrested! How will he henceforward fill up the vacant moments of his leisure,—how satisfy the aching void in his own bosom? Picciola, the desert which thou didst people is about to become once more a solitary wilderness!—no more visions, no more hopes, no more reminiscences, no more discoveries to inscribe, no further objects of affection! How narrow will his prison now appear, how oppressive its atmosphere,—the atmosphere of a tomb; the tomb of Picciola! The golden branch, the sibylline divining rod which sufficed to exorcise the evil spirits by which he was beset, will no longer protect him against himself! The skeptic, the disenchanted philosopher, must return to his former mood of incredulity, and bear once more the burden of his bitter thoughts, with no prospect before him but eternal extinction! No! death were a thousand times preferable to such a destiny!

As these thoughts glanced through the mind of Charney, he beheld at the little grated window the shadow of the venerable Girardi. "Alas!" murmured the Count, "I have deprived him of all he had to live for; and he comes to triumph over

my affliction, to curse me, to deride me! And he is right; for what are sorrows such as mine compared with those I have heaped upon his revered head?"

Charney perceived the old man clasping the iron window bars in his trembling hands, but dared not meet his eyes and hazard an appeal to the forgiveness of the only human being of whose esteem he was ambitious. The Count dreaded to find that venerable countenance distorted by the expression of reproach or contempt; and when at length their glances met, he was touched to the soul by the look of tender compassion cast upon him by the unhappy father, forgetful of his own sorrows in beholding those of his companion in misfortune. The only tears that had ever fallen from the eyes of the Count de Charney started at that trying moment; but consolatory as they were, he dried them hurriedly as they fell, in the dread of exposing his weakness to the contempt and misapprehension of the men by whom he was surrounded.

Among the spectators of this singular scene, the two spirri alone remained indifferent to what was passing,—staring vacantly at the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, and the jailer; wondering what reference their emotions might bear to the supposed conspiracy, and nothing doubting that the mysterious plant about to be dislodged would prove to have been a cover to some momentous hiding place.

Meanwhile, the fatal operations proceeded. Under the orders of the commandant, Ludovico was attempting to break up the rustic bench, which had first seemed to resist his feeble efforts.

"A mallet! take a mallet!" cried Captain Morand.

Ludovico obeyed; but the mallet fell from his hands.

"Death and the devil! how much longer am I to be kept waiting?" now vociferated the captain; and the jailer immediately let fall a blow under which the bench gave way in a moment. Mechanically Ludovico bent down towards his goddaughter, which was now alone and undefended in the court; while the Count stood ghastly and overpowered, big drops of agony rising upon his brow.

"Why destroy it, sir, why destroy it? You must perceive that the plant is about to die!" he faltered, descending once more to the abject position of a suppliant. But the captain replied only by a glance of ironical compassion. It was now his turn to remain silent!

"Nay, then," cried Charney, in a sort of frenzy, "since it must needs be sacrificed, it shall die by no hand but mine!"

"I forbid you to touch it!" exclaimed the commandant; and extending his cane before Charney, as if to create a barrier between the prisoner and his idol, he renewed his orders to Ludovico, who, seizing the stem, was about to uproot it from the earth.

The Count, startled into submission, stood like an image of despair.

Near the bottom of the stem, below the lowest branches where the sap had got power to circulate, a single flower, fresh and brilliant, had just expanded! Already all the others were drooping, withered, on their stalks; but this single one retained its beauty, as yet uncrushed by the rude hand of the jailer. Springing in the midst of a little tuft of leaves, whose verdure threw out in contrast the vivid colors of its petals, the flower seemed to turn imploringly towards its master. He even fancied its last perfumes were exhaling towards him; and as the tears arose in his eyes, he seemed to see the beloved object enlarge, disappear, and at last bloom out anew. The human being and the flower so strangely attached to each other were interchanging an eternal farewell!

If at that moment, when so many human passions were called into action by the existence of an humble vegetable, a stranger could have entered unprepared the prison court of Fenestrella, where the sky shed a somber and saddening reflection, the aspect of the officers of justice invested in their tricolored scarfs, of the commandant issuing his ruthless orders in a tone of authority, would naturally have seemed to announce some frightful execution, of which Ludovico was the executioner, and Charney the victim whose sentence of death had just been recited to him. And see! they come! Strangers *are* entering the court, two strangers, the one an aid-de-camp of General Menon; the other, a page of the Empress Josephine. The dust with which their uniforms are covered attests with what speed they have performed their journey to the fortress; yet a minute more, and they had been too late!

At the noise produced by their arrival, Ludovico, raising his head, relaxed his grasp of Picciola, and confronted Charney face to face. Both the jailer and the prisoner were pale as death!

The commandant had now received from the hands of the

aid-de-camp an order, the perusal of which seemed to strike him with astonishment; but after taking a turn or two in the courtyard to compare in his mind the order of to-day with that of the day preceding, he assumed a more courteous demeanor, and approaching the Count de Charney placed in his hands the missive of General Menon. Trembling with emotion, the prisoner read as follows: —

His Majesty the Emperor and King deputes me, sir, to inform you that he grants the petition forwarded to him by the prisoner Charney, now under your custody in the fortress of Fenestrella, relative to a plant growing among the stones of one of its pavements. Such as are likely to be injurious to the flower must be instantly removed; for which purpose you are requested to consult the wishes and convenience of your prisoner.

"Long live the Emperor!" cried Ludovico.

"Long live the Emperor!" murmured another voice, which seemed to issue from the adjoining wall; and while all this was proceeding, the commandant stood leaning on his cane by way of keeping himself in countenance; the two officers of justice, completely puzzled, were trying in vain to connect the new turn of affairs with the plot which their imagination had created; while the aid-de-camp and page secretly wondered what could be the motive of the haste which had been so urgently recommended to them. The latter now addressed Charney to inform him that the letter contained a postscript in the handwriting of the Empress; and the Count turning over the page read aloud as follows: —

I earnestly recommend Monsieur the Count de Charney to the good offices of Captain Morand; to whom I shall feel personally obliged for any acts of kindness by which he may be enabled to alleviate the situation of his prisoner. JOSEPHINE

"Long live the Empress!" cried Ludovico. Charney said not a word. *His* feelings could not be satisfied with less than raising to his lips the precious signature of his benefactress. The letter, held for some minutes in silence before his eyes, seemed to conceal his face from the curiosity of the spectators.

POEMS OF BÉRANGER.

[Pierre Jean de Béranger, French songwright, was born at Paris, August 19, 1780 A printer's apprentice and then his father's clerk, he broke with his father and began literary life in the garret he has made illustrious In 1804 he was given a clerkship in the Imperial University, which he kept till 1821. For many years he had been making songs, universally sung; he first collected them in 1815 A fresh collection in 1821 cost him five hundred francs' fine and three months' imprisonment; one in 1825, ten thousand francs' fine and nine months' imprisonment He published "New Songs" in 1830, and his autobiography in 1840, in 1848 he was elected to the Assembly, but refused to serve. He died July 16, 1857.]

The Gadfly.

(la mouche)

(Translated by Walter Learned)

In the midst of our laughter and singing,
'Mid the clink of our glasses so gay,
What gadfly is over us winging,
That returns when we drive him away?
'Tis some god. Yes, I have a suspicion
Of our happiness jealous, he's come:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
That he bore us no more with his hum.

Transformed to a gadfly unseemly,
I am certain that we must have here
Old Reason, the grumbler, extremely
Annoyed by our joy and our cheer
He tells us in tones of monition
Of the clouds and the tempests to come:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason who comes to me, quaffing,
And says, "It is time to retire:
At your age one stops drinking and laughing,
Stops loving, nor sings with such fire,"—
An alarm that sounds ever its mission
When the sweetest of flames overcome:
Let us drive him away to perdition,
That he bore us no more with his hum

It is Reason! Look out there for Lizzie!
His dart is a menace alway.

He has touched her, she swoons — she is dizzy:
  Come, Cupid, and drive him away.
Pursue him; compel his submission,
  Until under your strokes he succumb
Let us drive him away to perdition,
  That he bore us no more with his hum.

Hurrah, Victory! See, he is drowning
  In the wine that Lizzetta has poured
Come, the head of Joy let us be crowning,
  That again he may reign at our board.
He was threatened just now with dismission,
  And a fly made us all rather glum
But we've sent him away to perdition;
  He will bore us no more with his hum.

Fifty Years.

(cinquante ans)

Wherefore these flowers? floral applause?
  Ah, no, these blossoms came to say
That I am growing old, because
  I number fifty years to-day.
O rapid, ever-fleeting day!
  O moments lost, I know not how!
O wrinkled cheek and hair grown gray!
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

Sad age, when we pursue no more —
  Fruit dies upon the withering tree.
Hark! some one rapped upon my door.
  Nay, open not 'Tis not for me, —
Or else the doctor calls Not yet
  Must I expect his studious bow.
Once I'd have called, "Come in, Lizzette" —
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

In age what aches and pains abound:
  The torturing gout racks us awhile;
Blindness, a prison dark, profound;
  Or deafness that provokes a smile
Then Reason's lamp grows faint and dim
  With flickering ray. Children, allow
Old Age the honor due to him —
  Alas, for I am fifty now!

Ah, heaven! the voice of Death I know,
Who rubs his hands in joyous mood,
The sexton knocks and I must go,—
Farewell, my friends the human brood!
Below are famine, plague, and strife;
Above, new heavens my soul endow:
Since God remains, begin, new life!
Alas, for I am fifty now!

But no, 'tis you, sweetheart, whose youth,
Tempting my soul with dainty ways,
Shall hide from it the somber truth,
This incubus of evil days
Springtime is yours, and flowers; come then,
Scatter your roses on my brow,
And let me dream of youth again—
Alas, for I am fifty now!

The Old Tramp.

(LE VIEUX VAGABOND)

(Translated by F. M)

Here in this gutter let me die;
Weary and sick and old, I've done.
"He's drunk," will say the passers-by;
All right, I want no pity,—none.
I see the heads that turn away,
While others glance and toss me sous,
"Off to your junket! go," I say:
Old tramp—to die I need no help from you.

Yes, of old age I'm dying now—
Of hunger people never die.
I hoped some almshouse might allow
A refuge when the end was nigh,
But all retreats are overflowed,
Such crowds are suffering and forlorn.
My nurse, alas! has been the road
Old tramp—let me die here where I was born

When young, it used to be my prayer
To craftsmen, "Let me learn your trade·"
"Clear out—we've got no work to spare:
Go beg," was all reply they made

You rich, who bade me work, I've fed
With relish on the bones you threw;
Made of your straw an easy bed:
Old tramp—I have no curse to vent on you.

Poor wretch, how easy 'twas to steal!
But no, I'd rather beg my bread.
At most I've thieved a wayside meal
Of apples ripening overhead.
Yet twenty times have I been thrown
In prison,—'twas the King's decree;
Robbed of the only thing I own:
Old tramp—at least the sun belongs to me.

The poor—is any country his?
What are to me your grain, your wine,
Your glory and your industries,
Your orators? They are not mine.
And when a foreign foe waxed fat
Within your undefended walls,
I shed my tears, poor fool, at that:
Old tramp—his hand was open to my calls.

Why, like the venomous bug you kill,
Did you not crush me when you could?
Or, better yet, have taught me skill
To labor for the common good?
The grub a useful ant may end
If sheltered from the blast and fed;
And so might I have been your friend:
Old tramp—I die your enemy instead.



TRAFALGAR.—THE DEATH OF NELSON.[1]

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

(From "Life of Nelson.")

[ALFRED THAYER MAHAN An American naval officer, historian, and political writer, born at West Point, September 27, 1840 He served in the Civil War, and was for several years president of the Naval War College at Newport His writings are unique in that they display a thorough technical knowledge of his profession united with a broad grasp of general world-politics. He has written "The Gulf and Inland Waters" (1883), "Influence of Sea Power upon History" (1890), "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," "Life of Admiral Farragut" (1892), "The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future" (1897), "The Life of Nelson" (1897), etc]

[1] By permission of Little, Brown & Co (Boston) and Sampson Low, Marston & Co (2 vols, 8vo, price 36s.)

CONTRARY to the general policy that for many years had governed the naval undertakings of France and Spain, the combined fleets put to sea on the 19th of October, 1805, with the fixed purpose of daring the hazard of battle, which they could scarcely expect to avoid. They numbered thirty-three ships of the line, eighteen French and fifteen Spanish, and were accompanied by five frigates and two brigs, all of which were French. This great force in its aggregate was one. There were not two separate entities, a French fleet and a Spanish fleet, acting in concert, as is often the case in alliances. Whatever the administrative arrangements, for cruising and for battle the vessels of the two nations were blended in a single mass, at the head of which was the French admiral, just as the general direction of the naval campaign was in the hands of the French emperor alone.

In the allied force there were four three-decked ships, of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guns, all Spanish, of which one, the "Santísima Trinidad," was the largest vessel then afloat. Among Nelson's twenty-seven there were seven three-deckers, of ninety-eight to one hundred guns; but in the lower rates the British were at a disadvantage, having but one eighty-gun ship and three sixty-fours, whereas the allies had six of the former and only one of the latter. All the other vessels of the line of battle were seventy-fours, the normal medium type, upon which the experience of most navies of that day had fixed, as best fitted for the general purposes of fleet warfare. Where more tonnage and heavier batteries were put into single ships, it was simply for the purpose of reënforcing the critical points of an order of battle—an aim that could not be as effectively attained by the combination of two ships, under two captains. . . .

Nelson had several times said to Captain Hardy and Dr. Scott, "The 21st will be our day;" and on the morning of the battle, when the prediction was approaching fulfillment, he again remarked that the 21st of October was the happiest day in the year for his family; but he mentioned no reason other than that just given. . . .

Soon after daylight Nelson, who, according to his custom, was already up and dressed, had gone on deck. He wore as usual his admiral's frock coat, on the left breast of which were stitched the stars of four different Orders that he always bore. It was noticed that he did not wear his sword at Trafalgar,

although it lay ready for him on the cabin table; and it is supposed he forgot to call for it, as this was the only instance in which he was known not to carry it when engaged. At about six o'clock he summoned Captain Blackwood on board the "Victory."

Blackwood found him in good but very calm spirits, preoccupied with the movements of the allies, and the probable results of his own plan of attack. He frequently asked, "What would you consider a victory?" Blackwood answered: "Considering the handsome way in which the battle is offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I think if fourteen ships are captured, it will be a glorious result." . . .

At seven o'clock Nelson had returned from the poop to the cabin, for at that hour was made in his private journal the last entry of occurrences,—"At seven the combined fleets wearing in succession." Here it seems likely that he laid down the pen, for, when he was found writing again, some hours later, it was to complete the long record of experiences and of duties, with words that summed up, in fit and most touching expression, the self-devotion of a life already entering the shadow of death.

Between eight and nine o'clock the other frigate commanders came on board the "Victory"; aids-de-camp, as it were, waiting to the last moment to receive such orders as might require more extensive wording, or precise explanation, than is supplied by the sententious phrases of the signal book. Blackwood himself, a captain of long standing and of tried ability, was in fact intrusted contingently with no small share of the power and discretion of the commander in chief. "He not only gave me command of all the frigates, but he also gave me a latitude, seldom or ever given, that of making any use I pleased of his name, in ordering any of the sternmost line-of-battle ships to do what struck me as best." While thus waiting, the captains accompanied the admiral in an inspection which he made of the decks and batteries of the flagship. He addressed the crew at their several quarters, cautioned them against firing a single shot without being sure of their object, and to the officers he expressed himself as highly satisfied with the arrangements made.

Meanwhile the two fleets were forming, as best they could with the scanty breeze, the order in which each meant to meet the shock of battle. The British could not range themselves

in regular columns without loss of time that was not to be thrown away. They advanced rather in two elongated groups, all under full sail, even to studding sails on both sides, the place of each ship being determined chiefly by her speed, or, perhaps, by some fortuitous advantage of position when the movement began. The great point was to get the heads of the columns into action as soon as possible, to break up the enemy's order. That done, those which followed could be trusted to complete the business on the general lines prescribed by Nelson. Collingwood's ship, the "Royal Sovereign," being but a few days out from home, and freshly coppered, easily took the lead in her own division. After her came the "Belleisle," also a recent arrival off Cadiz, but an old Mediterranean cruiser which had accompanied Nelson in the recent chase to the West Indies. Upon these two ships, as upon the heads of all columns, fell the weight of destruction from the enemy's resistance.

The "Victory," always a fast ship, had likewise little difficulty in keeping her place at the front. Blackwood, having failed to get Nelson on board his own frigate, and realizing the exposure inseparable from the position of leader, ventured, at about half-past nine, when still six miles from the enemy, to urge that one or two ships should be permitted to precede the "Victory." Nelson gave a conditional assent—"Let them go," if they can. The "Téméraire," a three-decker, being close behind, was hailed to go ahead, and endeavored to do so; but at the same moment the admiral gave an indication of how little disposed he was to yield either time or position. The lee lower studding sail happening to be badly set, the lieutenant of the forecastle had it taken in, meaning to reset it; which Nelson observing, ran forward and rated him severely for delaying the ship's progress. Anything much less useful than a lee lower studding sail is hard to imagine, but by this time the admiral was getting very restive. "About ten o'clock," says Blackwood, "Lord Nelson's anxiety to close with the enemy became very apparent: he frequently remarked that they put a good face upon it; but always quickly added: 'I'll give them such a dressing as they never had before.'"

Seeing that the "Téméraire" could not pass the "Victory" in time to lead into the hostile order, unless the flagship gave way, Blackwood, feeling perhaps that he might wear out his own privilege, told Hardy he ought to say to the admiral that, unless the "Victory" shortened sail, the other ships could

not get into place; but Hardy naturally demurred. In any event, it was not just the sort of proposition that the captain of the ship would wish to make, and it was very doubtful how Nelson might take it. This the latter soon showed, however; for, as the "Téméraire" painfully crawled up, and her bows doubled on the "Victory's" quarter, he hailed her, and speaking as he always did with a slight nasal intonation, said: "I'll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep in your proper station, which is astern of the 'Victory.'" The same concern for the admiral's personal safety led the assembled officers to comment anxiously upon the conspicuous mark offered by his blaze of decorations, knowing as they did that the enemy's ships swarmed with soldiers, that among them were many sharpshooters, and that the action would be close. None, however, liked to approach him with the suggestion that he should take any precaution. At length the surgeon, whose painful duty it was a few hours later to watch over the sad fulfillment of his apprehensions, said that he would run the risk of his Lordship's displeasure; but before he could find a fitting opportunity to speak, a shot flew over the "Victory," and the admiral directed all not stationed on deck to go to their quarters. No remark therefore was made; but it is more likely that Nelson would have resented the warning than that he would have heeded it.

The French and Spanish fleets, being neither a homogeneous nor a well-exercised mass, experienced even greater difficulty than the British in forming their array; and the matter was to them of more consequence, for, as the defensive has an advantage in the careful preparations he may make, so, if he fail to accomplish them, he has little to compensate for the loss of the initiative, which he has yielded his opponent. The formation at which they aimed, the customary order of battle in that day, was a long, straight, single column, presenting from end to end an unbroken succession of batteries, close to one another and clear towards the foe, so that all the ships should sweep with their guns the sea over which, nearly at right angles, the hostile columns were advancing. Instead of this, embarrassed by both lack of wind and lack of skill, their maneuvers resulted in a curved line, concave to the enemy's approach,—the horns of the crescent thus formed being nearer to the latter. Collingwood noted that this disposition facilitated a convergent fire upon the assailants, the heads of whose columns were bearing down on the allied center; it does not seem to have been

remarked that the two horns, or wings, being to windward of the center, also had it more in their power to support the latter —a consideration of very great importance. Neither of these advantages, however, was due to contrivance. The order of the combined fleets was the result merely of an unsuccessful effort to assume the usual line of battle. The ships distributed along the crescent lay irregularly, sometimes two and three abreast, masking each other's fire. On the other hand, even this irregularity had some compensations, for a British vessel, attempting to pass through at such a place, fell at once into a swarm of enemies. From horn to horn was about five miles. Owing to the lightness of the breeze, the allies carried a good deal of sail, a departure from the usual battle practice. This was necessary in order to enable them to keep their places at all, but it also had the effect of bringing them continually, though very gradually, nearer to Cadiz. Seeing this, Nelson signaled to Collingwood, "I intend to pass through the van of the enemy's line, to prevent him from getting into Cadiz," and the course of the "Victory," for this purpose, was changed a little to the northward.

After this, towards eleven o'clock, Nelson went below to the cabin. It was his habit, when an engagement was expected, to have all the bulkheads upon the fighting decks taken down, and those of his own apartments doubtless had been removed at least as soon as the enemy's sailing was signaled; but it was possible to obtain some degree of privacy by hanging screens, which could be hurried out of the way at the last moment. The "Victory" did not come under fire till 12.30, so that at eleven she would yet be three miles or more distant from the enemy, and screens could still remain. Shortly after he entered, the signal lieutenant, who had been by his side all the morning, followed him, partly to make an official report, partly to prefer a personal request. He was the ranking lieutenant on board, but had not been permitted to exercise the duties of first lieutenant, because Nelson some time before, to avoid constant changes in that important station, had ordered that the person then occupying it should so continue, notwithstanding the seniority of any who might afterwards join. Now that battle was at hand, the oldest in rank wished to claim the position, and to gain the reward that it insured after a victory,—a request natural and not improper, but more suited for the retirement of the cabin than for the publicity of the deck.

Entering the cabin, the officer paused at the threshold, for

Nelson was on his knees writing. The words, the last that he ever penned, were written in the private diary he habitually kept, in which were noted observations and reflections upon passing occurrences, mingled with occasional self-communings. They followed now, without break of space, or paragraph, upon the last incident recorded—"At seven the enemy wearing in succession"—and they ran thus:—

"May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

The officer, Lieutenant Pasco, waited quietly till Nelson rose from his knees, and then made his necessary report; but, although his future prospects hung upon the wish he had to express, he refrained with singular delicacy from intruding it upon the preoccupation of mind evidenced by the attitude in which he had found his commander. The latter soon afterwards followed him to the poop, where Blackwood was still awaiting his final instructions. To him Nelson said, "I will now amuse the fleet with a signal;" and he asked if he did not think there was one yet wanting. Blackwood replied that the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and were vying with each other to get as near as possible to the leaders of the columns. Upon this succeeded the celebrated signal, the development of which to its final wording is a little uncertain. Comparing the various accounts of witnesses, it seems probably to have been as follows. Nelson mused for a little while, as one who phrases a thought in his own mind before uttering it, and then said, "Suppose we telegraph, 'Nelson confides that every man will do his duty.'" In this form it was the call of the leader to the followers, the personal appeal of one who trusts to those in whom he trusts, a feeling particularly characteristic of the speaker, whose strong hold over others lay above all in the transparent and unswerving faith he showed in their loyal support; and to arouse it now in full force he used the watchword "duty," sure that the chord it struck in him would find its quick response in every

man of the same blood. The officer to whom the remark was made suggested "England" instead of "Nelson." To the fleet it could have made no difference,—to them the two names meant the same thing; but Nelson accepted the change with delight. "Mr. Pasco," he called to the signal officer, "I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty;'" and he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." This remark shows that the columns, and particularly Collingwood's ship, were already nearing the enemy. Pasco answered, "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' it will be sooner competed, because 'expects' is in the vocabulary, and 'confides' must be spelt." Nelson replied hastily, but apparently satisfied, "That will do, Pasco, make it directly;" but the slightly mandatory "expects" is less representative of the author of this renowned sentence than the cordial and sympathetic "confides." It is "Allez," rather than "Allons"; yet even so, become now the voice of the distant motherland, it carries with it the shade of reverence, as well as of affection, which patriotism exacts.

It is said that Collingwood, frequently testy, and at the moment preoccupied with the approaching collision with the Spanish three-decker he had marked for his opponent, exclaimed impatiently when the first number went aloft, "I wish Nelson would stop signaling, as we know well enough what we have to do." But the two lifelong friends, who were not again to look each other in the face, soon passed to other thoughts, such as men gladly recall when death has parted them. When the whole signal was reported to him, and cheers resounded along the lines, Collingwood cordially expressed his own satisfaction. A few moments later, just at noon, the French ship "Fougueux," the second astern of the "Santa Ana," for which the "Royal Sovereign" was steering, fired at the latter the first gun of the battle. As by a common impulse the ships of all the nations engaged hoisted their colors, and the admirals their flags,—a courteous and chivalrous salute preceding the mortal encounter. For ten minutes the "Royal Sovereign" advanced in silence, the one center of the hostile fire, upon which were fixed all eyes, as yet without danger of their own to distract. As she drew near the two ships between which she intended to pass, Nelson exclaimed admiringly, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

At about the same instant Collingwood was saying to his flag captain, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

These things being done, Nelson said to Blackwood, "Now I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." When his last signal had been acknowledged by a few ships in the van, the admiral directed Pasco to make that for close action, and to keep it up. This was accordingly hoisted on board the flagship, where it was flying still as she disappeared into the smoke of the battle, and so remained till shot away. The "Victory" was about two miles from the "Royal Sovereign" when the latter, at ten minutes past twelve, broke through the allied order, and she had still a mile and a half to go before she herself could reach it. At twenty minutes past twelve Villeneuve's flagship, the "Bucentaure," of eighty guns, fired a shot at her, to try the range. It fell short. A few minutes later a second was fired, which dropped alongside. The distance then was a mile and a quarter. Two or three followed in rapid succession and passed over the "Victory." Nelson then turned to Blackwood and directed him and Captain Prowse of the "Sirius" to return to their ships, but in so doing to pass along the column and tell the captains he depended upon their exertions to get into action as quickly as possible. He then bade them again to go away. Blackwood, who was standing by him at the forward end of the poop, took his hand, and said, "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the 'Victory,' which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your Lordship well and in possession of twenty prizes." Nelson replied, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again."

The "Victory" was all the time advancing, the feeble breeze urging her progress, which was helped also by her lurching through the heavy following swell that prevailed. Before Blackwood could leave her, a shot passed through the main topgallant sail, and the rent proclaimed to the eager eyes of the foes that the ship was fairly under their guns. Thereupon everything about the "Bucentaure," some seven or eight ships, at least, opened upon this single enemy, as the allied rear and center had upon the "Royal Sovereign"; for it was imperative to stop her way, if possible, or at least to deaden it, and so to delay as long as might be the moment when she could bring her broadside to bear effectively. During the forty

minutes that followed, the "Victory" was an unresisting target to her enemies, and her speed, slow enough at the first, decreased continually as the hail of shot riddled the sails, or stripped them from the yards. Every studding-sail boom was shot away close to the yardarms, and this light canvas, invaluable in so faint a wind, fell helplessly into the water. During these trying moments, Mr. Scott, the admiral's public secretary, was struck by a round shot while talking with Captain Hardy, and instantly killed. Those standing by sought to remove the body without drawing Nelson's attention to the loss of one so closely associated with him; but the admiral had noticed the fall. "Is that poor Scott," he said, "who is gone?" The clerk who took the dead man's place was killed a few moments later by the wind of a ball, though his person was untouched.

The "Victory" continuing to forge slowly ahead, despite her injuries, and pointing evidently for the flagship of the hostile commander in chief, the ships round the latter, to use James' striking phrase, now "closed like a forest." The nearer the British vessel drew, the better necessarily became the enemies' aim. Just as she got within about five hundred yards — quarter of a mile—from the "Bucentaure's" beam, the mizzen topmast was shot away. At the same time the wheel was hit and shattered, so that the ship had to be steered from below, a matter that soon became of little importance. A couple of minutes more, eight marines were carried off by a single projectile, while standing drawn up on the poop, whereupon Nelson ordered the survivors to be dispersed about the deck. Presently a shot, coming in through the ship's side, ranged aft on the quarter-deck towards the admiral and Captain Hardy, between whom it passed. On its way it struck the forebrace bitts — a heavy block of timber — carrying thence a shower of splinters, one of which bruised Hardy's foot. The two officers, who were walking together, stopped, and looked inquiringly at each other. Seeing that no harm was done, Nelson smiled, but said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." He then praised the cool resolution of the seamen around him, compelled to endure this murderous fire without present reply. He had never, he said, seen better conduct. Twenty men had so far been killed and thirty wounded, with not a shot fired from their own guns.

Still the ship closed the "Bucentaure." It had been Nelson's purpose and desire to make her his special antagonist,

because of Villeneuve's flag; but to do so required room for the "Victory" to turn under the French vessel's stern, and to come up alongside. As she drew near, Hardy, scanning the hostile array, saw three ships crowded together behind and beyond the "Bucentaure." He reported to Nelson that he could go close under her stern, but could not round-to alongside, nor pass through the line, without running on board one of these. The admiral replied, "I cannot help it, it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please: take your choice." At one o'clock the bows of the "Victory" crossed the wake of the "Bucentaure," by whose stern she passed within thirty feet, the projecting yardarms grazing the enemy's rigging. One after another, as they bore, the double-shotted guns tore through the woodwork of the French ship, the smoke, driven back, filling the lower decks of the "Victory," while persons on the upper deck, including Nelson himself, were covered with the dust which rose in clouds from the wreck. From the relative positions of the two vessels, the shot ranged from end to end of the "Bucentaure," and the injury was tremendous. Twenty guns were at once dismounted, and the loss by that single discharge was estimated, by the French, at four hundred men. Leaving the further care of the enemy's flagship to her followers, secure that they would give due heed to the admiral's order, that "every effort must be made to capture the hostile commander in chief," the "Victory" put her helm up, inclining to the right, and ran on board a French seventy-four, the "Redoubtable," whose guns, as well as those of the French "Neptune," had been busily playing upon her hitherto. At 1.10 she lay along the port side of the "Redoubtable," the two ships falling off with their heads to the eastward, and moving slowly before the wind to the east-southeast.

In the duel which ensued between these two, in which Nelson fell, the disparity, so far as weight of battery was concerned, was all against the French ship; but the latter, while greatly overmatched at the guns, much the greater part of which were below deck, was markedly superior to her antagonist in small-arm fire on the upper deck, and especially aloft, where she had many musketeers stationed. Nelson himself was averse to the employment of men in that position, thinking the danger of fire greater than the gain, but the result on this day was fatal to very many of the "Victory's" men as well as to

himself. As the ship's place in the battle was fixed for the moment, nothing now remained to be done, except for the crews to ply their weapons till the end was reached. The admiral and the captain, their parts of direction and guidance being finished, walked back and forth together on the quarter-deck, on the side farthest from the "Redoubtable," where there was a clear space of a little over twenty feet in length, fore and aft, from the wheel to the hatch ladder leading down to the cabin. The mizzen top of the "Redoubtable," garnished with sharpshooters, was about fifty feet above them. Fifteen minutes after the vessels came together, as the two officers were walking forward, and had nearly reached the usual place of turning, Nelson, who was on Hardy's left, suddenly faced left about. Hardy, after taking a step farther, turned also, and saw the admiral in the act of falling — on his knees, with his left hand touching the deck; then, the arm giving way, he fell on his left side. It was in the exact spot where Scott, the secretary, had been killed an hour before. To Hardy's natural exclamation that he hoped he was not badly hurt, he replied, "They have done for me at last;" and when the expression of hope was repeated, he said again, "Yes, my backbone is shot through." "I felt it break my back," he told the surgeon, a few minutes later. The ball had struck him on the left shoulder, on the forward part of the epaulette, piercing the lung, where it severed a large artery, and then passed through the spine from left to right, lodging finally in the muscles of the back. Although there was more than one mortal injury, the immediate and merciful cause of his speedy death was the internal bleeding from the artery. Within a few moments of his wounding some forty officers and men were cut down by the same murderous fire from the tops of the enemy. Indeed, so stripped of men was the upper deck of the "Victory" that the French made a movement to board, which was repulsed, though with heavy loss.

The stricken hero was at once carried below, himself covering his face and the decorations of his coat with his handkerchief, that the sight of their loss might not affect the ship's company at this critical instant. The cockpit was already cumbered with the wounded and dying, but the handkerchief falling from his face, the surgeon recognized him, and came at once to him. "You can do nothing for me, Beatty," he said; "I have but a short time to live." The surgeon also uttered the involuntary exclamation of encouragement which rises inevitably to the lips

at such a moment; but a short examination, and the sufferer's statement of his sensations, especially the gushing of blood within the breast, which was vividly felt, convinced him that there was indeed no hope. "Doctor, I am gone," he said to the Rev. Mr. Scott, the chaplain, who knelt beside him; and then added in a low voice, "I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." . . .

Nelson now desired the surgeons to leave him to the attendants, as one for whom nothing could be done, and to give their professional care where it would be of some avail. In a few moments he recalled the chief surgeon, and said, "I forgot to tell you that all power of motion and feeling below my breast are gone; and *you* very well *know* I can live but a short time." From the emphasis he placed on his words, the surgeon saw he was thinking of a case of spinal injury to a seaman some months before, which had proved mortal after many days' suffering; yet it would seem that, despite the conviction that rested on his mind, the love of life, and of all it meant to him, yet clung to the hope that possibly there might be a reprieve. "One would like to live a little longer," he murmured; and added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" "Beatty," he said again, "*you know* I am gone." "My Lord," replied the surgeon, with a noble and courteous simplicity, "unhappily for our country, nothing can be done for you;" and he turned away to conceal the emotion which he could not at once control. "I know it," said Nelson. "I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me I am gone. God be praised, I have done my duty." To this latter thought he continually recurred.

At about three o'clock, the five ships of the enemy's van, passing within gunshot to windward, opened fire upon the British ships and their prizes. The "Victory" with her consorts replied. "Oh, Victory! Victory!" cried the sufferer, "how you distract my poor brain!" and after a pause added, "How dear life is to all men!" This distant exchange of shots was ineffectual, except to kill or wound a few more people, but while it continued Hardy had to be on deck, for the flag of the commander in chief still vested his authority in that ship. During this period an officer was sent to Collingwood to inform him of the admiral's condition, and to bear a personal message of farewell from the latter; but Nelson had no idea of transferring any portion of his duty until he parted with his life also.

A short hour elapsed between Hardy's leaving the cockpit and his returning to it, which brings the time to four o'clock. Strength had ebbed fast meanwhile, and the end was now very near; but Nelson was still conscious. The friends again shook hands, and the captain, before releasing his grasp, congratulated the dying hero upon the brilliancy of the victory. It was complete, he said. How many were captured, it was impossible to see, but he was certain fourteen or fifteen. The exact number proved to be eighteen. "That is well," said Nelson, but added, faithful to his exhaustive ideas of sufficiency, "I bargained for twenty." Then he exclaimed, "*Anchor*, Hardy, *anchor!*" Hardy felt the embarrassment of issuing orders now that Collingwood knew that his chief was in the very arms of death; but Nelson was clearly within his rights. "I suppose, my Lord," said the captain, "Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," cried Nelson, and for a moment endeavored, ineffectually, to raise himself from the bed. "No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy." Captain Hardy then said, "Shall we make the signal, Sir?" "Yes," answered the admiral, "for if I live, I'll anchor." These words he repeated several times, even after Hardy had left him, and the energy of his manner showed that for the moment the sense of duty and of responsibility had triumphed over his increasing weakness.

Nelson now desired his steward, who was in attendance throughout, to turn him on his right side. "I wish I had not left the deck," he murmured; "for I shall soon be gone." Thenceforth he sank rapidly; his breathing became oppressed and his voice faint. To Dr. Scott he said, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner," and after a short pause, "*Remember* that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country—never forget Horatia." This injunction, with remembrances to Lady Hamilton and the child, he frequently repeated; and he charged Scott to see Mr. Rose, and tell him —but here pain interrupted his utterance, and after an interval he simply said, "Mr. Rose will remember," alluding to a letter which he had written him, but which as yet could not have been received. His thirst now increased; and he called for "drink, drink," "fan, fan," and "rub, rub," addressing himself in this last case to Dr. Scott, who had been rubbing his breast with his hand, by which some relief was given. These words he spoke in a very rapid manner, which rendered

his articulation difficult; but he every now and then, with evident increase of pain, made a greater effort, and said distinctly, "Thank God, I have done my duty." This he repeated at intervals as long as the power of speech remained. The last words caught by Dr. Scott, who was bending closely over him, were, "God and my country.". . .

There, surrounded by the companions of his triumph, and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, "His body is buried in peace, but his Name liveth for evermore." Wars may cease, but the need for heroism shall not depart from the earth, while man remains man and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.



INFLUENCE OF GREECE ON ITS PEOPLE.[1]

BY ERNST CURTIUS.

(From the "History of Greece")

[ERNST CURTIUS: A German historian and archæologist; born in 1814 He was the founder of the German Institute of Archæology at Athens, and has contributed much to the capital of knowledge concerning life in Ancient Greece He was a fluent writer, adept in the art of accommodating his style to the character of his readers He wrote a "Greek History," also a "History of Athens" His "Peloponnesus" deals with the archæological remains in and about that city.]

THE history of a nation is by no means to be regarded solely as a consequence of the natural condition of its local habitations. But thus much it is easy to perceive: a formation of soil as peculiar as that commanding the basin of the Archipelago may well give a peculiar direction to the development of the history of its inhabitants.

In Asia great complexes of countries possess a history common to all of them. There one nation raises itself over a multitude of others, and in every case decrees of fate fall, to which vast regions, with their millions of inhabitants, are uniformly subjected. Against a history of this kind every footbreadth of Greek land rises in protest. There the ramification of the mountains has formed a series of cantons, every one of which has received a natural call and a natural right to a separate existence.

[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd

The villagers of wide plains quail at the thought of defending their laws and property against an overpowering force of arms; they submit to what is the will of heaven, and the survivor tranquilly builds himself a new hut near the ruins of the old. But where the land which has been with difficulty cultivated is belted by mountains with lofty ridges and narrow passes, which a little band is able to hold against a multitude, there men receive, together with these weapons of defense, the courage for using them. In the members of every local federation arises the feeling of belonging together by the will and command of God; the common state grows by itself out of the hamlets of the valley; and in every such state there springs up at the same time a consciousness of an independence fully justified before God and man. He who desires to enslave such a land must attack and conquer it anew in every one of its mountain valleys. In the worst case the summits of the mountains and inaccessible caves are able to shelter the remnant of the free inhabitants of the land.

But, besides the political independence, it is also the multiplicity of culture, manners, and language characteristic of Ancient Greece which it is impossible to conceive as existent without the multiplicitous formation of its territory, for without the barriers of the mountains the various elements composing its population would have early lost their individuality by contact with one another.

Now Hellas is not only a secluded and well-guarded country, but, on the other hand, again, more open to commerce than any other country of the ancient world. For from three sides the sea penetrates into all parts of the country; and while it accustoms men's eyes to greater acuteness and their minds to higher enterprise, never ceases to excite their fancy for the sea, which, in regions where no ice binds it during the whole course of the year, effects an incomparably closer union between the lands than is the case with the inhospitable inland seas of the North. If it is easily agitated, it is also easily calmed again; its dangers are diminished by the multitude of safe bays for anchorage, which the mariner may speedily reach at the approach of foul weather. They are further decreased by the transparent clearness of the atmosphere, which allows the mariner at daytime to recognize the guiding points of his course at a distance of as many as twelve miles, and at night spreads over his head a cloudless sky, where the rising and

setting of the stars in peaceful tranquillity regulate the business of peasant and mariner. The winds are the legislators of the weather; but even they, in these latitudes, submit to certain rules, and only rarely rise to the vehemence of desolating hurricanes. Never, except in the short winter season, is there any uncertain irregularity in wind and weather; the commencement of the fair season — the safe months, as the ancients called it — brings with it an immutable law followed by the winds in the entire Archipelago: every morning the north wind arises from the coasts of Thrace, and passes over the whole island sea; so that men were accustomed to designate all the regions lying beyond that of these coasts as the side beyond the north wind. This is the wind which once carried Miltiades to Lemnos, and at all times secured advantages of such importance to those who commanded the northern coasts. Often these winds (the Etesian) for weeks together assume the character of a storm, and when the sky is clear waves of froth appear as far as the eye can see; but the winds are regular enough to be free from danger, and they subside at sunset; then the sea becomes smooth, and air and water tranquil, till almost imperceptibly a slight contrary wind arises, a breeze from the south. When the mariner at Ægina becomes aware of this he weighs anchor, and drops into the Piræus in a few hours of the night. This is the sea breeze sung by the poets of antiquity, and now called the Embates, whose approach is ever mild, soft, and salutary. The currents passing along the coasts facilitate navigation in the gulfs and sounds of the sea; the flight of migratory birds, the shoals of tunny fish reappearing at fixed seasons of the year, serve as welcome signs for the mariner. The regularity in the whole life of nature and in the motion of air and sea, the mild and humane character of the Ægean, essentially contributed to make the inhabitants of its coast use it with the fullest confidence, and live on and with it.

Men soon learn all the secrets of the art of river navigation to an end, but never those of navigating the sea; the differences between dwellers on the banks of a river soon vanish by mutual contact, whereas the sea suddenly brings the greatest contrasts together; strangers arrive, who have been living under another sky and according to other laws: there ensues an endless comparing, learning, and teaching, and the more remunerative the interchange of the produce of different countries, the

more restlessly the human mind labors victoriously to oppose the dangers of the sea by a constant succession of new inventions.

The Euphrates and the Nile from year to year offer the same advantages to the population on their banks, and regulate its occupations in a constant monotony, which makes it possible for centuries to pass over the land without any change taking place in the essential habits of the lives of its inhabitants. Revolutions occur, but no development, and mummylike, the civilization of the Egyptians stagnates, enshrouded in the valley of the Nile; they count the monotonous beats of the pendulum of time, but time contains nothing for them; they possess a chronology, but no history in the full sense of the word. Such a death in life is not permitted by the flowing waves of the Ægean, which, as soon as commerce and mental activity have been once awakened, unceasingly continues and develops them.

Lastly, with regard to the natural gifts of the soil, a great difference prevailed between the eastern and western half of the land of Greece. The Athenian had only to ascend a few hours' journey from the mouths of the rivers of Asia Minor to assure himself how much more remunerative agriculture was there, and to admire and envy the deep layers of most fertile soil in Æolis and Ionia. There the growth of both plants and animals manifested greater luxuriance, the intercourse in the wide plains incomparably greater facility. We know how in the European country the plains are only let in between the mountains like furrows or narrow basins, or, as it were, washed on to their extremest ridge; and the single passage from one valley to the other led over lofty ridges, which men were obliged to open up for themselves, and then, with unspeakable labor, to provide with paths for beasts of burden and vehicles. The waters of the plains were equally grudging of the blessings expected from them. Far the greater number of them in summer were dried-up rivers, sons of the Nereïdes dying in their youth, according to the version of mythology; and although the drought in the country is incomparably greater now than it was in ancient times, yet, since men remembered, the veins of water of the Ilissus, as well as of the Inachus, had been hidden under a dry bed of pebbles. Yet this excessive drought is again accompanied by a superabundance of water, which, stagnating in one place in the basin of a valley, in another between mountains and sea, renders the air pestiferous and cultivation difficult. Everywhere there was a call for labor and a struggle. And yet at

how early a date would Greek history have come to an end had its only theater been under the skies of Ionia! It was, after all, only in European Hellas that the fullness of energy of which the nation was capable came to light, on that soil so much more sparingly endowed by nature; here, after all, men's bodies received a more powerful, and their minds a freer, development; here the country which they made their own, by drainage, and embankment, and artificial irrigation, became their native land in a fuller sense than the land on the opposite shore, where the gifts of God dropped into men's laps without any effort being necessary for their attainment.

Thus the special advantages of the land of Greece consist in the measure of its natural properties. Its inhabitant enjoys the full blessings of the South; he is rejoiced and animated by the warm splendor of its skies, by the serene atmosphere of its days, and the refreshing mildness of its nights. His necessaries of life he easily obtains from land and sea; nature and climate train him in temperance. His country is hilly; but his hills, instead of being rude heights, are arable and full of pastures, and thus act as the guardians of liberty. He dwells in an island country, blessed with all the advantages of southern coasts, yet enjoying at the same time the benefits proper to a vast and uninterrupted complex of territory. Earth and water, hill and plain, drought and damp, the snowstorms of Thrace and the heat of a tropical sun — all the contrasts, all the forms of the life of nature, combine in the greatest variety of ways to awaken and move the mind of man. But as these contrasts all dissolve into a higher harmony, which embraces the entire coast and island country of the Archipelago, so man was led to complete the measure of harmony between the contrasts which animate conscious life, between enjoyment and labor, between the sensual and the spiritual, between thought and feeling.

The innate powers of a piece of ground only become apparent when the plants created for it by nature drive the fibers of their roots into it, and develop, on the site so happily discovered, in the full favor of light and air, the whole fullness of their natural powers. In the life of plants the scientific investigator is able to show how the particular components of the soil favor each particular organization; in the life of nations a deeper mystery surrounds the connection between a country and its history.

THE BATTLE OF LEUCTRA.

By GEORGE GROTE

(From "A History of Greece.")

[George Grote. An English historian, born in Clay Hill, Kent, November 17, 1794 He was one of the greatest scholars of the century in classics and logic. His "History of Greece" (12 vols., 1845-1856) was the first ever written from a democratic point of view. "Plato" and "Aristotle" are among his best works. He died in London, June 18, 1871.]

While others were comforted by the hope of superhuman aid, Epaminondas, to whom the order of the coming battle had been confided, took care that no human precautions should be wanting. His task was arduous; for not only were his troops dispirited, while those of the enemy were confident, but their numbers were inferior, and some of the Bœotians present were hardly even trustworthy. What the exact numbers were on either side we are not permitted to know. Diodorus assigns about 6000 men to the Thebans; Plutarch states the numbers of Cleombrotus at 11,000. Without placing faith in these figures, we see good reason for believing that the Theban total was decidedly inferior. For such inferiority Epaminondas strove to make up by skillful tactics, and by a combination at that time novel as well as ingenious. In all former Grecian battles, the opposite armies had been drawn up in line, and had fought along the whole line; or at least such had been the intention of the generals—and if it was not realized, the cause was to be sought in accidents of the ground, or backwardness or disorder on the part of some division of the soldiers. Departing from this habit, Epaminondas now arrayed his troops so as to bring his own left to bear with irresistible force upon the Spartan right, and to keep back the rest of his army comparatively out of action. Knowing that Cleombrotus, with the Spartans and all the official persons, would be on the right of their own line, he calculated that, if successful on this point against the best troops, he should find little resistance from the remainder. Accordingly he placed on his own left wing chosen Theban hoplites, to the prodigious depth of fifty shields, with Pelopidas and the Sacred Band in front. His order of advance was disposed obliquely or in echelon, so that the deep column on the left should join battle first, while the center and right kept comparatively back and held themselves more in a defensive attitude.

In 371 B.C. such a combination was absolutely new, and betokened high military genius. It is therefore no disgrace to Cleombrotus that he was not prepared for it, and that he adhered to the ordinary Grecian tactics of joining battle at once along the whole line. But so unbounded was the confidence reigning among the Spartans, that there never was any occasion on which peculiar precautions were less thought of. When, from their entrenched camp on the Leuctrian eminence, they saw the Thebans encamped on an opposite eminence, separated from them by a small breadth of low ground and moderate declivities, their only impatience was to hurry on the decisive moment, so as to prevent the enemy from escaping. Both the partisans and the opponents of Cleombrotus united in provoking the order for battle, each in their own language. The partisans urged him, since he had never yet done anything against the Thebans, to strike a decisive blow, and clear himself from the disparaging comparisons which rumor instituted between him and Agesilaus; the opponents gave it to be understood that if Cleombrotus were now backward, their suspicions would be confirmed that he leaned in his heart towards the Thebans. Probably the king was himself sufficiently eager to fight, and so would any other Spartan general have been, under the same circumstances, before the battle of Leuctra. But even had he been otherwise, the impatience prevalent among the Lacedæmonian portion of his army left him no option. Accordingly, the decided resolution to fight was taken. The last council was held, and the final orders issued by Cleombrotus after his morning meal, where copious libations of wine both attested and increased the confident temper of every man. The army was marched out of the camp, and arrayed on the lower portion of the declivity: Cleombrotus with the Spartans and most of the Lacedæmonians being on the right, in an order of twelve deep. Some Lacedæmonians were also on the left, but respecting the order of the other parts of the line we have no information. The cavalry was chiefly posted along the front.

Meanwhile, Epaminondas also marched down his declivity in his own chosen order of battle, his left wing being brought forward and strengthened into very deep order for desperate attack. His cavalry too were posted in front of his line. But before he commenced his march, he sent away his baggage and attendants home to Thebes, while at the same time he made proclamation that any of his Bœotian hoplites who were not

hearty in the cause might also retire if they chose. Of such permission the Thespians immediately availed themselves, so many were there, in the Theban camp, who estimated the chances to be all in favor of Lacedæmonian victory. But when these men, a large portion of them unarmed, were seen retiring, a considerable detachment from the army of Cleombrotus, either with or without orders, ran after to prevent their escape, and forced them to return for safety to the main Theban army. The most zealous among the allies of Sparta present — the Phocians, the Phliasians, and the Heracleots, together with a body of mercenaries — executed this movement, which seems to have weakened the Lacedæmonians in the main battle, without doing any mischief to the Thebans.

The cavalry first engaged in front of both lines; and here the superiority of the Thebans soon became manifest. The Lacedæmonian cavalry — at no time very good, but at this moment unusually bad, composed of raw and feeble novices, mounted on horses provided by the rich — was soon broken and driven back upon the infantry, whose ranks were disturbed by the fugitives. To reëstablish the battle Cleombrotus gave the word for the infantry to advance, himself personally leading the right. The victorious cavalry probably hung upon the Lacedæmonian infantry of the center and left, and prevented them from making much forward movement; while Epaminondas and Pelopidas with their left advanced according to their intention to bear down Cleombrotus and his right wing. The shock here was terrible; on both sides victory was resolutely disputed, in a close hand combat, with pushing of opposite shields and opposite masses. But such was the overwhelming force of the Theban charge — with the Sacred Band or chosen warriors in front, composed of men highly trained in the palestra, and the deep column of fifty shields propelling behind — that even the Spartans, with all their courage, obstinacy, and discipline, were unable to stand up against it. Cleombrotus, himself either in or near the front, was mortally wounded, apparently early in the battle; and it was only by heroic and unexampled efforts on the part of his comrades around that he was carried off yet alive, so as to preserve him from falling into the hands of the enemy. Around him also fell the most eminent members of the Spartan official staff: Deinon the Polemarch, Sphodrias with his son Cleonymus, and several others. After an obstinate resistance and a fearful slaughter, the right

wing of the Spartans was completely beaten and driven back to their camp on the higher ground.

It was upon the Spartan right wing, where the Theban left was irresistibly strong, that all the stress of the battle fell, as Epaminondas had intended that it should. In no other part of the line does there appear to have been any serious fighting: partly through his deliberate scheme of not pushing forward either his center or his right — partly through the preliminary victory of the Theban cavalry, which probably checked in part the forward march of the enemy's line — and partly also through the lukewarm adherence, or even suppressed hostility, of the allies marshaled under the command of Cleombrotus. The Phocians and Heracleots — zealous in the cause from hatred of Thebes — had quitted the line to strike a blow at the retiring baggage and attendants, while the remaining allies, after mere nominal fighting and little or no loss, retired to the camp as soon as they saw the Spartan right defeated and driven back to it. Moreover, even some Lacedæmonians on the left wing, probably astounded by the lukewarmness of those around them, and by the unexpected calamity on their own right, fell back in the same manner. The whole Lacedæmonian force, with the dying king, was thus again assembled and formed behind the intrenchment on the higher ground, where the victorious Thebans did not attempt to molest them.

But very different were their feelings as they now stood arrayed in the camp from that exulting boastfulness with which they had quitted it an hour or two before, and fearful was the loss when it came to be verified. Of seven hundred Spartans who had marched forth from the camp, only three hundred returned to it. One thousand Lacedæmonians, besides, had been left on the field, even by the admission of Xenophon; probably the real number was even larger. Apart from this, the death of Cleombrotus was of itself an event impressive to every one, the like of which had never occurred since the fatal day of Thermopylæ. But this was not all. The allies who stood alongside of them in arms were now altered men. All were sick of their cause, and averse to further exertion; some scarcely concealed a positive satisfaction at the defeat. And when the surviving polemarchs, now commanders, took counsel with the principal officers as to the steps proper in the emergency, there were a few, but very few, Spartans who pressed for renewal of the battle, and for recovering by force their slain brethren in the field,

or perishing in the attempt. All the rest felt like beaten men; so that the polemarchs, giving effect to the general sentiment, sent a herald to solicit the regular truce for burial of their dead. This the Thebans granted, after erecting their own trophy. But Epaminondas, aware that the Spartans would practice every stratagem to conceal the magnitude of their losses, coupled the grant with the condition that the allies should bury their dead first. It was found that the allies had scarcely any dead to pick up, and that nearly every slain warrior on the field was a Lacedæmonian. And thus the Theban general, while he placed the loss beyond possibility of concealment, proclaimed at the same time such public evidence of Spartan courage as to rescue the misfortune of Leuctra from all aggravation on the score of dishonor. What the Theban loss was Xenophon does not tell us. Pausanias states it at forty-seven men, Diodorus at three hundred. The former number is preposterously small, and even the latter is doubtless under the truth, for a victory in close fight, over soldiers like the Spartans, must have been dearly purchased. Though the bodies of the Spartans were given up to burial, their arms were retained, and the shields of the principal officers were seen by the traveler Pausanias at Thebes, five hundred years afterwards.

Twenty days only had elapsed, from the time when Epaminondas quitted Sparta after Thebes had been excluded from the general peace, to the day when he stood victorious on the field of Leuctra The event came like a thunderclap upon every one in Greece — upon victors as well as vanquished — upon allies and neutrals, near and distant, alike. The general expectation had been that Thebes would be speedily overthrown and dismantled; instead of which, not only she had escaped, but had inflicted a crushing blow on the military majesty of Sparta.

It is in vain that Xenophon — whose account of the battle is obscure, partial, and imprinted with that chagrin which the event occasioned to him — ascribes the defeat to untoward accidents, or to the rashness and convivial carelessness of Cleombrotus, upon whose generalship Agesilaus and his party at Sparta did not scruple to cast ungenerous reproach, while others faintly exculpated him by saying that he had fought contrary to his better judgment, under fear of unpopularity. Such criticisms, coming from men wise after the fact, and consoling themselves for the public calamity by censuring the unfortunate commander, will not stand examination. Cleom-

brotus represented on this occasion the feeling universal among his countrymen. He was ordered to march against Thebes with the full belief, entertained by Agesilaus and all the Spartan leaders, that her unassisted force could not resist him. To fight the Thebans on open ground was exactly what he and every other Spartan desired. While his manner of forcing the entrance of Bœotia, and his capture of Creusis, was a creditable maneuver, he seems to have arranged his order of battle in the manner usual with Grecian generals at the time. There appears no reason to censure his generalship, except in so far as he was unable to divine — what no one else divined — the superior combinations of his adversary, then for the first time applied to practice.

To the discredit of Xenophon, Epaminondas is never named in his narrative of the battle, though he recognizes in substance that the battle was decided by the irresistible Theban force brought to bear upon one point of the enemy's phalanx — a fact which both Plutarch and Diodorus expressly refer to the genius of the general. All the calculations of Epaminondas turned out successful. The bravery of the Thebans, cavalry as well as infantry, seconded by the training which they had received during the last few years, was found sufficient to carry his plans into full execution. To this circumstance principally was owing the great revolution of opinion throughout Greece which followed the battle. Every one felt that a new military power had arisen, and that the Theban training, under the generalship of Epaminondas, had proved itself more than a match on a fair field, with shield and spear, and with numbers on the whole inferior, for the ancient Lycurgean discipline; which last had hitherto stood without a parallel as turning out artists and craftsmen in war, against mere citizens in the opposite ranks, armed, yet without the like training. Essentially stationary and old-fashioned, the Lycurgean discipline was now overborne by the progressive military improvement of other states, handled by a preeminent tactician — a misfortune predicted by the Corinthians at Sparta sixty years before, and now realized, to the conviction of all Greece, on the field of Leuctra.

PERIODS OF GREEK HISTORY AFTER THE CONQUEST OF GREECE.

By GEORGE FINLAY.

(From "Greece under the Romans")

[GEORGE FINLAY: An English historian, born in Faversham, Kent, December 21, 1799; died in Athens, Greece, January 26, 1875. He was one of the early volunteers in the liberation of Greece, a companion of Byron at Missolonghi in 1823, and took up permanent residence there. He was for many years the Greek correspondent of the London *Times*. His fame, however, rests upon one great work, now collected as "Greece under Foreign Domination" (7 vols., 1877), but the first volume published as "Greece under the Romans" (1844), and the last two volumes being a "History of the Greek Revolution."]

THE condition of Greece during its long period of servitude was not one of uniform degeneracy. Under the Romans, and subsequently under the Othomans, the Greeks formed only an insignificant portion of a vast empire. Their unwarlike character rendered them of little political importance, and many of the great changes and revolutions which occurred in the dominions of the emperors and of the sultans, exerted no direct influence on Greece. Consequently, neither the general history of the Roman nor of the Othoman empire forms a portion of Greek history. Under the Byzantine emperors the case was different: the Greeks became then identified with the imperial administration. The dissimilarity in the political position of the nation during these periods requires a different treatment from the historian to explain the characteristics of the times.

The changes which affected the political and social condition of the Greeks divide their history, as a subject people, into six distinct periods.

1. The first of these periods comprises the history of Greece under the Roman government. The physical and moral degradation of the people deprived them of all political influence, until Greek society was at length regenerated by the Christian religion. After Christianity became the religion of the Roman emperors, the predominant power of the Greek clergy, in the ecclesiastical establishment of the Eastern Empire, restored to the Greeks some degree of influence in the government, and gave them a degree of social authority over human civilization in the East which rivaled that which they had formerly obtained by the Macedonian conquests. In the portion of this work devoted to the condition of Greece under the Romans,

the author has confined his attention exclusively to the condition of the people, and to those branches of the Roman administration which affected their condition. The predominant influence of Roman feelings and prejudices in the Eastern Empire terminates with the accession of Leo the Isaurian, who gave the administration at Constantinople a new character.

2. The second period embraces the history of the Eastern Roman Empire in its new form, under its conventional title of the Byzantine Empire. The records of this despotism, modified, renovated, and reinvigorated by the Iconoclast emperors, constitute one of the most remarkable and instructive lessons in the history of monarchial institutions. They teach us that a well-organized central government can with ease hold many subject nations in a state of political nullity. During this period the history of the Greeks is closely interwoven with the annals of the imperial government, so that the history of the Byzantine Empire forms a portion of the history of the Greek nation. Byzantine history extends from the accession of Leo the Isaurian, in the year 716, to the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204.

3. After the destruction of the Eastern Roman Empire, Greek history diverges into many channels. The exiled Roman-Greeks of Constantinople fled to Asia, and established their capital at Nicæa; they prolonged the Imperial administration in some provinces on the old model and with the old names. After the lapse of less than sixty years, they recovered possession of Constantinople; but though the government they exercised retained the proud title of the Roman Empire, it was only a degenerate representative even of the Byzantine state. This third period is characterized as the Greek Empire of Constantinople. Its feeble existence was terminated by the Othoman Turks at the taking of Constantinople in 1453.

4. When the Crusaders conquered the greater part of the Byzantine Empire, they divided their conquests with the Venetians, and founded the Latin Empire of Romania, with its feudal principalities in Greece. The domination of the Latins is important, as marking the decline of Greek influence in the East, and as causing a rapid diminution in the wealth and numbers of the Greek nation. This period extends from the conquest of Constantinople in 1204, until the conquest of Naxos by the Othoman Turks in 1566.

5. The conquest of Constantinople in 1204 caused the

foundation of a new Greek state in the eastern provinces of the Byzantine Empire, called the Empire of Trebizond. Its existence is a curious episode in Greek history, though the government was characterized by peculiarities which indicated the influence of Asiatic rather than of European manners. It bore a strong resemblance to the Iberian and Armenian monarchies. During two centuries and a half it maintained a considerable degree of influence, based, however, rather on its commercial position and resources than on its political strength or its Greek civilization. Its existence exerted little influence on the fate or fortunes of Greece, and its conquest, in the year 1461, excited little sympathy.

6. The sixth and last period of the history of Greece under foreign domination extends from 1453 to 1821, and embraces the records both of the Othoman rule and of the temporary occupation of the Peloponnesus by the Venetian Republic, from 1685 to 1715. Nations have, perhaps, perpetuated their existence in an equally degraded position; but history offers no other example of a nation which had sunk to such a state of debasement making a successful effort to recover its independence.



THE BEGINNINGS OF ROME.[1]

By THEODOR MOMMSEN.

(From the "History of Rome")

[THEODOR MOMMSEN A German historian, born at Garding, Schleswig, November 30, 1817. He was professor of law at Leipsic (1848–1850), of Roman law at Zürich (1852–1854), and at Breslau (1854–1858) He was professor of ancient history at Berlin in 1858 His works are "Roman History" (1854–1856, 8th ed, 1888–1889, vol 5, 3d ed, 1886), "Roman Chronology down to Cæsar (2d ed, 1859), "History of Roman Coinage" (1860), "Roman Investigations" (1864–1879), "History of Roman Political Law" (3d ed, 1888) He was editor in chief of the "Body of Latin Inscriptions" (15 vols and supplement, 1863–1893).]

ABOUT fourteen miles up from the mouth of the river Tiber, hills of moderate elevation rise on both banks of the stream, higher on the right, lower on the left bank. With the latter group there have been closely associated for at least two thousand five hundred years the name of the Romans. We are unable, of course, to tell how or when that name arose; this much only is certain, that in the oldest form of it known to us the inhabitants of the canton are called not Romans, but

[1] By permission of the Publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.

(by a shifting of sound that frequently occurs in the earlier period of a language, but fell very early into abeyance in Latin) Ramnians (*Ramnes*), a fact which constitutes an expressive testimony to the immemorial antiquity of the name. Its derivation cannot be given with certainty; possibly "Ramnes" may mean "foresters" or "bushmen."

But they were not the only dwellers on the hills by the bank of the Tiber. In the earliest division of the burgesses of Rome a trace has been preserved of the fact that that body arose out of the amalgamation of three cantons once probably independent, the Ramnians, Tities, and Luceres, into a single commonwealth — in other words, out of such a *synoikismos* as that from which Athens arose in Attica. The great antiquity of this threefold division of the community is perhaps best evinced by the fact that the Romans, in matters especially of constitutional law, regularly used the forms *tribuere* ("to divide into three") and *tribus* ("a third") in the general sense of "to divide," and "a part," and the latter expression *tribus*, like our "quarter," early lost its original signification of number. After the union each of these three communities — once separate, but now forming subdivisions of a single community — still possessed its third of the common domain, and had its proportional representation in the burgess force and in the council of the elders. In ritual also, the number divisible by three of the members of almost all the oldest colleges — of the Vestal Virgins, the Salii, the Arval Brethren, the Luperci, the Augurs — probably had reference to that threefold partition. These three elements into which the primitive body of burgesses in Rome was divided have had theories of the most extravagant absurdity engrafted upon them. The irrational opinion that the Roman nation was a mongrel people finds its support in that division, and its advocates have striven by various means to represent the three great Italian races as elements entering into the composition of the primitive Rome, and to transform a people which has exhibited in language, polity, and religion a pure and national development such as few have equaled, into a confused aggregate of Etruscan and Sabine, Hellenic and, forsooth! even Pelasgian fragments.

Setting aside self-contradictory and unfounded hypotheses, we may sum up in a few words all that can be said respecting the nationality of the component elements of the primitive Roman commonwealth. That the Ramnians were a Latin

stock cannot be doubted, for they gave their name to the new Roman commonwealth, and therefore must have substantially determined the nationality of the united community. Respecting the origin of the Luceres nothing can be affirmed, except that there is no difficulty in the way of our assigning them, like the Ramnians, to the Latin stock. The second of these communities, on the other hand, is with one consent derived from Sabina; and this view can at least be traced to a tradition preserved in the Titian brotherhood, which represented that priestly college as having been instituted, on occasion of the Tities being admitted into the collective community, for the preservation of their distinctive Sabine ritual. It would appear, therefore, that at a period very remote, when the Latin and Sabellian stocks were beyond question far less sharply contrasted in language, manners, and customs than were the Roman and the Samnite of a later age, a Sabellian community entered into a Latin canton union; and, as in the older and more credible traditions without exception the Tities take precedence of the Ramnians, it is probable that the intruding Tities compelled the older Ramnians to accept the *synoikismos*. A mixture of different nationalities certainly therefore took place; but it hardly exercised an influence greater than the migration, for example, which occurred some centuries afterwards of the Sabine Attus Clauzus, or Appius Claudius, and his clansmen and clients to Rome. The earlier admission of the Tities among the Ramnians does not entitle us to class the community among mongrel peoples any more than does that subsequent reception of the Claudii among the Romans. With the exception, perhaps, of isolated national institutions handed down in connection with ritual, the existence of Sabellian elements can nowhere be pointed out in Rome; and the Latin language in particular furnishes absolutely no support to such an hypothesis. It would in fact be more than surprising if the Latin nation should have had its nationality in any sensible degree affected by the insertion of a single community from a stock so very closely related to it; and, besides, it must not be forgotten that at the time when the Tities settled beside the Ramnians, Latin nationality rested on Latium as its basis, and not on Rome. The new tripartite Roman commonwealth was, notwithstanding some incidental elements which were originally Sabellian, just what the community of the Ramnians had previously been — a portion of the Latin nation.

Long, in all probability, before an urban settlement arose on the Tiber, these Ramnians, Tities, and Luceres, at first separate, afterwards united, had their stronghold on the Roman hills, and tilled their fields from the surrounding villages. The "wolf festival" (*Lupercalia*), which the *gens* of the Quinctii celebrated on the Palatine hill, was probably a tradition from these primitive ages — a festival of husbandmen and shepherds, which more than any other preserved the homely pastimes of patriarchal simplicity, and, singularly enough, maintained itself longer than all the other heathen festivals in Christian Rome.

From these settlements the later Rome arose. The founding of a city in the strict sense, such as the legend assumes, is of course to be reckoned altogether out of the question: Rome was not built in a day. But the serious consideration of the historian may well be directed to the inquiry, in what way Rome could so early attain the prominent political position which it held in Latium — so different from what the physical character of the locality would have led us to anticipate. The site of Rome is less healthy and less fertile than that of most of the Latin towns. Neither the vine nor the fig succeed well in the immediate environs, and there is a want of springs yielding a good supply of water; for neither the otherwise excellent fountain of the Camenæ before the Porta Capena, nor the Capitoline well, afterwards inclosed within the Tullianum, furnish it in any abundance. Another disadvantage arises from the frequency with which the river overflows its banks. Its very slight fall renders it unable to carry off the water, which during the rainy season descends in large quantities from the mountains, with sufficient rapidity to the sea, and in consequence it floods the low-lying lands and the valleys that open between the hills, and converts them into swamps. For a settler the locality was anything but attractive. In antiquity itself an opinion was expressed that the first body of immigrant cultivators could scarce have spontaneously resorted in search of a suitable settlement to that unhealthy and unfruitful spot in a region otherwise so highly favored, and that it must have been necessity, or rather some special motive, which led to the establishment of a city there. Even the legend betrays its sense of the strangeness of the fact: the story of the foundation of Rome by refugees from Alba under the leadership of the sons of an Alban prince, Romulus and Remus, is nothing

but a naïve attempt of primitive quasi history to explain the singular circumstance of the place having arisen on a site so unfavorable, and to connect at the same time the origin of Rome with the general metropolis of Latium. Such tales, which profess to be historical but are merely improvised explanations of no very ingenious character, it is the first duty of history to dismiss; but it may perhaps be allowed to go a step further, and after weighing the special relations of the locality to propose a positive conjecture not regarding the way in which the place originated, but regarding the circumstances which occasioned its rapid and surprising prosperity and led to its occupying its peculiar position in Latium.

Let us notice first of all the earliest boundaries of the Roman territory. Towards the east the towns of Antemnæ, Fidenæ, Cænina, Collatia, and Gabii lie in the immediate neighborhood, some of them not five miles distant from the gates of the Servian Rome; and the boundary of the canton must have been in the close vicinity of the city gates. On the south we find at a distance of fourteen miles the powerful communities of Tusculum and Alba; and the Roman territory appears not to have extended in this direction beyond the *Fossa Cluilia*, five miles from Rome. In like manner, towards the southwest, the boundary betwixt Rome and Lavinium was at the sixth milestone. While in a landward direction the Roman canton was thus everywhere confined within the narrowest possible limits, from the earliest times, on the other hand, it extended without hindrance on both banks of the Tiber towards the sea. Between Rome and the coast there occurs no locality that is mentioned as an ancient canton center, and no trace of any ancient canton boundary. The legend, indeed, which has its definite explanation of the origin of everything, professes to tell us that the Roman possessions on the right bank of the Tiber, the "seven hamlets" (*septem pagi*), and the important salt works at its mouth, were taken by King Romulus from the Veientes, and that King Ancus fortified on the right bank the *tête du pont*, the "mount of Janus" (*Janiculum*), and founded on the left the Roman Peiræus, the seaport at the river's "mouth" (*Ostia*). But in fact we have evidence more trustworthy than that of legend, that the possessions of the Etruscan bank of the Tiber must have belonged to the original territory of Rome; for in this very quarter, at the fourth milestone on the later road to the port, lay the

grove of the creative goddess (*Dea Dia*), the primitive chief seat of the Arval festival and Arval brotherhood of Rome. Indeed, from time immemorial the clan of the Romilii, the chief probably of all the Roman clans, was settled in this very quarter; the Janiculum formed a part of the city itself, and Ostia was a burgess colony or, in other words, a suburb.

This cannot have been the result of mere accident. The Tiber was the natural highway for the traffic of Latium; and its mouth, on a coast scantily provided with harbors, became necessarily the anchorage of seafarers. Moreover, the Tiber formed from very ancient times the frontier defense of the Latin stock against their northern neighbors. There was no place better fitted for an emporium of the Latin river and sea traffic, and for a maritime frontier fortress of Latium, than Rome. It combined the advantages of a strong position and of immediate vicinity to the river; it commanded both banks of the stream down to its mouth; it was so situated as to be equally convenient for the river navigator descending the Tiber or the Anio, and for the seafarer with vessels of so moderate a size as those which were then used; and it afforded greater protection from pirates than places situated immediately on the coast. That Rome was indebted accordingly, if not for its origin, at any rate for its importance, to these commercial and strategical advantages of its position, there are numerous indications to show—indications which are very different weight from the statements of quasi-historical romances. Thence arose its very ancient relations with Cære, which was to Etruria what Rome was to Latium, and accordingly became Rome's most intimate neighbor and commercial ally. Thence arose the unusual importance of the bridges over the Tiber, and of bridge building generally in the Roman commonwealth. Thence came the galley in the city arms; thence, too, the very ancient Roman port duties on the exports and imports of Ostia, which were from the first levied only on what was to be exposed for sale (*promercale*), not on what was for the shipper's own use (*usuarium*), and which were therefore in reality a tax upon commerce. Thence, to anticipate, the comparatively early occurrences in Rome of coined money, and of commercial treaties with transmarine states. In this sense, then, it is certainly not improbable that Rome may have been, as the legend assumes, a creation rather than a growth, and the youngest rather than the oldest among the Latin cities. Beyond doubt

the country was already in some degree cultivated, and the Alban range as well as various other heights of the Campagna were occupied by strongholds, when the Latin frontier emporium arose on the Tiber. Whether it was a resolution of the Latin confederacy, or the clear-sighted genius of some unknown founder, or the natural development of traffic, that called the city of Rome into being, it is vain even to surmise.

But in connection with this view of the position of Rome as the emporium of Latium, another observation suggests itself. At the time when history begins to dawn on us, Rome appears, in contradistinction to the league of the Latin communities, as a compact urban unity. The Latin habit of dwelling in open villages, and of using the common stronghold only for festivals and assemblies or in case of special need, was subjected to restriction at a far earlier period, probably, in the canton of Rome than anywhere else in Latium. The Roman did not cease to manage his farm in person, or to regard it as his proper home; but the unwholesome atmosphere of the Campagna could not but induce him to take up his abode as much as possible on the more airy and salubrious city hills; and by the side of the cultivators of the soil there must have been a numerous non-agricultural population, partly foreigners, partly natives, settled there from early times. This to some extent accounts for the dense population of the old Roman territory, which may be estimated at the utmost at 115 square miles, partly of marshy or sandy soil, and which, even under the earliest constitution of the city, furnished a force of 3300 freemen; so that it must have numbered at least 10,000 free inhabitants. But further, every one acquainted with the Romans and their history is aware that it is their urban and mercantile character which forms the basis of whatever is peculiar in their public and private life, and that the distinction between them and the other Latins and Italians in general is preëminently the distinction between citizen and rustic. Rome, indeed, was not a mercantile city like Corinth or Carthage; for Latium was an essentially agricultural region, and Rome was in the first instance, and continued to be, preëminently a Latin city. But the distinction between Rome and the mass of the other Latin towns must certainly be traced back to its commercial position, and to the type of character produced by that position in its citizens. If Rome was the emporium of the Latin districts, we can readily understand how, along with and in addition to

would they now have yielded as heretofore. But the empire was at least as much weaker. The symptoms of decline, indeed, were as yet hardly manifest to common observation; under ordinary circumstances they might still have eluded the notice even of statesmen; but in the stress of a great calamity they became manifest to all. The chief of the state was deeply impressed with them. Against anxiety and apprehension he struggled as a matter of duty, but the effort was sore and hopeless; and from the anticipation of disasters beyond his control he escaped, when possible, to pensive meditations on his own moral nature, which at least might lie within it.

The brilliancy of the city and the great provincial capitals, the magnificence of their shows and entertainments, still remained, perhaps, undimmed. The dignity of the temples and palaces of Greece and Rome stood, even in their best days, in marked contrast with the discomfort and squalor of their lanes and cabins. The spacious avenues of Nero concealed perhaps more miserable habitations than might be seen in the narrow streets of Augustus; but as yet we hear no distinct murmurs of poverty among the populace. The causes, indeed, were already at work which, in the second or third generation, reduced the people of the towns to pauperism, and made the public service an intolerable burden: the decline, namely, of agriculture and commerce, the isolation of the towns, the disappearance of the precious metals, the return of society to a state of barter, in which every petty community strove to live on its own immediate produce. Such, at a later period, was the condition of the empire, as revealed in the codes of the fourth century. These symptoms were doubtless strongly developed in the third, but we have at least no evidence of them in the second. We may reasonably suppose, indeed, that there was a gradual, though slow, diminution in the amount of gold and silver in circulation. The result would be felt first in the provinces, and latest in the cities and Rome itself, but assuredly it was [illegible]ady in progress. Two texts of Pliny assert the constant [illegible]rain of specie to the East; and the assertion is confirmed by the circumstances of the case; for the Indians, and the nations beyond India, who transmitted to the West their silks and spices, cared little for the wines and oils of Europe, still less for the manufactures in wool and leather which formed the staples of commerce in the Mediterranean. There was still a great, perhaps an increasing, demand for these metals in works

of art and ornament, and much was consumed in daily use, much withdrawn from circulation and eventually lost by the thriftless habit of hoarding. But the supply from the mines of Thrace, Spain, and Germany was probably declining, for it was extracted by forced labor, the most expensive, the most harassing, and the most precarious. The difficulty of maintaining the yield of the precious metals is marked in the severe regulations of the later emperors, and is further attested by the progressive debasement of the currency.

Not more precise is our information respecting the movement of the population, which was also at this period on the verge of decline. To the partial complaints of such a decline in Italy, muttered, as they generally were, by the poets or satirists, I have hitherto paid little heed. In statements of this kind there is generally much false sentiment, some angry misrepresentation. The substitution of slave for free labor in many parts of Italy may have had the appearance of a decline in population, while it actually indicated no more than a movement and transfer. It was more important, however, in the future it foreshadowed than in the present reality. The slave population was not reproductive; it was only kept at its level by fresh drafts from abroad. Whenever the supply should be cut off, the residue would rapidly dwindle. This supply was maintained partly by successful wars, but still more by a regular and organized traffic. The slaves from the North might be exchanged for Italian manufactures and produce; but the venders from many parts, such as Arabia and Ethiopia, Central Africa, and even Cappadocia and other districts of Asia Minor, would take, I suppose, nothing but specie. With the contraction of the currency, the trade would languish, and under this depression a country like Italy, which was almost wholly stocked by importation, would become quickly depopulated. Still more, on the decline of the slave population, there would follow a decline of production, a decline of the means of the proprietors, a decline in the condition of the free classes, and consequently in their numbers also. That such a decline was actually felt under the Flavian emperors appears in the sudden adoption of the policy of alimentation, or public aid to impoverished freemen.

Nor was it in this way only that slavery tended to the decline of population. Slavery in ancient, and doubtless in all times was a hotbed of vice and selfish indulgence, enervating the spirit and vital forces of mankind, discouraging legitimate

marriage, and enticing to promiscuous and barren concubinage. The fruit of such hateful unions, if fruit there were, or could be, engaged little regard from their selfish fathers, and both law and usage continued to sanction the exposure of infants, from which the female sex undoubtedly suffered most. The losses of Italy from this horrid practice were probably the greatest; but the provinces also lost proportionably; the imitation of Roman habits was rife on the remotest frontiers; the conquests of the empire were consolidated by the attractions of Roman indulgence and sensuality; slavery threw discredit on all manual labor, and engendered a false sentiment of honor, which constrained the poorer classes of freemen to dependence and celibacy; vice and idleness went hand in hand, and combined to stunt the moral and physical growth of the Roman citizen, leaving his weak and morbid frame exposed in an unequal contest to the fatal influences of his climate.

If, however, the actual amount of population in Italy and other metropolitan districts had but lately begun sensibly to decline, for some generations it had been recruited mainly from a foreign stock, and was mingled with the refuse of every nation, civilized and barbarian. Slaves, freedmen, clients of the rich and powerful, had glided by adoption into the Roman gentes, the names of which still retained a fallacious air of antiquity, while their members had lost the feelings and principles which originally signalized them. As late as the time of the younger Pliny, we find the gentile names of the republic still common, though many of them have ceased to recur on the roll of the great magistracies, where they have been supplanted by others, hitherto obscure or unknown; but the surnames of Pliny's friends and correspondents, which distinguish the family from the house, are in numerous instances strange to us, and often grotesque and barbarous. The gradual exhaustion of the true Roman blood had been already marked and deplored under Claudius, and there can be no doubt, though materials are wanting for tracing it, that the flux continued to gather force through succeeding generations.

The decay of moral principles which hastened the disintegration of Roman society was compensated by no new discoveries in material cultivation. The idea of civilization common to the Greeks and Romans was the highest development of the bodily faculties, together with the imagination; but in exploring the agencies of the natural world, and turning its forces to

the use of man, the progress soon reached its limits. The Greeks and Romans were almost equally unsteady in tracing the laws of physical phenomena, which they empirically observed, and analyzing the elements of the world around them. Their advance in applied science stopped short with the principles of mechanics, in which they doubtless attained great practical proficiency. Roman engineering, especially, deserves the admiration even of our own times. But the ancients invented no instrument for advancing the science of astronomy; they remained profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of chemistry; their medicine, notwithstanding the careful diagnosis of Hippocrates and Galen, could not free itself from connection with the most trivial superstitions. The Greeks speculated deeply in ethics and politics; the Romans were intelligent students of legal theory and procedure; but neither could discover from these elementary sciences the compound ideas of public economy. Their principles of commerce and finance were to the last rude and unphilosophical. They made little advance, at the height of their prosperity and knowledge, in the economy of labor and production; they made no provision for the support of the increasing numbers to which the human race, under the operation of natural laws, ought to have attained. We read of no improvements in the common processes of agriculture, none even in the familiar mode of grinding corn, none in the extraction and smelting of ores, none in the art of navigation. Even in war, to which they so ardently devoted themselves, we find the helmet and cuirass, the sword, spear, and buckler, identical in character and almost in form, from the siege of Troy to the sack of Rome. Changes in tactics and discipline were slight and casual, compelled rather by some change in circumstances than spontaneous or scientific. The ancient world had, in short, no versatility, no power of adaptation to meet the varying wants of its outward condition. Its ideas were equal to the extension of its material dominion. A little soul was lodged in a vast body.

The Egyptian civilization, the Hindu, the Chinese, as well as the Greek and Roman, have all had their natural limits, at which their vitality was necessarily arrested. Possibly all civilizations are subject to a similar law, though some may have a wider scope and a more enduring force than others; or possibly there may be a real salt of society in the principle of intelligent freedom, which has first learned to control itself,

that it may deserve to escape from the control of external forces. But Roman society, at least, was animated by no such principle. At no period within the sphere of historic records was the commonwealth of Rome anything but an oligarchy of warriors and slave owners, who indemnified themselves for the restraint imposed on them by their equals in the forum by aggression abroad and tyranny in their households. The causes of its decline seem to have little connection with the form of government established in the first and second centuries. They were in full operation before the fall of the Republic, though their baneful effects were disguised and perhaps retarded by outward successes, by extended conquests, and increasing supplies of tribute or plunder. The general decline of population throughout the ancient world may be dated even from the second century before our era. The last age of the Republic was perhaps the period of the most rapid exhaustion of the human race; but its dissolution was arrested under Augustus, when the population recovered for a time in some quarters of the empire, and remained at least stationary in others. The cause of slavery could not but make itself felt again, and demanded the destined catastrophe. Whatever evil we ascribe to the despotism of the Cæsars, we must remark that it was slavery that rendered political freedom and constitutional government impossible. Slavery fostered in Rome, as previously at Athens, the spirit of selfishness and sensuality, of lawlessness and insolence, which cannot consist with political equality, with political justice, with political moderation. The tyranny of the emperors was, as I have elsewhere observed, only the tyranny of every noble extended and intensified. The empire became no more than an ergastulum or barracoon on a vast scale, commensurate with the dominions of the greatest of Roman slaveholders. It is vain to imagine that a people can be tyrants in private life, and long escape subjection to a common tyrant in public. It was more than they could expect, more, indeed, than they deserved, if they found in Augustus, at least, and Vespasian, in Trajan and Hadrian, in Antoninus and Aurelius, masters who sought spontaneously to divest themselves of the most terrible attributes of their boundless autocracy.

JOSEPHUS ON THE JEWISH WAR.[1]

[FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS, Jewish statesman and historian, was the son of a priest by a descendant of the Asmonean princes, and was born at Jerusalem, 37 A.D. He was early a distinguished scholar and a leader of the Pharisees; was sent as delegate to Nero at twenty-six; was governor of Galilee when the last rising against the Roman government took place, and was captured at the siege of Jotapata; made terms for himself with the Romans, and accompanied their army at the siege of Jerusalem. He then lived at Rome till after 97 A.D. He wrote the "History of the Jewish War"; "Jewish Antiquities"; a pamphlet, "Against Apion," in defense of his countrymen; and his autobiography.]

THE SIEGE OF JOTAPATA.

JOTAPATA is almost all of it a precipice, having on all sides of it but one ravines immensely deep, so that those who try to look down find their sight fail them before it reaches the bottom. It is only to be got at on the north side, where the city is built on the mountain, as it ends obliquely at a plain. Josephus had surrounded this mountain with a wall when he fortified the city, that its summit might not be able to be seized upon by the enemies. The city is covered all round with other mountains, and is invisible till one comes just upon it. Such was the strong situation of Jotapata.

Vespasian, therefore, being put on his mettle by the natural strength of the place, as well as the bold defense of the Jews, resolved to prosecute the siege with vigor. To this end he called the commanders that were under him to a council of war, and consulted with them as to the assault. And when it was resolved to raise a bank against that part of the wall which was accessible, he sent his whole army abroad to collect materials. So when they had cut down all the trees near the city, and had got together a great heap of stones besides the wood they had cut down, some of them spread fascines over their works, to avoid the effects of the darts that were shot from above at them, under cover whereof they kept on forming their bank, and so were hurt little or nothing by the darts that were thrown upon them from the wall, while others pulled the neighboring hillocks to pieces, and perpetually brought them earth; so nobody was idle, as they were busy three sorts of ways. But the Jews cast great stones from the walls and all sorts of darts upon the fascines which protected the men, and their noise, though they did not reach them, was so terrible that it was some impediment to the workmen.

Vespasian then put into position all round the city the en-

[1] From Works of Josephus. By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. 5 vols., price 3s. 6d. each.



VESPASIAN CÆSAR

gines for throwing stones and darts (the number of which was in all a hundred and sixty), and bade the engineers shoot at those that were upon the wall. Then simultaneously the catapults hurled lances with a great noise, and stones of the weight of a talent were thrown by the engines for hurling stones, and fire and a vast multitude of arrows, which not only made the walls difficult of access to the Jews, but also reached the parts within the walls. For the mass of the Arabian archers, as well as all those that threw darts and slung stones, hurled their shot at the same time as the engines. However, the others did not lie still when they could not fight the Romans from the higher ground. For they then made sallies, like robbers, in bands, and tore away the fascines that covered the workmen, and struck them when they were thus unprotected; and when those workmen gave way, they shoveled away the earth that composed the bank, and burnt the woodwork of it and the fascines, till Vespasian perceived that the intervals between the works caused this damage, for these intervals gave the Jews opportunity to attack the Romans. So he united the fascines, and at the same time concentrated all his army close to them, which prevented these sallies of the Jews.

And when the bank was now raised, and brought very close to the battlements, Josephus thought it would be strange if he could make no counter contrivance for the city's preservation; so he got together his workmen, and ordered them to build the wall higher. And when they said that it was impossible to build while they were being pelted with so many darts, he invented the following shelter for them. He bade them fix stakes, and stretch over them the raw hides of oxen just killed, that these hides, by yielding and hollowing themselves when the stones were thrown at them, might receive them, and the other darts would slide off them, and fire that was thrown would be quenched by the moisture that was in them. And these he set over the workmen, and under them they went on with their work in safety, and raised the wall higher both by day and night, till it was twenty cubits higher. He also built frequent towers upon the wall, and fitted to it strong battlements. This greatly discouraged the Romans, who thought by now they would have already got inside the city, and they were at once dismayed at Josephus' contrivance and at the courage of the citizens.

And Vespasian was irritated at the great subtlety of this stratagem, and at the boldness of the men of Jotapata. For

taking heart again upon the building of this wall, they made fresh sallies upon the Romans, and had every day conflicts with them in bands, together with all such contrivances as robbers make use of, as plundering all that came to hand, as also setting fire to all the Roman works; till Vespasian made his army leave off fighting them, and resolved to sit down before the city, and to starve it into a surrender, supposing that they would either be forced to petition him for mercy by want of provisions, or, if they should have the courage to hold out till the last extremity, that they would perish by famine: and he concluded he should conquer them the more easily in fighting, if he left them alone for a time, and then fell upon them when they were weakened by famine. But he gave orders that they should guard all the outlets from the city.

Now the besieged had plenty of corn and indeed of all other things within the city, but they wanted water, because there was no fountain in the city, the people there being supplied with rain water. But it is a rare thing in that country if ever to have rain in summer. And as the siege was at this season, they were in great distress for some contrivance to satisfy their thirst, and they chafed as if already entirely in want of water. For Josephus, seeing that the city abounded with other necessaries, and that the men were of good courage, and wishing to protract the siege longer than the Romans expected, ordered their drink to be given them by measure. But they deemed this scanty distribution of water by measure a thing harder than the want of it; and their not being able to drink as much as they would stimulated still more their desire for drinking, and they were as much disheartened thereby as if they were come to the last degree of thirst. Nor were the Romans ignorant of the condition they were in; for where they stood opposite them above the wall, they could see them running together, and taking their water by measure, which made them throw their javelins there, the place being within their reach, and kill a great many of them.

And Vespasian hoped that their cisterns of water would in no long time be emptied, and that they would be forced to deliver up the city to him. But Josephus, being minded to frustrate his hope, commanded a great many to wet their clothes, and hang them out upon the battlements, till the entire wall was of a sudden all wet with the running down of the water. At this the Romans were discouraged and in consternation, seeing them able to throw away in sport so much

water, when they supposed them not to have enough to drink. And the Roman general despaired of taking their city by famine, and even betook himself again to arms and force, which was what the Jews greatly desired. For as they despaired of safety for either themselves or their city, they preferred death in battle to death by hunger and thirst.

However, Josephus contrived another stratagem, besides the foregoing one, to get plenty of what they wanted. Through a certain ravine that was almost inaccessible, and so was neglected by the soldiers, Josephus sent out certain persons along the western parts of it, and by them sent letters to whom he pleased of the Jews that were outside the city, and procured from them in abundance whatever necessaries they wanted in the city. He ordered them also to creep along generally when near the watch as they returned to the city, and to cover their backs with fleeces, that if any one should observe them by night, they might be believed to be dogs. This was done till the watch perceived their contrivance, and surrounded the ravine. . . .

[Josephus] with his bravest men made a sally, and dispersed the enemies' outposts, and ran as far as the Roman camp itself, and pulled the coverings of their tents upon their bank to pieces, and set fire to their works. And he never left off fighting in the same manner either the next day or the day after that, or for a considerable number of both days and nights.

Upon this Vespasian, as he saw the Romans distressed by these sallies (for they were ashamed to be put to flight by the Jews, and when at any time they made the Jews run away, their heavy armor would not let them pursue them far, and the Jews, when they had done any mischief, before they could be hurt themselves, still retired into the city), ordered his armed men to avoid their attacks, and not fight it out with men in desperation, for nothing was more courageous than despair, and their violence would be quenched when they saw they failed of their purposes, as fire was quenched when it wanted fuel. He said also that it became the Romans to gain their victories as cheaply as they could, since they did not fight for their existence, but only to enlarge their dominions. So he repelled the Jews most by the Arabian archers, and Syrian slingers and stone throwers. Nor was there any intermission of the numerous engines that hurled missiles. Now the Jews suffered greatly by these engines and gave way before them, but when they threw stones or javelins a great distance,

then the Jews came to close quarters and pressed hard upon the Romans, and fought desperately, without sparing either soul or body, one detachment relieving another by turns when it was tired out.

Now Vespasian, looking upon himself as besieged in turn by these sallies of the Jews and the long time the siege lasted, as his banks were now not far from the walls, determined to apply his battering-ram. This is a vast beam of wood like the mast of a ship; its fore part is armed with a thick piece of iron at the head of it, which is so carved as to be like the head of a ram, whence its name is taken. This ram is slung in the air by its middle by ropes, and is hung, like the balance in a pair of scales, from another beam, and braced by strong beams on both sides of it. When this is pulled backward by a great number of men, and then with united force thrust forward by the same men, it batters walls with the iron part which is prominent. Nor is there any tower so strong, or walls so broad, if they resist its first battery, but are forced to yield to it at last. This was the experiment which the Roman general betook himself to, as he was eagerly bent upon taking the city, for he found lying in the field so long to be to his disadvantage, as the Jews would never be quiet. So the Romans brought their catapults and other engines for galling an enemy nearer to the walls, that they might reach such as were upon the walls who endeavored to frustrate their attempts, and threw stones and javelins at them, and the archers and slingers in like manner came closer to the wall. This brought matters to such a pass that none of the Jews durst man the walls, and then other Romans brought forward the battering-ram, that was cased with wickerwork all over, and in the upper part was covered by skins, and this both for the security of themselves and it. Now the wall was shaken at the very first stroke of this battering-ram, and a terrible clamor was raised by the people within the city, as if they were already taken.

Now when Josephus observed this ram frequently battering the same place, and saw that the wall would quickly be thrown down by it, he resolved to elude for a while the force of that contrivance. So he gave orders to fill sacks with chaff, and to let them down before the place where they saw the ram always battering, that the stroke might be turned aside, or that the place might feel less of the stroke in consequence of the yielding nature of the chaff. This very much delayed the

Romans, because, let them remove their battering-ram to what part they pleased, those that were on the walls also removed their sacks, and placed them opposite the strokes it made, insomuch that the wall was not at all injured in consequence of the resistance that the sacks made, till the Romans made a counter contrivance of long poles, and by tying scythes at their ends cut off the sacks. Now when the battering-ram thus became effective again, and the wall (having been but newly built) was giving way, Josephus and those about him had thenceforward recourse to fire to defend themselves. So they took whatever materials they had that were dry, and made a sally three ways, and set fire to the machines and wickerwork and banks of the Romans. And they could not well come to their assistance, being at once in consternation at the Jews' boldness, and being prevented by the flames from coming to their aid. For the materials being dry, and bitumen and pitch and brimstone also being among them, the fire spread quicker than one would think, and what cost the Romans a great deal of labor was in one hour consumed. . . .

Those who were with Josephus, though they fell one after another, being struck by the darts and stones which the engines threw at them, could not for all that be driven from the wall, but attacked with fire and iron weapons and stones those who were propelling the ram under the protection of the wickerwork: though they could do little or nothing, but fell themselves perpetually, because they were seen by those whom they could not see. For the light of their own fire shone about them, and made them as visible a mark to the enemy as they were in the daytime, while the enemy's engines could not be seen at a great distance, and so what was thrown at them could not well be avoided. For the force with which these engines threw stones and darts made them wound many at a time, and the whizzing stones that were cast by the engines carried away the battlements, and broke off the corners of the towers. Indeed, no body of men could be so strong as not to be overthrown to the last rank by the size of the stones. . . . The whir of the instruments and the noise of the missiles was more terrible still. Dire too was the noise the dead bodies made when they were knocked down one after another on the walls, and dreadful was the clamor which the women raised within the city, which was echoed back by the cries of those outside who were being slain; and the whole space of ground whereon

they fought ran with blood, and the wall might have been climbed up to over dead bodies. The mountains also contributed to increase the noise by their echoes, nor was there on that night anything wanting that could terrify either the ear or eye. And very many of those that fought nobly at Jotapata fell, and very many were wounded, and the morning watch was come ere the wall yielded to the machines employed against it, though it had been battered without intermission; and those within covered their bodies with their armor and built up again what was thrown down of the wall, before those scaling machines were laid to the wall by which the Romans were to ascend into the city.

In the morning Vespasian mustered together his army to take the city, after a little rest from the fatigues of the night. And as he wished to draw off those that checked him from the places where the wall had been thrown down, he made the most courageous of his cavalry dismount from their horses, and placed them in three files opposite these breaches in the wall, defended by their armor on every side, and with poles in their hands, that so they might begin the ascent as soon as the machines for such ascent were laid to the wall. And behind these he placed the flower of his foot, and he ordered the rest of the horse to deploy from the walls over all the hills to prevent any from escaping out of the city when it should be taken; and behind these he placed the archers all round, and commanded them to have their arrows ready to shoot. He gave the same commands to the slingers, and to those that managed the engines, and bade others bring ladders and apply them to those parts of the wall that were uninjured, that those who tried to hinder their ascent might leave off guarding the breaches in the wall, while the rest of the besieged might be overpowered by the darts cast at them, and yield an entrance into the city.

But Josephus, seeing through Vespasian's plan, set the old men and those that were tired out at the sound part of the wall, as not at all likely to be hurt there, but set the most efficient of his soldiers at the place where the wall was broken down, and in front of them all six men by themselves, among whom he himself shared in the post of greatest danger. He also gave orders that when the legions made a shout they should stop their ears, that they might not be dismayed at it, and also that, to avoid the shower of the enemies' darts, they should bend down on their knees, and cover themselves with their shields, and retreat a little backwards for a while, till the

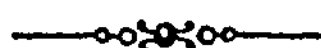
archers should have emptied their quivers; and that, when the Romans should lay their machines for ascending the walls, they should leap out, and with their own instruments meet the enemy, and that every one should strive to do his best, not to defend his own city, as if it were possible to be preserved, but to revenge it, as if it was already destroyed; and that they should try and picture before their eyes how their old men would be slain, and their children and wives killed immediately by the enemy; and that they should beforehand spend all their fury on account of the calamities coming upon them, and pour it out on the perpetrators of them.

Thus did Josephus dispose of both his bodies of men. As for the useless part of the citizens, the women and children, when they saw their city surrounded by a triple line (for none of the former guards were withdrawn for battle), and their enemies with swords in their hands at the breaches in the wall, as also the hilly country above them shining with arms, and the darts ready and poised in the hands of the Arabian archers, they made a final wail at their capture, as if their ruin was not only imminent, but had actually come upon them already. But Josephus ordered the women to be shut up in their houses, lest they should unnerve the courage of the men by pity, and commanded them to hold their peace, and threatened them if they did not, and went himself to the breach, where his position was allotted. As to those who brought up ladders to the other places, he took no notice of them, but earnestly waited for the expected shower of arrows.

And now the trumpeters of all the Roman legions sounded together, and the army raised a terrible shout, and as a shower of darts were hurled at a preconcerted signal, the air was darkened by them. But Josephus' men remembered the orders he had given them; they stopped their ears at the shouts, and protected their bodies against the darts; and as for the scaling engines that were laid to the wall, the Jews sallied out at them, before those that should have used them were got upon them. And now, on the ascending of the soldiers, there was a great hand-to-hand fight, and much valor both of hands and soul was exhibited, while the Jews earnestly endeavored, in the extreme danger they were in, not to show less courage than those who, without being in danger, fought so stoutly against them, nor did they leave struggling with the Romans till they either fell down dead themselves, or killed

their antagonists. But as the Jews grew weary with defending themselves continually, and had not enough men to relieve them, so on the side of the Romans fresh men still succeeded those that were tired, and still new men quickly got upon the scaling engines in the room of those that were thrust down, encouraging one another, and joining side to side, and protecting themselves with their shields over their heads, so that they became an invincible body, and as they pushed back the Jews with their whole line, as though they were but one body, they began already to get upon the wall.

Then did Josephus in this utmost distress take for his counselor necessity (which is very clever in invention when it is sharpened by despair), and gave orders to pour scalding oil upon those whose shields protected them. Whereupon they soon got it ready, for many brought it and in great quantities, and poured it on all sides upon the Romans, and threw down upon them the vessels as they were still hissing from the heat of the fire. This so burnt the Romans, that it dispersed their compact body, who now tumbled down from the wall in dreadful pain, for the oil easily ran down their whole bodies from head to foot under their full armor, and fed upon their flesh like fire, its fat and unctuous nature rendering it soon heated and slowly cooled. And as the men were encumbered with their helmets and breastplates, they could in no way get free from this burning, and could only leap and roll about in pain, as they fell off their gangways. And as they thus were beaten back, and retired to their own party, who still pressed them forward, they became an easy prey to those that wounded them from behind.



THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

By ADOLPHE THIERS.

[Louis Adolphe Thiers: A French politician, publicist, and writer, and the first President of the French Republic, born in Marseilles April 16, 1797. His parents were of humble circumstance, but gave him the foundation of a good education. After serving as Minister of the Interior he twice became Prime Minister of France, and President of the Republic in 1871. His works include a "History of the French Revolution," "History of the Consulate and the Empire," "History of John Law" (this has appeared under the title "History of Law" in the original). He died at Saint-Germain, September 3, 1877.]

Let us recapitulate the events of the *system*, in order to review the whole and understand more clearly the causes of its downfall.

A Scotchman, going from a poor country into the midst of a rich one, had been struck with the spectacle of an extensive circulation, and had been led to think that all prosperity originated in an abundance of money. Perceiving that banks had the means of increasing the amount of money by giving to paper the currency of coin, he conceived the plan of a general bank, uniting commercial enterprises with the administration of the public revenue, issuing paper money for large payments, coin being reserved for the smaller; thus joining to the creation of an abundant circulation that of a convenient and profitable investment.

Repulsed in different countries, this Scotchman was listened to in France, where he found a government reduced to expedients and inclined to adopt new ideas. He established, at first, a private bank, which the need of an institution for credit caused to succeed. He then established, but entirely distinct from the bank, a commercial company, to which he granted privileges very different in their nature, designing to unite it with the bank eventually, and complete the vast system which he had projected. The first shares of the company were delivered to holders of different government securities which represented the floating debt, so that the creditors of the Treasury were paid with the privileges which constituted the fortune of the company. Soon, Law transferred to this company the principal leases of the revenue, on the condition that it should assume the funded debt, amounting to sixteen hundred millions. In this way all the creditors of the state were gradually to become shareholders in the company, and although they received only three per cent on their capital, they would find their income increased by the profits of an immense enterprise. The project was accomplished: the sixteen hundred millions were transferred; but, managed without proper caution, they were precipitated upon the shares by the apprehension of the public that the investment would be taken up immediately. The shares rose to thirty-six times their cost, and the debt which, transformed into shares, should have been two billions at the utmost, rose to eight or ten. A universal intoxication seized the imagination of everybody. People hastened no longer to seek an investment, but to make a fortune by the marvelous rise in the value of capital. A crowd of landed proprietors sold their estates, which did not increase in value, to purchase this imaginary property, which increased in

value hourly. Then the holders of the shares, better informed than those who came later, hastened to dispose of them for wealth which was real. This example was followed, and every one wished to *realize*. From this moment, the fictitious being contrasted with the real, the illusion ceased, and the decline of the shares soon became rapid. Those who had seen the fictitious capital rise to ten billions, now saw it fall to eight, and then to six billions, and gave themselves up to despair. It was proper to lament this depreciation, but not to attempt to prevent a catastrophe which had become inevitable. Law, who had permitted people to idolize him for this sudden creation of wealth, committed the fault of attempting to maintain it, and he conceived the unfortunate plan of uniting the shares to the bank notes. He attempted to establish the value of the notes by obliging the use of them in all payments above one hundred francs, and prohibiting the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin at a time. He then fixed the value of the shares in notes, and ordered that a share should be received at the bank for nine thousand francs in notes. Immediately, the shares were exchanged for this forced money, and for all kinds of property which could be bought. What followed? The imaginary capital declined in the form of notes as rapidly as it would have done in the form of shares; only the notes, which might have been saved, were sacrificed. Every one who had anything to sell refused the notes in payment, or demanded four times the value of their property. Only creditors, who were bound by their contracts, were forced to accept the notes at their full nominal value, and they were ruined. There was an attempt to reduce the nominal value on the 21st of May, in order to end this financial fiction; but a violent clamor arose, the attempt was abandoned, and the fiction was suffered to continue. The ruin of the *system* was none the less inevitable, for so monstrous an imposition could not maintain itself. The *system* must be abolished, the shares and notes converted into government securities, and the old form of the public debt resumed, after the most frightful disorders, and the ruin of so many fortunes. Such was the *system* of Law, and its sad results.

If this financial catastrophe is compared with that of the "*assignats*," and of the Bank of England in the present century, a remarkable resemblance will be seen in the events of a credit system, and useful lessons can be drawn from the comparison.

Credit always anticipates the future, by employing values yet to be produced and using them as already existing.

Law, anticipating the success of a vast commercial enterprise, represented the profits of it by shares, and used them to pay the public debt.

The French revolution wished to pay for the ecclesiastical offices which had been abolished, the debt of the monarchy and the expenses of a universal war, with the national property; this property not being disposable, on account of its quantity and the want of confidence, it anticipated the sale and represented the results by papers called "*assignats.*"

The Bank of England, by discounts and by loans to government, anticipated and accepted as real two kinds of values: commercial bills, which represented immense quantities of colonial produce, difficult to define, and the obligations of the government, values infinitely fluctuating and depending upon the success of war and policy.

In these three cases there was a supposititious value; the shares of Law represented commercial successes and fiscal products, which were very uncertain; the *assignats* represented the price of goods, which would perhaps be diverted from their revolutionary destination; the notes of the Bank of England represented obligations which the government might not be able to fulfill.

The crisis produced by loss of confidence differed in the three cases according to the difference of circumstances. The *prestige* of a newly discovered country, the sudden displacement of an enormous sum, caused the shares of Law to rise in an extravagant manner. But a blind confidence must soon lead to a blind despair. It is well-founded confidence, based upon the real success of labor, slow in its progress, which alone is exempt from these sudden reverses which resemble tempests. The *assignats* could not be ruined in the same manner. They could not rise, because they represented the value of land, which is not susceptible of increase. But as the success of the revolution began to be distrusted, and doubts arose as to the maintenance of the national sale, they declined; and as they declined, the government, to supply the deficiency in value, was obliged to double the issue, and the repletion contributed, with the distrust, to depreciate them. The notes of the Bank of England, based upon merchandise which might depreciate, and upon engagements of the government, which the victories of France caused to diminish in value, suffered a decline, but

comparatively a moderate one, because only one part of the property pledged was destructible.

In the three cases, the authorities wishing to compel confidence met with a failure proportioned to the doubtful value of the securities, the reality of which it attempted to establish by violent measures.

Law fixed the value of the shares in notes, and attempted to fix the value of the notes themselves, by rendering the acceptance of them compulsory at a determined rate.

The revolutionary French government gave a forced currency to the *assignats*, and punished with death those who refused to take them at their nominal value.

The Bank of England was authorized to refuse to pay its notes at sight.

The result of these different measures was a deplorable disturbance in every kind of exchange. All those making bargains would not accept the depreciated money at its nominal rate, and demanded double or triple price, according to the degree of depreciation; but those who were obliged to accept payment on a previous bargain — in a word, all creditors — were ruined, because they were obliged to accept a value purely nominal.

In proportion as the resistance to the oppression increased, the authorities became more tyrannical, because they invaded domestic life. Law forbade the possession of more than five hundred francs in coin, and authorized informations. The revolutionary government, more violent and extreme in everything, established a maximum and regulated the rate of all exchanges, but succeeded no better. The Bank of England, more moderate, because the values which it proclaimed as certain were nearer the true standard, threw itself upon the patriotism of the London merchants, who assembled and declared that they would receive the notes in payments. The notes continued to circulate at a moderate discount.

But forced measures cannot prevent the fall of what must inevitably perish. The eight or ten billions of Law did not fall below what they were really worth. The *assignats*, issued beyond all proportion to the property which they represented, became utterly worthless. The Bank of England notes declined twelve and fifteen per cent and rose again after the general peace, when specie payment was resumed, but they would have succumbed if Napoleon had employed the infallible aid of time against the English policy.

Certain general truths appear from these facts.

Credit ought to represent positive values, and should be at most a very limited anticipation of these values.

As soon as values become uncertain, force can accomplish nothing to sustain them.

Forced values are refused by all who are at liberty to refuse them, and ruin those who, by previous contracts, cannot refuse them.

Thus falsehood, oppression, spoliation, destruction of all fortunes, these are the ordinary result of a false credit soon followed by a forced credit. The least deplorable of these experiences, which caused but a momentary embarrassment, that of the Bank of England, owed its safety to a successful battle. The entire wealth of a country should never depend upon the deceitful favors of fortune.

Law, unhappy man, after having made Europe resound with the name of himself and of his system, traveled through different countries, and at last took up his residence at Venice. Notwithstanding the capital which he had taken to France and that which he had left there, he ended his life in poverty.

Continuing in correspondence with the Duke of Orleans, and afterward with the Duke of Bourbon, he never ceased to claim that which the French government had the injustice to refuse him. He wrote to the Duke of Bourbon, "Æsop was a model of disinterestedness, however, the courtiers accused him of keeping treasure in a trunk which he visited often; they found there only the garment which he possessed before he became a favorite of the prince. If I had saved my garment, I would not change condition with those employed in the highest places; but I am naked; they require that I shall subsist, without having any property to maintain me, and that I shall pay my debts when I have no money." Law could not obtain the old garment which he demanded. A few years after his departure from France, in 1729, he died at Venice, destitute, miserable, and forgotten.



THE OLD RÉGIME IN FRANCE.[1]

By H. A. TAINE

[Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, French critic and historical scholar, was born in Vouziers, April 21, 1828. He published, among other works: "French

[1] By permission of Henry Holt & Co. (New York) and Sampson Low, Marston & Co. (8vo, price 16s.)

Philosophers in the Nineteenth Century" (1856); "Essays in Criticism and History" (1857), "Notes on England" (1861), "Contemporary English Writers" (1863); "History of English Literature," "English Idealism," and "English Positivism" (1864); "Philosophy of Art" (1865–1870); "The Ideal in Art" (1867); "The Understanding" (1870); "Origins of Contemporary France," a series comprising, "The Old Régime in France" (1875), "Anarchy" (1878), "The Revolutionary Government" (1881), "The Modern Régime" (1890)]

La Bruyère wrote, just a century before 1789, "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country, black, livid, and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil, which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and, when they stand erect, they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They spare other human beings the trouble of sowing, plowing, and harvesting, and thus should not be in want of the bread they have planted." They continue in want of it during twenty-five years after this and die in herds. I estimate that in 1715 more than one third of the population, six millions, perish with hunger and of destitution. The picture, accordingly, for the first quarter of the century preceding the Revolution, far from being overdrawn, is the reverse; we shall see that, during more than half a century, up to the death of Louis XV., it is exact; perhaps instead of weakening any of its points, they should be strengthened.

"In 1725," says St. Simon, "with the profuseness of Strasbourg and Chantilly, the people, in Normandy, live on the grass of the fields. The first king in Europe is great simply by being a king of beggars of all conditions, and by turning his kingdom into a vast hospital of dying people of whom their all is taken without a murmur." In the most prosperous days of Fleury and in the finest region in France, the peasant hides "his wine on account of the excise and his bread on account of the *taille*," convinced "that he is a lost man if any doubt exists of his dying of starvation." In 1739 d'Argenson writes in his journal: "The famine has just occasioned three insurrections in the provinces, at Ruffec, at Caen, and at Chinon. Women carrying their bread with them have been assassinated on the highways. . . . M. le Duc d'Orléans brought to the Council the other day a piece of bread, and placed it on the table before the king; 'Sire,' said he, 'there is the bread on which your subjects now feed themselves.'" "In my own canton of Touraine men have been eating herbage more than a year." Misery finds company

on all sides. "It is talked about at Versailles more than ever. The king interrogated the bishop of Chartres on the condition of his people; he replied that 'the famine and the mortality were such that men ate grass like sheep and died like so many flies.'" In 1740 Massillon, bishop of Clermont-Ferrand, writes to Fleury: "The people of the rural districts are living in frightful destitution, without beds, without furniture; the majority, for half the year, even lack barley and oat bread, their sole food, and which they are compelled to take out of their own and their children's mouths to pay the taxes. It pains me to see this sad spectacle every year on my visits. The negroes of our colonies are, in this respect, infinitely better off, for, while working, they are fed and clothed along with their wives and children, while our peasantry, the most laborious in the kingdom, cannot, with the hardest and most devoted labor, earn bread for themselves and their families, and at the same time pay the subsidies." In 1740, at Lille, the people rebel against the export of grain. "An intendant informs me that the misery increases from hour to hour, the slightest danger to the crops resulting in this for three years past. . . . Flanders, especially, is greatly embarrassed; there is nothing to live on until the harvesting, which will not take place for two months. The provinces the best off are not able to help the others. Each bourgeois in each town is obliged to feed one or two poor persons and provide them with fourteen pounds of bread per week. In the little town of Chatellerault (of four thousand inhabitants), eighteen hundred poor, this winter, are on that footing. . . . The poor outnumber those able to live without begging . . . while prosecutions for unpaid dues are carried on with unexampled rigor. The clothes of the poor are seized and their last measure of flour, the latches on their doors, etc. . . . The abbess of Jouarre told me yesterday that, in her canton, in Brie, most of the ground had not been planted." It is not surprising that the famine spreads even to Paris. "Fears are entertained of next Wednesday. There is no more bread in Paris except that of the damaged flour which is brought in, and which burns (when baking). The mills are working day and night at Belleville, regrinding old damaged flour. The people are ready to rebel; bread goes up a *sol* a day; no merchant dares, or is disposed, to bring in his wheat. The market on Wednesday was almost in a state of revolt, there being no bread in it after seven o'clock in the morning. . . . The poor creatures at

Bicêtre were put on short allowance, three *quarterons* (twelve ounces) being reduced to only half a pound. A rebellion broke out and they forced the guards. Numbers escaped and they have inundated Paris. The watch, with the police of the neighborhood, were called out and an attack was made on these poor wretches with bayonet and sword. About fifty of them were left on the ground; the revolt was not suppressed yesterday morning."

Ten years later the evil is greater. "In the country around me, ten leagues from Paris, I find increased privation and constant complaints. What must it be in our wretched provinces in the interior of the kingdom? . . . My curate tells me that eight families, supporting themselves on their labor when I left, are now begging their bread. There is no work to be had. The wealthy are economizing like the poor. And with all this the *taille* is exacted with military severity. The collectors, with their officers, accompanied by locksmiths, force open the doors and carry off and sell furniture for one quarter of its value, the expenses exceeding the amount of the tax. . . ." "I am at this moment on my estates in Touraine. I encounter nothing but frightful privations; the melancholy sentiment of suffering no longer prevails with the poor inhabitants, but rather one of utter despair; they desire death only and avoid increase. . . . It is estimated that one quarter of the working days of the year go to the *corvées*, the laborers feeding themselves, and with what? . . . I see poor people dying of destitution. They are paid fifteen sous a day, equal to a crown, for their load. Whole villages are either ruined or broken up, and none of the households recover. . . . Judging by what my neighbors tell me the inhabitants have diminished one third. . . . The daily laborers are all leaving and taking refuge in the small towns. In many villages everybody leaves. I have several parishes in which the *taille* for three years is due, the proceedings for its collection always going on. . . . The receivers of the *taille* and of the fisc add one half each year in expenses above the tax. . . . An assessor, on coming to the village where I have my country house, states that the *taille* this year will be much increased; he noticed that the peasants here were fatter than elsewhere; that they had chicken feathers before their doors, and that the living here must be good, everybody doing well, etc. This is the cause of the peasant's discouragement, and likewise the cause of misfortune throughout the kingdom." "In the country where

I am staying I hear that marriage is declining and that the population is decreasing on all sides. In my parish, with a few firesides, there are more than thirty single persons, male and female, old enough to marry and none of them having any idea of it. On being urged to marry they all reply alike that it is not worth while to bring unfortunate beings like themselves into the world. I have myself tried to induce some of the women to marry by offering them assistance, but they all reason in this way as if they had consulted together." "One of my curates sends me word that, although he is the oldest in the province of Touraine, and has seen many things, including excessively high prices for wheat, he remembers no misery so great as that of this year, even in 1709. . . . Some of the seigniors of Touraine inform me that, being desirous of setting the inhabitants to work by the day, they found very few of them and these so weak that they were unable to use their arms."

Those who are able to leave, emigrate. "A person from Languedoc tells me of vast numbers of peasants deserting that province and taking refuge in Piedmont, Savoy, and Spain, tormented and frightened by the measures resorted to in collecting tithes. . . . The extortioners sell everything and imprison everybody as if prisoners of war, and even with more avidity and malice in order to gain something themselves." "I met an intendant of one of the finest provinces in the kingdom, who told me that no more farmers could be found there; that parents preferred to send their children to the towns; that living in the surrounding country was daily becoming more horrible to the inhabitants. . . . A man well informed in financial matters told me that over two hundred families in Normandy had left this year, fearing the collections in their villages." At Paris, "the streets swarm with beggars. One cannot stop before a door without a dozen mendicants besetting him with their importunities. They are said to be people from the country who, unable to endure the persecutions they have to undergo, take refuge in the cities . . . preferring mendicity to labor." And yet the people of the cities are not much better off. "An officer of a company in garrison at Mezières tells me that the poverty of that place is so great that, after the officers had dined in the inns, the people rush in and pillage the remnants." "There are more than twelve thousand begging workmen in Rouen, quite as many in Tours, etc. More than twenty thousand of these workmen are

estimated as having left the kingdom in three months for Spain, Germany, etc. At Lyons twenty thousand workers in silk are watched and kept in sight for fear of their going abroad." At Rouen, and in Normandy, "those in easy circumstances find it difficult to get bread, the bulk of the people being entirely without it, and, to ward off starvation, providing themselves with food that shocks humanity." "Even at Paris," writes d'Argenson, "I learn that on the day M. le Dauphin and Mme. la Dauphine went to Notre Dame, on passing the bridge of the Tournelle, more than two thousand women assembled in that quarter crying out, 'Give us bread, or we shall die of hunger.' . . . A vicar of the parish of Saint-Marguerite affirms that over eight hundred persons died in the faubourg Saint-Antoine between January 20th and February 20th; that the poor expire with cold and hunger in their garrets, and that the priests, arriving too late, see them expire without any possible relief." Were I to enumerate the riots, the seditions of the famished, and the pillagings of storehouses, I should never end; these are the convulsive twitchings of exhaustion; the people have fasted as long as possible, and instinct, at last, rebels. In 1747 "extensive bread riots occur in Toulouse, and in Guyenne they take place on every market day." In 1750 from six to seven thousand men gather in Bearn behind a river to resist the clerks; two companies of the Artois regiment fire on the rebels and kill a dozen of them. In 1752 a sedition at Rouen and in its neighborhood lasts three days; in Dauphiny and in Auvergne riotous villagers force open the grain warehouses and take away wheat at their own price; the same year, at Arles, two thousand armed peasants demand bread at the townhall and are dispersed by the soldiers. In one province alone, that of Normandy, I find insurrections in 1725, in 1737, in 1739, in 1752, in 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, and 1768, and always on account of bread. "Entire hamlets," writes the Parliament, "being without the necessities of life, want compels them to resort to the food of brutes. . . . Two days more and Rouen will be without provisions, without grain, without bread." Accordingly, the last riot is terrible; on this occasion, the populace, again masters of the town for three days, pillage the public granaries and the stores of all the communities. Up to the last and even later, in 1770 at Rheims, in 1775 at Dijon, at Versailles, at Saint-Germain, at Pontoise, and at Paris, in 1772 at Poitiers, in 1785 at Aix in Provence, in 1788 and 1789 in Paris and throughout France, similar

tithes, and the expenses of cultivation, divide up the productions of the soil into thirds, leaving nothing for the unfortunate cultivators, who would have abandoned their fields, had not two Swiss manufacturers of calicoes settled there and distributed about the country forty thousand francs a year in cash." In Auvergne, the country is depopulated daily; many of the villages have lost, since the beginning of the century, more than one third of their inhabitants. "Had not steps been promptly taken to lighten the burden of a downtrodden people," says the provincial assembly in 1787, "Auvergne would have forever lost its population and its cultivation." In Comminges, at the outbreak of the Revolution, certain communities threaten to abandon their possessions, should they obtain no relief. "It is a well-known fact," says the assembly of Haute-Guyenne, in 1784, "that the lot of the most severely taxed communities is so rigorous as to have led their proprietors frequently to abandon their property. Who is not aware of the inhabitants of Saint-Servin having abandoned their possessions ten times and of their threats to resort again to this painful proceeding in their recourse to the administration? Only a few years ago an abandonment of the community of Boisse took place through the combined action of the inhabitants, the seignior, and the *décimateur* of that community;" and the desertion would be still greater if the law did not forbid persons liable to the *taille* abandoning overtaxed property, except by renouncing whatever they possessed in the community. In the Soissonais, according to the report of the provincial assembly, "misery is excessive." In Gascony the spectacle is "heartrending." In the environs of Toule, the cultivator, after paying his taxes, tithes, and other dues, remains empty-handed. "Agriculture is an occupation of steady anxiety and privation, in which thousands of men are obliged to painfully vegetate." In a village in Normandy, "nearly all the inhabitants, not excepting the farmers and proprietors, eat barley bread and drink water, living like the most wretched of men, so as to provide for the payment of the taxes with which they are overburdened." In the same province, at Forges, "many poor creatures eat oat bread, and others bread of soaked bran, this nourishment causing many deaths among infants." People evidently live from day to day; whenever the crop proves poor, they lack bread. Let a frost come, a hailstorm, an inundation, and an entire province is incapable of supporting itself until the coming year; in many places even an ordinary winter

suffices to bring on distress. On all sides hands are seen outstretched to the king, who is the universal almoner. The people may be said to resemble a man attempting to wade through a pool with the water up to his chin, and who, losing his footing at the slightest depression, sinks down and drowns. Existent charity and the fresh spirit of humanity vainly strive to rescue them; the water has risen too high. It must subside to a lower level and the pool be drawn off through some adequate outlet. Thus far the poor man catches breath only at intervals, running the risk of drowning at every moment.



THE FINDING OF WINELAND THE GOOD.[1]

The Norse discovery of America, 1000 *A.D.: being all that part of the Saga of Eric the Red relating to the discovery of the east coast of North America.*

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MIDDLETON REEVES

LEIF ERICSSON SAILS TO GREENLAND.

LEIF and his companions sailed away from the Hebrides, and arrived in Norway in the autumn. Leif went to the court of King Olaf Tryggvason. He was well received by the king, who felt that he could see that Leif was a man of great accomplishments. Upon one occasion the king came to speech with Leif, and asks him, "Is it thy purpose to sail to Greenland in the summer?" "It is my purpose," said Leif, "if it will be your will." "I believe it will be well," answers the king, "and thither thou shalt go upon my errand, to proclaim Christianity there." Leif replied that the king should decide, but gave it as his belief that it would be difficult to carry this mission to a successful issue in Greenland. The king replied that he knew of no man who would be better fitted for this undertaking, "and in thy hands the cause will surely prosper." "This can only be," said Leif, "if I enjoy the grace of your protection." Leif put to sea when his ship was ready for the voyage. For a long time he was tossed about upon the ocean, and came upon lands of which he had previously had no knowl-

[1] By permission of the translator and Mr H Frowde (Demy 4to, half-vellum, price £2 10s)

edge. There were self-sown wheat fields and vines growing there. There were also those trees there which are called "mausur," and of all these they took specimens. Some of the timbers were so large that they were used in building. Leif found men upon a wreck, and took them home with him, and procured quarters for them all during the winter. In this wise he showed his nobleness and goodness, since he introduced Christianity into the country, and saved the men from the wreck; and he was called Leif the Lucky ever after. Leif landed in Ericsfirth, and then went home to Brattahlid; he was well received by every one. He soon proclaimed Christianity throughout the land, and the Catholic faith, and announced King Olaf Tryggvason's messages to the people, telling them how much excellence and how great glory accompanied this faith. Eric was slow in forming the determination to forsake his old belief, but Thiodhild embraced the faith promptly, and caused a church to be built at some distance from the house. This building was called Thiodhild's Church, and there she and those persons who had accepted Christianity, and they were many, were wont to offer their prayers. Thiodhild would not have intercourse with Eric after that she had received the faith, whereat he was sorely vexed.

At this time there began to be much talk about a voyage of exploration to that country which Leif had discovered. The leader of this expedition was Thorstein Ericsson, who was a good man and an intelligent, and blessed with many friends. Eric was likewise invited to join them, for the men believed that his luck and foresight would be of great furtherance. They thereupon equipped that ship in which Thorbiorn had come out, and twenty men were selected for the expedition. They took little cargo with them, naught else save their weapons and provisions. On that morning when Eric set out from his home he took with him a little chest containing gold and silver, he hid this treasure, and then went his way. He had proceeded but a short distance, however, when he fell from his horse and broke his ribs and dislocated his shoulder, whereat he cried "Ai, ai!" By reason of this accident he sent his wife word that she should procure the treasure which he had concealed, for to the hiding of the treasure he attributed his misfortune. Thereafter they sailed cheerily out of Ericsfirth in high spirits over their plan. They were long tossed about upon the ocean, and could not lay the course they wished.

They came in sight of Iceland, and likewise saw birds from the Irish coast. Their ship was, in sooth, driven hither and thither over the sea. In the autumn they turned back, worn out by toil and exposure to the elements, and exhausted by their labors, and arrived at Ericsfirth at the very beginning of winter. Then said Eric, "More cheerful were we in the summer, when we put out of the firth, but we still live, and it might have been much worse." Thorstein answers, "It will be a princely deed to endeavor to look well after the wants of all these men who are now in need, and to make provision for them during the winter." Eric answers, "It is ever true, as it is said, that 'it is never clear ere the answer comes,' and so it must be here. We will act now upon thy counsel in this matter." All of the men who were not otherwise provided for accompanied the father and son. They landed thereupon, and went home to Brattahlid, where they remained throughout the winter.

THORSTEIN ERICSSON WEDS GUDRID; APPARITIONS.

Now it is to be told that Thorstein Ericsson sought Gudrid, Thorbiorn's daughter, in wedlock. His suit was favorably received both by herself and by her father, and it was decided that Thorstein should marry Gudrid, and the wedding was held at Brattahlid in the autumn. The entertainment sped well, and was very numerously attended. Thorstein had a home in the Western Settlement at a certain farmstead, which is called Lysufirth. A half-interest in this property belonged to a man named Thorstein, whose wife's name was Sigrid. Thorstein went to Lysufirth, in the autumn, to his namesake, and Gudrid bore him company. They were well received, and remained there during the winter. It came to pass that sickness appeared in their home early in the winter. Gard was the name of the overseer there; he had few friends; he took sick first, and died. It was not long before one after another took sick and died. Then Thorstein, Eric's son, fell sick, and Sigrid, the wife of Thorstein, his namesake; and one evening Sigrid wished to go to the house, which stood over against the outer door, and Gudrid accompanied her; they were facing the outer door when Sigrid uttered a loud cry. "We have acted thoughtlessly," exclaimed Gudrid, "yet thou needest not cry, though the cold strikes thee; let us go in again as speedily as possible."

Sigrid answers, "This may not be in this present plight. All of the dead folk are drawn up here before the door now; among them I see thy husband, Thorstein, and I can see myself there, and it is distressful to look upon." But directly this had passed she exclaimed, "Let us go now, Gudrid; I no longer see the band!" The overseer had vanished from her sight, whereas it had seemed to her before that he stood with a whip in his hand and made as if he would scourge the flock. So they went in, and ere the morning came she was dead, and a coffin was made ready for the corpse; and that same day the men planned to row out to fish, and Thorstein accompanied them to the landing place, and in the twilight he went down to see their catch. Thorstein, Eric's son, then sent word to his namesake that he should come to him, saying that all was not as it should be there, for the housewife was endeavoring to rise to her feet, and wished to get in under the clothes beside him, and when he entered the room she was come up on the edge of the bed. He thereupon seized her hands and held a poleax before her breast. Thorstein, Eric's son, died before nightfall. Thorstein, the master of the house, bade Gudrid lie down and sleep, saying that he would keep watch over the bodies during the night; thus she did, and early in the night, Thorstein, Eric's son, sat up and spoke, saying that he desired Gudrid to be called thither, for that it was his wish to speak with her: "It is God's will that this hour be given me for my own and for the betterment of my condition." Thorstein, the master, went in search of Gudrid, and waked her, and bade her cross herself, and pray God to help her: "Thorstein, Eric's son, has said to me that he wishes to see thee; thou must take counsel with thyself now, what thou wilt do, for I have no advice to give thee." She replies, "It may be that this is intended to be one of those incidents which shall afterward be held in remembrance, this strange event, and it is my trust that God will keep watch over me; wherefore, under God's mercy, I shall venture to go to him, and learn what it is that he would say, for I may not escape this if it be designed to bring me harm. I will do this, lest he go further, for it is my belief that the matter is a grave one." So Gudrid went and drew near to Thorstein, and he seemed to her to be weeping. He spoke a few words in her ear, in a low tone, so that she alone could hear them; but this he said so that all could hear, that those persons would be blessed who kept well the faith, and that it

carried with it all help and consolation, and yet many there were, said he, who kept it but ill. "This is no proper usage, which has obtained here in Greenland since Christianity was introduced here, to inter men in unconsecrated earth, with naught but a brief funeral service. It is my wish that I be conveyed to the church, together with the others who have died here; Gard, however, I would have you burn upon a pyre, as speedily as possible, since he has been the cause of all the apparitions which have been seen here during the winter." He spoke to her also of her own destiny, and said that she had a notable future in store for her, but he bade her beware of marrying any Greenlander; he directed her also to give their property to the church and to the poor, and then sank down again a second time. It had been the custom in Greenland, after Christianity was introduced there, to bury persons on the farmsteads where they died, in unconsecrated earth; a pole was erected in the ground, touching the breast of the dead, and subsequently, when the priests came thither, the pole was withdrawn and holy water poured in (the orifice), and the funeral service held there, although it might be long thereafter. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to the church at Ericsfirth, and the funeral services held there by the clergy. Thorbiorn died soon after this, and all of his property then passed into Gudrid's possession. Eric took her to his home and carefully looked after her affairs.

Concerning Thord of Hofdi.

There was a man named Thord, who lived at Hofdi on Hofdi-strands. He married Fridgerd, daughter of Thori the Loiterer and Fridgerd, daughter of Kiarval the King of the Irish. Thord was a son of Biorn Chestbutter, son of Thorvald Spine, Alseik's son, the son of Biorn Iron-side, the son of Ragnar Shaggy-breeks. They had a son named Snorri. He married Thorhild Ptarmigan, daughter of Thord the Yeller. Their son was Thord Horse-head. Thorfinn Karlsefni was the name of Thord's son. Thorfinn's mother's name was Thorunn. Thorfinn was engaged in trading voyages, and was reputed to be a successful merchant. One summer Karlsefni equipped his ship, with the intention of sailing to Greenland. Snorri, Thorbrand's son, of Alptafirth, accompanied him, and there were forty men on board the ship with them.

There was a man named Biarni, Grimolf's son, a man from Breidafirth, and another named Thorhall, Gamli's son, an East-firth man. They equipped their ship, the same summer as Karlsefni, with the intention of making a voyage to Greenland; they had also forty men in their ship. When they were ready to sail, the two ships put to sea together. It has not been recorded how long a voyage they had; but it is to be told that both of the ships arrived at Ericsfirth in the autumn. Eric and other of the inhabitants of the country rode to the ships, and a goodly trade was soon established between them. Gudrid was requested by the skippers to take such of their wares as she wished, while Eric, on his part, showed great munificence in return, in that he extended an invitation to both crews to accompany him home for winter quarters at Brattahlid. The merchants accepted this invitation, and went with Eric. Their wares were then conveyed to Brattahlid; nor was there lack there of good and commodious storehouses, in which to keep them; nor was there wanting much of that which they needed, and the merchants were well pleased with their entertainment at Eric's home during that winter. Now as it drew toward Yule, Eric became very taciturn, and less cheerful than had been his wont. On one occasion Karlsefni entered into conversation with Eric, and said: "Hast thou aught weighing upon thee, Eric? The folk have remarked that thou art somewhat more silent than thou hast been hitherto. Thou hast entertained us with great liberality, and it behooves us to make such return as may lie within our power. Do thou now but make known the cause of thy melancholy." Eric answers: "Ye accept hospitality gracefully, and in manly wise, and I am not pleased that ye should be the sufferers by reason of our intercourse; rather am I troubled at the thought that it should be given out elsewhere that ye have never passed a worse Yule than this, now drawing nigh, when Eric the Red was your host at Brattahlid in Greenland." "There shall be no cause for that," replies Karlsefni; "we have malt, and meal, and corn in our ships, and you are welcome to take of these whatsoever you wish, and to provide as liberal an entertainment as seems fitting to you." Eric accepts this offer, and preparations were made for the Yule feast, and it was so sumptuous that it seemed to the people they had scarcely ever seen so grand an entertainment before. And after Yule, Karlsefni broached the subject of a marriage with Gudrid to Eric,

for he assumed that with him rested the right to bestow her hand in marriage. Eric answers favorably, and says that she would accomplish the fate in store for her, adding that he had heard only good reports of him. And, not to prolong this, the result was that Thorfinn was betrothed to Thurid, and the banquet was augmented, and their wedding was celebrated; and this befell at Brattahlid during the winter.

Beginning of the Wineland Voyages.

About this time there began to be much talk at Brattahlid, to the effect that Wineland the Good should be explored, for, it was said, that country must be possessed of many goodly qualities. And so it came to pass that Karlsefni and Snorri fitted out their ship, for the purpose of going in search of that country in the spring. Biarni and Thorhall joined the expedition with their ship, and the men who had borne them company. There was a man named Thorvard; he was wedded to Freydis, a natural daughter of Eric the Red. He also accompanied them, together with Thorvald, Eric's son, and Thorhall, who was called the Huntsman. He had been for a long time with Eric as his hunter and fisherman during the summer, and as his steward during the winter. Thorhall was stout and swarthy, and of giant stature; he was a man of few words, though given to abusive language, when he did speak, and he ever incited Eric to evil. He was a poor Christian; he had a wide knowledge of the unsettled regions. He was on the same ship with Thorvard and Thorvald. They had that ship which Thorbiorn had brought out. They had in all one hundred and sixty men, when they sailed to the Western Settlement, and thence to Bear Island. Thence they bore away to the southward two "doegr." Then they saw land, and launched a boat, and explored the land, and found there large flat stones (hellur), and many of these were twelve ells wide; there were many Arctic foxes there. They gave a name to the country, and called it Helluland (the land of flat stones). Then they sailed with northerly winds two "doegr," and land then lay before them, and upon it was a great wood and many wild beasts; an island lay off the land to the southeast, and there they found a bear, and they called this Biarney (Bear Island), while the land where the wood was they called Markland (Forest-land). Thence they sailed southward along the land for a long time, and came to a

cape; the land lay upon the starboard; there were long strands and sandy banks there. They rowed to the land and found upon the cape there the keel of a ship, and they called it there Kialarnes (Keelness); they also called the strands Furdustrandir (Wonder-strands), because they were so long to sail by. Then the country became indented with bays, and they steered their ships into a bay. It was when Leif was with King Olaf Tryggvason, and he bade him proclaim Christianity to Greenland, that the king gave him two Gaels; the man's name was Haki, and the woman's Haekia. The king advised Leif to have recourse to these people, if he should stand in need of fleetness, for they were swifter than deer. Eric and Leif had tendered Karlsefni the services of this couple. Now when they had sailed past Wonder-strands, they put the Gaels ashore, and directed them to run to the southward, and investigate the nature of the country, and return again before the end of the third half-day. They were each clad in a garment which they called "kiafal," which was so fashioned that it had a hood at the top, was open at the sides, was sleeveless, and was fastened between the legs with buttons and loops, while elsewhere they were naked. Karlsefni and his companions cast anchor, and lay there during their absence; and when they came again, one of them carried a bunch of grapes, and the other an ear of new-sown wheat. They went on board the ship, whereupon Karlsefni and his followers held on their way, until they came to where the coast was indented with bays. They stood into a bay with their ships. There was an island out at the mouth of the bay, about which there were strong currents, wherefore they called it Straumey (Stream Isle). There were so many birds there, that it was scarcely possible to step between the eggs. They sailed through the firth, and called it Straumfiord (Stream-firth), and carried their cargoes ashore from the ships, and established themselves there. They had brought with them all kinds of live stock. It was a fine country there. There were mountains thereabouts. They occupied themselves exclusively with the exploration of the country. They remained there during the winter, and they had taken no thought for this during the summer. The fishing began to fail, and they began to fall short of food. Then Thorhall the Huntsman disappeared. They had already prayed to God for food, but it did not come as promptly as their necessities seemed to demand. They searched for Thorhall for three half-days, and found him on a projecting

crag. He was lying there, and looking up at the sky, with mouth and nostrils agape, and mumbling something. They asked him why he had gone thither; he replied that this did not concern any one. They asked him then to go home with them, and he did so. Soon after this a whale appeared there, and they captured it, and flensed it, and no one could tell what manner of whale it was; and when the cooks had prepared it, they ate of it, and were all made ill by it. Then Thorhall, approaching them, says: "Did not the Red-beard prove more helpful than your Christ? This is my reward for the verses which I composed to Thor, the Trustworthy; seldom has he failed me." When the people heard this, they cast the whale down into the sea, and made their appeals to God. The weather then improved, and they could now row out to fish, and thenceforward they had no lack of provisions, for they could hunt game on the land, gather eggs on the island, and catch fish from the sea.

Concerning Karlsefni and Thorhall.

It is said that Thorhall wished to sail to the northward beyond Wonder-strands, in search of Wineland, while Karlsefni desired to proceed to the southward, off the coast. Thorhall prepared for his voyage out below the island, having only nine men in his party, for all of the remainder of the company went with Karlsefni. And one day when Thorhall was carrying water aboard his ship, and was drinking, he recited this ditty: —

"When I came, these brave men told me,
Here the best drink I'd get,
Now with water pail behold me, —
Wine and I are strangers yet.
Stooping at the spring, I've tested
All the wine this land affords,
Of its vaunted charms divested,
Poor indeed are its rewards."

And when they were ready, they hoisted sail; whereupon Thorhall recited this ditty: —

"Comrades, let us now be faring
Homeward to our own again!
Let us try the sea steed's daring,
Give the chafing courser rein.

Those who will may bide in quiet,
Let them praise their chosen land,
Feasting on a whale-steak diet,
In their home by Wonder-strand."

Then they sailed away to the northward past Wonder-strands and Keelness, intending to cruise to the westward around the cape. They encountered westerly gales, and were driven ashore in Ireland, where they were grievously maltreated and thrown into slavery. There Thorhall lost his life, according to that which traders have related.

It is now to be told of Karlsefni that he cruised southward off the coast, with Snorri and Biarni, and their people. They sailed for a long time, and until they came at last to a river, which flowed down from the land into a lake, and so into the sea. There were great bars at the mouth of the river, so that it could only be entered at the height of the flood tide. Karlsefni and his men sailed into the mouth of the river, and called it there Hop (a small landlocked bay). They found self-sown wheat fields on the land there, wherever there were hollows; and wherever there was hilly ground, there were vines. Every brook was full of fish. They dug pits on the shore, where the tide rose highest, and when the tide fell, there were halibut in the pits. There were great numbers of wild animals of all kinds in the woods. They remained there half a month, and enjoyed themselves, and kept no watch. They had their live stock with them. Now one morning early, when they looked about them, they saw a great number of skin canoes, and staves were brandished from the boats, with a noise like flails, and they were revolved in the same direction in which the sun moves. Then said Karlsefni: "What may this betoken?" Snorri, Thorbrand's son, answers him: "It may be that this is a signal of peace; wherefore let us take a white shield and display it." And thus they did. Thereupon the strangers rowed toward them, and went upon the land, marveling at those whom they saw before them. They were swarthy men, and ill looking, and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had great eyes, and were broad of cheek. They tarried there for a time looking curiously at the people they saw before them, and then rowed away, and to the southward around the point.

Karlsefni and his followers had built their huts above the

lake, some of their dwellings being near the lake, and others farther away. Now they remained there that winter. No snow came there, and all of their live stock lived by grazing. And when spring opened, they discovered, early one morning, a great number of skin canoes, rowing from the south past the cape, so numerous that it looked as if coals had been scattered broadcast out before the bay; and on every boat staves were waved. Thereupon Karlsefni and his people displayed their shields, and when they came together, they began to barter with each other. Especially did the strangers wish to buy red cloth, for which they offered in exchange peltries and quite gray skins. They also desired to buy swords and spears, but Karlsefni and Snorri forbade this. In exchange for perfect unsullied skins, the Skrellings would take red stuff a span in length, which they would bind around their heads. So their trade went on for a time, until Karlsefni and his people began to grow short of cloth, when they divided it into such narrow pieces that it was not more than a finger's breadth wide; but the Skrellings still continued to give just as much for this as before, or more.

It so happened that a bull which belonged to Karlsefni and his people ran out from the woods, bellowing loudly. This so terrified the Skrellings that they sped out to their canoes, and then rowed away to the southward along the coast. For three entire weeks nothing more was seen of them. At the end of this time, however, a great multitude of Skrelling boats was discovered approaching from the south, as if a stream were pouring down, and all of their staves were waved in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, and the Skrellings were all uttering loud cries. Thereupon Karlsefni and his men took red shields and displayed them. The Skrellings sprang from their boats, and they met then, and fought together. There was a fierce shower of missiles, for the Skrellings had war slings. Karlsefni and Snorri observed that the Skrellings raised up on a pole a great bell-shaped body, almost the size of a sheep's belly, and nearly black in color, and this they hurled from the pole up on the land above Karlsefni's followers, and it made a frightful noise where it fell. Whereat a great fear seized Karlsefni, and all his men, so that they could think of naught but flight, and of making their escape up along the river bank, for it seemed to them that the troop of the Skrellings was rushing towards them from every side, and they did not pause

until they came to certain jutting crags, where they offered a stout resistance. Freydis came out, and seeing that Karlsefni and his men were fleeing, she cried: "Why do ye flee from these wretches, such worthy men as ye, when, meseems, ye might slaughter them like cattle? Had I but a weapon, methinks I would fight better than any one of you!" They gave no heed to her words. Freydis sought to join them, but lagged behind, for she was not hale; she followed them, however, into the forest, while the Skrellings pursued her; she found a dead man in front of her; this was Thorbrand, Snorri's son, his skull cleft by a flat stone; his naked sword lay beside him; she took it up, and prepared to defend herself with it. The Skrellings then approached her, whereupon she stripped down her shift, and slapped her breast with the naked sword. At this the Skrellings were terrified and ran down to their boats, and rowed away. Karlsefni and his companions, however, joined her and praised her valor. Two of Karlsefni's men had fallen, and a great number of the Skrellings. Karlsefni's party had been overpowered by dint of superior numbers. They now returned to their dwellings, and bound up their wounds, and weighed carefully what throng of men that could have been which had seemed to descend upon them from the land; it now seemed to them that there could have been but the one party, that which came from the boats, and that the other troop must have been an ocular delusion. The Skrellings, moreover, found a dead man, and an ax lay beside him. One of their number picked up the ax, and then struck at a tree with it, and one after another (they tested it), and it seemed to them to be a treasure, and to cut well; then one of their number seized it, and hewed at a stone with it, so that the ax broke, whereat they concluded that it could be of no use, since it would not withstand stone, and they cast it away.

It now seemed clear to Karlsefni and his people that although the country thereabouts was attractive, their life would be one of constant dread and turmoil by reason of the (hostility of the) inhabitants of the country, so they forthwith prepared to leave, and determined to return to their own country. They sailed to the northward off the coast, and found five Skrellings, clad in skin doublets, lying asleep near the sea. There were vessels beside them, containing animal marrow, mixed with blood. Karlsefni and his company concluded that they must have been banished from their own land. They put them to

death. They afterwards found a cape, upon which there was a great number of animals, and this cape looked as if it were one cake of dung, by reason of the animals which lay there at night. They now arrived again at Streamfirth, where they found great abundance of all those things of which they stood in need. Some men say that Biarni and Freydis remained behind here with a hundred men, and went no further; while Karlsefni and Snorri proceeded to the southward with forty men, tarrying at Hop barely two months, and returning again the same summer. Karlsefni then set out with one ship, in search of Thorhall the Huntsman, but the greater part of the company remained behind. They sailed to the northward around Keelness, and then bore to the westward, having land to the larboard. The country there was a wooded wilderness, as far as they could see, with scarcely an open space; and when they had journeyed a considerable distance, a river flowed down from the east toward the west. They sailed into the mouth of the river, and lay to by the southern bank.

The Slaying of Thorvald, Eric's Son.

It happened one morning that Karlsefni and his companions discovered in an open space in the woods above them a speck, which seemed to shine toward them, and they shouted at it; it stirred, and it was a Uniped, who skipped down to the bank of the river by which they were lying. Thorvald, a son of Eric the Red, was sitting at the helm, and the Uniped shot an arrow into his inwards. Thorvald drew out the arrow, and exclaimed: "There is fat around my paunch; we have hit upon a fruitful country, and yet we are not like to get much profit of it." Thorvald died soon after from this wound. Then the Uniped ran away back toward the north. Karlsefni and his men pursued him, and saw him from time to time. The last they saw of him he ran down into a creek. Then they turned back; whereupon one of the men recited this ditty:—

"Eager, our men, up hill, down dell,
Hunted a Uniped;
Hearken, Karlsefni, while they tell
How swift the quarry fled!"

Then they sailed away back toward the north, and believed they had got sight of the land of the Unipeds; nor were they

disposed to risk the lives of their men any longer. They concluded that the mountains of Hop, and those which they had now found, formed one chain, and this appeared to be so because they were about an equal distance removed from Streamfirth, in either direction. They sailed back and passed the third winter at Streamfirth. Then the men began to divide into factions, of which the women were the cause; and those who were without wives endeavored to seize upon the wives of those who were married, whence the greatest trouble arose. Snorri, Karlsefni's son, was born the first autumn, and he was three winters old when they took their departure. When they sailed away from Wineland, they had a southerly wind, and so came upon Markland, where they found five Skrellings, of whom one was bearded, two were women, and two were children. Karlsefni and his people took the boys, but the others escaped, and these Skrellings sank down into the earth. They bore the lads away with them, and taught them to speak, and they were baptized. They said that their mother's name was Vaetilldi, and their father's Uvaegi. They said that kings governed the Skrellings, one of whom was called Avalldamon, and the other Valldidida. They stated that there were no houses there, and that the people lived in caves or holes. They said that there was a land on the other side over against their country, which was inhabited by people who wore white garments, and yelled loudly, and carried poles before them, to which rags were attached; and people believe that this must have been Hvitramanna-land (White-men's-land), or Ireland the Great. Now they arrived in Greenland, and remained during the winter with Eric the Red.



THE GRETTIS SAGA.[1]

(Translated by William Morris and A. Magnusson.)

Now the summer before these things Earl Eric Hakonson made ready to go from his land west to England, to see King Knut the Mighty, his brother-in-law, but left behind him in the rule of Norway Hakon, his son, and gave him into the

[1] By permission of Trustees and Walter Scott, Ltd

hands of Earl Svein, his brother, for the watching and warding of his realm, for Hakon was a child in years.

But before Earl Eric went away from the land, he called together lords and rich bonders, and many things they spoke on laws and the rule of the land, for Earl Eric was a man good at rule. Now men thought it an exceeding ill fashion in the land that runagates or berserks called to holm highborn men for their fee or womankind, in such wise that whosoever should fall before the other should lie unatoned; hereof many got both shame and loss of goods, and some lost their lives withal; and therefore Earl Eric did away with all holm gangs and outlawed all berserks who fared with raids and riots.

In the making of this law, the chief of all, with Earl Eric, was Thorfinn Karrson, from Haramsey, for he was a wise man, and a dear friend of the Earl's.

Two brothers are named as being of the worst in these matters, one hight Thorir Paunch, the other Ogmund the Evil; they were of Halogaland kin, bigger and stronger than other men. They wrought the berserks' gang and spared nothing in their fury; they would take away the wives of men and hold them for a week or a half-month, and then bring them back to their husbands; they robbed wheresoever they came, or did some other ill deeds. Now Earl Eric made them outlaws through the length and breadth of Norway, and Thorfinn was the eagerest of men in bringing about their outlawry, therefore they deemed that they owed him ill will enow.

So the Earl went away from the land, as is said in his Saga; but Earl Svein bore sway over Norway. Thorfinn went home to his house, and sat at home till just up to Yule, as is aforesaid; but at Yule he made ready to go to his farm called Slysfirth, which is on the mainland, and thither he had bidden many of his friends. Thorfinn's wife could not go with her husband, for her daughter of ripe years lay ill abed, so they both abode at home. Grettir was at home too, and eight housecarls. Now Thorfinn went with thirty freedmen to the Yule feast, whereat there was the greatest mirth and joyance among men.

Now Yule eve comes on, and the weather was bright and calm; Grettir was mostly abroad this day, and saw how ships fared north and south along the land, for each one sought the other's home where the Yule drinking was settled to come off. By this time the goodman's daughter was so much better

that she could walk about with her mother, and thus the day wore on.

Now Grettir sees how a ship rows up toward the island; it was not right big, but shield-hung it was from stem to stern, and stained all above the sea: these folk rowed smartly, and made for the boat stands of goodman Thorfinn, and when the keel took land, those who were therein sprang overboard. Grettir cast up the number of the men, and they were twelve altogether; he deemed their guise to be far from peaceful. They took up their ship and bore it up from the sea; thereafter they ran up to the boat stand, and therein was that big boat of Thorfinn, which was never launched to sea by less than thirty men, but these twelve shot it in one haul down to the shingle of the fore shore; and thereon they took up their own bark and bore it into the boat stand.

Now Grettir thought that he could see clear enough that they would make themselves at home. But he goes down to meet them, and welcomes them merrily, and asks who they were and what their leader was hight; he to whom these words were spoken answered quickly, and said that his name was Thorir, and that he was called Paunch, and that his brother was Ogmund, and that the others were fellows of theirs.

"I deem," said Thorir, "that thy master Thorfinn has heard tell of us; is he perchance at home?"

Grettir answered, "Lucky men are ye, and hither have come in a good hour, if ye are the men I take you to be; the goodman is gone away with all his home folk who are freemen, and will not be home again till after Yule; but the mistress is at home, and so is the goodman's daughter; and if I thought that I had some ill will to pay back, I should have chosen above all things to have come just thus; for here are all matters in plenty whereof ye stand in need, both beer, and all other good things."

Thorir held his peace, while Grettir let this tale run on; then he said to Ogmund:—

"How far have things come to pass other than as I guessed? and now I am well enough minded to take revenge on Thorfinn for having made us outlaws; and this man is ready enough of tidings, and no need have we to drag the words out of him."

"Words all may use freely," said Grettir, "and I shall give you such cheer as I may; and now come home with me."

They bade him have thanks therefor, and said they would take his offer.

But when they came home to the farm, Grettir took Thorir by the hand and led him into the hall; and now was Grettir mighty full of words. The mistress was in the hall, and had had it decked with hangings, and made all fair and seemly; but when she heard Grettir's talk, she stood still on the floor, and asked whom he welcomed in that earnest wise.

He answered, "Now, mistress, is it right meet to welcome these guests merrily, for here is come goodman Thorir Paunch and the whole twelve of them, and are minded to sit here Yule over, and a right good hap it is, for we were few enough before."

She answered, "Am I to number these among bonders and goodmen, who are the worst of robbers and ill doers? A large share of my goods had I given that they had not come here as at this time; and ill dost thou reward Thorfinn, for that he took thee a needy man from shipwreck and has held thee through the winter as a free man."

Grettir said, "It would be better to take the wet clothes off these guests than to scold at me; since for that thou mayst have time long enough."

Then said Thorir, "Be not crossgrained, mistress; naught shalt thou miss thy husband's being away, for a man shall be got in his place for thee, yea, and for thy daughter a man, and for each of the home women."

"That is spoken like a man," said Grettir, "nor will they thus have any cause to bewail their lot."

Now all the women rushed forth from the hall smitten with huge dread and weeping; then said Grettir to the berserks, "Give into my hands what it pleases you to lay aside of weapons and wet clothes, for the folk will not be yielding to us while they are scared."

Thorir said he heeded not how women might squeal; "But," said he, "thee indeed we may set apart from the other home folk, and methinks we may well make thee our man of trust."

"See to that yourselves," said Grettir, "but certes I do not take to all men alike."

Thereupon they laid aside the more part of their weapons, and thereafter Grettir said: —

"Methinks it is a good rede now that ye sit down to table and drink somewhat, for it is right likely that ye are thirsty after the rowing."

They said they were ready enough for that, but knew not

where to find out the cellar; Grettir asked if they would that he should see for things and go about for them. The berserks said they would be right fain of that; so Grettir fetched beer and gave them to drink; they were mightily weary, and drank in huge draughts, and still he let them have the strongest beer that there was, and this went on for a long time, and meanwhile he told them many merry tales. From all this there was din enough to be heard among them, and the home folk were nowise fain to come to them.

Now Thorir said, "Never yet did I meet a man unknown to me, who would do us such good deeds as this man; now, what reward wilt thou take of us for thy work?"

Grettir answered, "As yet I look to no reward for this; but if we be even such friends when ye go away, as it looks like we shall be, I am minded to join fellowship with you; and though I be of less might than some of you, yet shall I not let any man of big redes."

Hereat they were well pleased, and would settle the fellowship with vows.

Grettir said that this they should not do, "For true is the old saw, *Ale is another man*, nor shall ye settle this in haste any further than as I have said, for on both sides are we men little meet to rule our tempers."

They said that they would not undo what they had said.

Withal the evening wore on till it grew quite dark; then sees Grettir that they were getting very heavy with-drink, so he said:—

"Do ye not find it time to go to sleep?"

Thorir said, "Time enough forsooth, and sure shall I be to keep to what I have promised the mistress."

Then Grettir went forth from the hall, and cried out loudly:—

"Go ye to your beds, women all, for so is goodman Thorir pleased to bid."

They cursed him for this, and to hear them was like hearkening to the noise of many wolves. Now the berserks came forth from the hall, and Grettir said:—

"Let us go out, and I will show you Thorfinn's cloth bower."

They were willing to be led there; so they came to an out-bower exceeding great; a door there was to it, and a strong lock thereon, and the storehouse was very strong withal; there

too was a closet good and great, and a shield paneling between the chambers; both chambers stood high, and men went up by steps to them. Now the berserks got riotous and pushed Grettir about, and he kept tumbling away from them, and when they least thought thereof, he slipped quickly out of the bower, seized the latch, slammed the door to, and put the bolt on. Thorir and his fellows thought at first that the door must have got locked of itself, and paid no heed thereto; they had light with them, for Grettir had showed them many choice things which Thorfinn owned, and these they now noted awhile. Meantime Grettir made all speed home to the farm, and when he came in at the door he called out loudly, and asked where the goodwife was; she held her peace, for she did not dare to answer.

He said, "Here is somewhat of a chance of a good catch; but are there any weapons of avail here?"

She answers, "Weapons there are, but how they may avail thee I know not."

"Let us talk thereof anon," says he; "but now let every man do his best, for later on no better chance shall there be."

The goodwife said, "Now God were in garth if our lot might better: over Thorfinn's bed hangs the barbed spear, the big one that was owned by Karr the Old; there, too, is a helmet and a byrni, and the short sword, the good one; and the arms will not fail if thine heart does well."

Grettir seizes the helmet and spear, girds himself with the short sword, and rushed out swiftly; and the mistress called upon the housecarls, bidding them follow such a dauntless man. Four of them rushed forth and seized their weapons, but the other four durst come nowhere nigh. Now it is to be said of the berserks that they thought Grettir delayed his coming back strangely; and now they began to doubt if there were not some guile in the matter. They rushed against the door and found it was locked, and now they try the timber walls so that every beam creaked again; at last they brought things so far that they broke down the shield paneling, got into the passage, and thence out to the steps. Now berserks' gang seized them, and they howled like dogs. In that very nick of time Grettir came up and with both hands thrust his spear at the midst of Thorir, as he was about to get down the steps, so that it went through him at once. Now the spearhead was both long and broad, and Ogmund the Evil ran on to Thorir and pushed him on to

man of such prowess as we have now proved thee; now shall all things in the house be at thy will which I may bestow on thee, and which it may be seeming for thee to take; but methinks that Thorfinn will reward thee better still when he comes home."

Grettir answered, "Little of reward will be needed now, but I keep thine offer till the coming of the master; and I have some hope now that ye will sleep in peace as for the berserks."

Grettir drank little that evening, and lay with his weapons about him through the night. In the morning, when it began to dawn, people were summoned together throughout the island, and a search was set on foot for the berserks who had escaped the night before; they were found far on in the day under a rock, and were by then dead from cold and wounds; then they were brought into a tide-washed heap of stones and buried thereunder.

After that folk went home, and the men of that island deemed themselves brought unto fair peace.

Now when Grettir came back to the mistress, he sang this stave: —

"By the sea's wash have we made
Graves, where twelve spear groves are laid;
I alone such speedy end,
Unto all these folk did send
O fair giver-forth of gold,
Whereof can great words be told,
'Midst the deeds one man has wrought,
If this deed should come to naught?"

The goodwife said, "Surely thou art like unto very few men who are now living on the earth."

So she set him in the high seat, and all things she did well to him, and now time wore on till Thorfinn's coming home was looked for.

After Yule Thorfinn made ready for coming home, and he let those folk go with good gifts whom he had bidden to his feast. Now he fares with his following till he comes hard by his boat stands; they saw a ship lying on the strand, and soon knew it for Thorfinn's bark, the big one. Now Thorfinn had as yet had no news of the vikings; he bade his men hasten

landward, "For I fear," said he, "that friends have not been at work here."

Thorfinn was the first to step ashore before his men, and forthwith he went up to the boat stand; he saw a keel standing there, and knew it for the berserks' ship. Then he said to his men, "My mind misgives me much that here things have come to pass, even such as I would have given the whole island, yea, every whit of what I have herein, that they might never have happed."

They asked why he spake thus. Then he said, "Here have come the vikings, whom I know to be the worst of all Norway, Thorir Paunch and Ogmund the Evil; in good sooth they will hardly have kept house happily for us, and in an Icelander I have but little trust."

Withal he spoke many things hereabout to his fellows.

Now Grettir was at home, and so brought it about that folk were slow to go down to the shore; and said he did not care much if the goodman Thorfinn had somewhat of a shake at what he saw before him; but when the mistress asked him leave to go, he said she should have her will as to where she went, but that he himself should stir nowhither. She ran swiftly to meet Thorfinn, and welcomed him cheerily. He was glad thereof, and said, "Praise be to God that I see thee whole and merry, and my daughter in like wise. But how have ye fared since I went from home?"

She answered, "Things have turned out well, but we were near being overtaken by such a shame as we should never have had healing of, if thy winter guest had not holpen us."

Then Thorfinn spake, "Now shall we sit down, but do thou tell us these tidings."

Then she told all things plainly even as they had come to pass, and praised greatly Grettir's stoutness and great daring; meanwhile Thorfinn held his peace, but when she had made an end of her tale, he said, "How true is the saw, *Long it takes to try a man.* But where is Grettir now?"

The goodwife said, "He is at home in the hall."

Thereupon they went home to the farm.

Thorfinn went up to Grettir and kissed him, and thanked him with many fair words for the great heart which he had shown to him; "And I will say to thee what few say to their friends, that I would thou shouldst be in need of men, that then thou mightest know if I were to thee in a man's stead or

not; but for thy good deed I can never reward thee unless thou comest to be in some troublous need; but as to thy abiding with me, that shall ever stand open to thee when thou willest it; and thou shalt be held the first of all my men."

Grettir bade him have much thank therefor. "And," quoth he, "this should I have taken even if thou hadst made me proffer thereof before."

Now Grettir sat there the winter over, and was in the closest friendship with Thorfinn; and for this deed he was now well renowned all over Norway, and there the most, where the berserks had erst wrought the greatest ill deeds.

This spring Thorfinn asked Grettir what he was about to busy himself with: he said he would go north to Vogar while the fair was. Thorfinn said there was ready for him money as much as he would. Grettir said that he needed no more money at that time than faring silver: this, Thorfinn said, was full well due to him, and thereupon went with him to ship.

Now he gave him the short sword, the good one, which Grettir bore as long as he lived, and the choicest of choice things it was. Withal Thorfinn bade Grettir come to him whenever he might need aid.

But Grettir went north to Vogar, and a many folk were there; many men welcomed him there right heartily who had not seen him before, for the sake of that great deed of prowess which he had done when he saw the vikings; many highborn men prayed him to come and abide with them, but he would fain go back to his friend Thorfinn. Now he took ship in a bark that was owned of a man hight Thorkel, who dwelt in Salft in Halogaland, and was a highborn man. But when Grettir came to Thorkel he welcomed him right heartily, and bade Grettir abide with him that winter, and laid many words thereto.

This offer Grettir took, and was with Thorkel that winter in great joyance and fame.

There was a man, hight Biorn, who was dwelling with Thorkel; he was a man of rash temper, of good birth, and somewhat akin to Thorkel; he was not well loved of men, for he would slander much those who were with Thorkel, and in this wise he sent many away. Grettir and he had little to do together; Biorn thought him of little worth weighed against

himself, but Grettir was unyielding, so that things fell athwart between them. Biorn was a mightily boisterous man, and made himself very big; many young men got into fellowship with him in these things, and would stray abroad by night. Now it befell that early in winter a savage bear ran abroad from his winter lair, and got so grim that he spared neither man nor beast. Men thought he had been roused by the noise that Biorn and his fellows had made. The brute got so hard to deal with that he tore down the herds of men, and Thorkel had the greatest hurt thereof, for he was the richest man in the neighborhood.

Now one day Thorkel bade his men to follow him, and search for the lair of the bear. They found it in sheer sea rocks; there was a high rock and a cave before it down below, but only one track to go up to it; under the cave were scarped rocks, and a heap of stones down by the sea, and sure death it was to all who might fall down there. The bear lay in his lair by day, but went abroad as soon as night fell; no fold could keep sheep safe from him, nor could any dogs be set on him: and all this men thought the heaviest trouble. Biorn, Thorkel's kinsman, said that the greatest part had been done, as the lair had been found. "And now I shall try," said he, "what sort of play we namesakes shall have together." Grettir made as if he knew not what Biorn said on this matter.

Now it happened always when men went to sleep anights that Biorn disappeared: and one night when Biorn went to the lair, he was aware that the beast was there before him, and roaring savagely. Biorn lay down in the track, and had over him his shield, and was going to wait till the beast should stir abroad as his manner was. Now the bear had an inkling of the man, and got somewhat slow to move off. Biorn waxed very sleepy where he lay, and cannot wake up, and just at this time the beast betakes himself from his lair; now he sees where the man lies, and, hooking at him with his claw, he tears from him the shield and throws it down over the rocks. Biorn started up suddenly awake, takes to his legs and runs home, and it was a near thing that the beast got him not. This his fellows knew, for they had spies about Biorn's ways; in the morning they found the shield, and made the greatest jeering at all this.

At Yule, Thorkel went himself, and eight of them alto-

gether, and there was Grettir and Biorn and other followers of Thorkel. Grettir had on a fur cloak, which he laid aside while they set on the beast. It was awkward for an onslaught there, for thereat could folk come but by spear thrusts, and all the spear points the bear turned off him with his teeth. Now Biorn urged them on much to the onset, yet he himself went not so nigh as to run the risk of any hurt. Amid this, when men looked least for it, Biorn suddenly seized Grettir's coat, and cast it into the beast's lair. Now naught they could wreak on him, and had to go back when the day was far spent. But when Grettir was going, he misses his coat, and he could see that the bear has it cast under him. Then he said, "What man of you has wrought the jest of throwing my cloak into the lair?"

Biorn says, "He who is like to dare to own to it."

Grettir answers, "I set no great store on such matters."

Now they went on their way home, and when they had walked awhile, the thong of Grettir's leggings brake. Thorkel bade them wait for him; but Grettir said there was no need of that. Then said Biorn, "Ye need not think that Grettir will run away from his coat; he will have the honor all to himself, and will slay that beast all alone, wherefrom we have gone back all eight of us; thus would he be such as he is said to be: but sluggishly enow has he fared forth to-day."

"I know not," said Thorkel, "how thou wilt fare in the end, but men of equal prowess I deem you not: lay as few burdens on him as thou mayst, Biorn."

Biorn said that neither of them should pick and choose words from out his mouth.

Now, when a hill's brow was between them, Grettir went back to the pass, for now there was no striving with others for the onset. He drew the sword, Jokul's gift, but had a loop over the handle of the short sword, and slipped it up over his hand, and this he did in that he thought he could easier have it at his will if his hand were loose. He went up into the pass forthwith, and when the beast saw a man, it rushed against Grettir exceeding fiercely, and smote at him with that paw which was furthest off from the rock; Grettir hewed against the blow with the sword, and therewith smote the paw above the claws, and took it off; then the beast was fain to smite at Grettir with the paw that was whole, and dropped down therewith on to the docked one, but it was shorter than he

wotted of, and withal he tumbled into Grettir's arms. Now he griped at the beast between the ears and held him off, so that he got not at him to bite. And, so Grettir himself says, that herein he deemed he had had the hardest trial of his strength, thus to hold the brute. But now as it struggled fiercely, and the space was narrow, they both tumbled down over the rock; the beast was the heaviest of the two, and came down first upon the stone heap below, Grettir being the uppermost, and the beast was much mangled on its nether side. Now Grettir seized the short sword and thrust it into the heart of the bear, and that was his bane. Thereafter he went home, taking with him his cloak all tattered, and withal what he had cut from the paw of the bear. Thorkel sat a drinking when he came into the hall, and much men laughed at the rags of the cloak Grettir had cast over him. Now he threw on the table what he had chopped off the paw.

Then said Thorkel, "Where is now Biorn my kinsman? Never did I see thy irons bite the like of this, Biorn, and my will it is, that thou make Grettir a seemly offer for this shame thou hast wrought on him."

Biorn said that was like to be long about, "and never shall I care whether he likes it well or ill."

Then Grettir sang: —

"Oft that war god came to hall
Frighted, when no blood did fall,
In the dusk; who ever cried
On the bear last autumn tide;
No man saw me sitting there
Late at eve before the lair;
Yet the shaggy one to-day
From his den I drew away."

"Sure enough," said Biorn, "thou hast fared forth well to-day, and two tales thou tellest of us twain therefor; and well I know that thou hast had a good hit at me."

Thorkel said, "I would, Grettir, that thou wouldst not avenge thee on Biorn, but for him I will give a full man-gild if thereby ye may be friends."

Biorn said he might well turn his money to better account, than to boot for this; "And, methinks it is wisest that in my dealings with Grettir *one oak should have what from the other it shaves.*"

Grettir said that he should like that very well. But Thorkel said, "Yet I hope, Grettir, that thou wilt do this for my sake, not to do aught against Biorn while ye are with me."

"That shall be," said Grettir.

Biorn said he would walk fearless of Grettir wheresoever they might meet.

Grettir smiled mockingly, but would not take boot for Biorn. So they were here that winter through.

THE SONG OF ROREK.

By JOHN WILLIAM WEIDEMEYER

'TWAS on the night of Michaelmas that lordly Orloff's heir
Wed with the noble Russian maid, Dimitry's daughter fair.

With mirth and song, and love and wine, that was a royal day;
The banners streamed, the halls were hung in black and gold array.

The Twelve Apostles stood in brass, each with a flambeau bright,
To blaze with holy altar sheen throughout the festive night.

The rings were changed, the tabor rolled, the Kyrie was said;
The boyard father drew his sword, and pierced the loaf of bread.

Soon as the priest did drain his cup, and put his pipe aside,
He wiped his lip upon his sleeve, and kissed the blushing bride.

That very night to Novgorod must hasten bride and heir,
And Count Dimitry bade them well with robe and bell prepare.

And when from feast and wedding guest they parted at the door,
He bade two hunters ride behind, two hunters ride before.

"Look to your carbines, men," he called, "and gird your ready knives!"
With one accord they all replied, "We pledge thee with our lives!"

I was the haiduk of that night, and vowed, by horses fleet,
Our sleigh must shoot with arrow speed behind the coursers' feet.

We journeyed speedy, werst by werst, with bell and song and glee,
And I, upon my postal horn, blew many a melody.

I blew farewell to Minka mine, and bade the strain retire
Where she sat winding flaxen thread beside the kitchen fire.

We rode, and rode, by hollow pass, by glen and mountain side,
And with each bell soft accents fell from lips of bonny bride.

The night was drear, the night was chill, the night was lone and
bright;
Before us streamed the polar rays in green and golden light.

The gypsy thieves were in their dens; the owl moaned in the trees;
The windmill circled merrily, obedient to the breeze.

Shrill piped the blast in birchen boughs, and mocked the snowy
shroud;
Thrice ran a hare across our track; thrice croaked a raven loud.

The horses pawed the frigid sands, and drove them with the wind;
We left the village gallows tree full thirty wersts behind.

We rode, and rode, by forest shade, by brake and riverside;
And as we rode I heard the kiss of groom and bonny bride.

I heard again, — a boding strain; I heard it all too well;
A neigh, a shout, a groan, a howl, — then heavy curses fell.

Our horses pricked their wary ears and bounded with affright;
From forest kennels picket wolves were baying in the night.

"Haiduk, haiduk, — the lash, — the steeds, — the wolves!" the lady
cried;
The wily baron clutched his blade, and murmured to the bride: —

"This all is but a moonlight hunt: the starveling hounds shall
bleed,
And you shall be the tourney's queen, to crown the gallant deed!"

The moon it crept behind a cloud, as covered by a storm;
And the gray cloud became a wolf, a monster wolf in form.

"Gramercy, Mother of our Lord, — gramercy in our needs!"
Hold well together hand and thong, hold well, ye sturdy steeds!

Like unto Tartar cavalry the wolf battalion sped;
Ungunned, unspurred, but well to horse, and sharpened well to head.

The pine stood by, the stars looked on, and listless fell the snow;
The breeze made merry with the trees, nor heeded wolf nor woe.

Now cracked the carbines, — bleeding beasts were rolling here and there;
'Twas flash and shot and howl, — and yet the wolves were everywhere.

No more they mustered in our wake, their legion ranged beside.
'Twas steed for speed, and wolf for steed, and wolf for lord and bride.

In vain I cited Christian saints, I called Mahomet near:
Methought, though all the saints did fail, the prophet would appear.

A moment, and pursuit is stayed, — they tear their wounded kind;
A moment, — then the hellish pack did follow close behind.

The baron silent rose amain, by danger unappalled.
"Strive for your lives, with guns and knives," the mounted guardsmen called.

The lady muttered agony, with crucifix and beads;
The wolves were snapping by her side, and leaping at our steeds.

My limbs were numb, my senses dumb, nor reason held its place;
I fell beneath two glaring orbs, within a gaunt embrace.

I roused to hear a volley fired, to hear a martial shout;
And when I oped my stricken eyes the wolves were all to rout.

A hundred scouting Cossacks met and slew the deadly foe;
Fourscore of wolves in throes of death lay bleeding in the snow.

Our lady rested in a swoon, our lord was stained with gore;
But none could tell of what befell the trusty hunters four.



ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Related by Himself.

[Captain John Smith, English colonist and author, was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, January, 1579, saw active military service in the Netherlands; and while fighting against the Turks in the Hungarian army was captured and sold into slavery. He succeeded in making his escape, and in 1606 joined an expedition for the colonization of Virginia. While on a voyage up the James River he was taken captive by Indians, and only saved from death by the pleading of Pocahontas, the beautiful daughter of the Indian chieftain Powhatan. Smith afterwards explored Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; was elected president of the Colonial Council, and went back to London about 1609. The remainder of his life was spent in vain endeavors to procure financial support for the establishment of a colony in New England. He died in London, June 21, 1632. Among his writings are: "A True Relation," "A Description of New England," "General History of Virginia," and "True Travels."]

The battell of Rotenton; a pretty stratagem of fireworkes by Smith.

Rodoll not knowing how to draw the enemie to battell, raised his Armie, burning and spoyling all where he came, and returned againe towards Rebrinke in the night; as if he had fled upon the generall rumour of the Crym-Tartars coming, which so inflamed the Turkes of a happy victory, they urged Jeremy against his will to follow them. Rodoll seeing his plot fell out as he desired, so ordered the matter, that having regained the streights, he put his Army in order, that had beene neere two dayes pursued, with continuall skirmishes in his Reare, which now making head against the enemie, that followed with their whole Armie in the best manner they could, was furiously charged with six thousand Hydukes, Wallachians, and Moldavians, led by three Colonells, Oversall, Dubras, and Caleb, to entertaine the time till the rest came up; Veltus and

with an incredible expedition, cutting trees thwart each other to hinder their passage, in a thicke fogge early in the morning, unexpectedly they met two thousand loaded with pillage, and two or three hundred horse and cattell; the most of them were slaine and taken prisoners, who told them where Ieremie lay in the passage, expecting the Crym-Tartar that was not farre from him. Meldritch intending to make his passage perforce, was advised of a pretty stratagem by the English Smith, which presently he thus accomplished; for having accommodated two or three hundred truncks with wilde fire, upon the heads of lances, and charging the enemie in the night, gave fire to the truncks, which blazed forth such flames and sparkles, that it so amazed not onely their horses but their foot also, that by the meanes of this flaming encounter, their owne horses turned tailes with such fury, as by their violence overthrew Ieremy and his Army, without any losse at all to speak of to Meldritch. But of this voctory long they triumphed not; for being within three leagues of Rottenton, the Tartar with neere forty thousand so beset them, that they must either fight, or be cut in peeces flying. Here Busca and the Emperour had their desire; for the Sunne no sooner displayed his beames, than the Tartar his colours; where at midday he stayed awhile, to see the passage of a tyrannicall and treacherous imposture, till the earth did blush with the bloud of honesty, that the Sunne for shame did hide himselfe from so monstrous sight of a cowardly calamity. — It was a most brave sight to see the banners and ensignes streaming in the aire, the glittering of Armour, the variety of colours, the motion of plumes, the forrests of lances, and the thicknesse of shorter weapons, till the silent expedition of the bloudy blast from the murdering Ordnance, whose roaring voice is not so soone heard, as felt by the aymed at object, which made among them a most lamentable slaughter.

The names of the English that were slaine in the battell of Rottenton; and how Captaine Smith is taken prisoner and sold for a slave.

In the valley of Veristhorne, betwixt the riuer of Altus, and the mountaine of Rottenton, was this bloudy encounter, where the most of the dearest friends of the noble Prince Sigismundus perished. Meldritch having ordered his eleven

thousand in the best manner he could, at the foot of the mountaine upon his flancks, and before his front, he had pitched sharpe stakes, their heads hardened in the fire, and bent against the enemie, as three battalion of Pikes, amongst the which also there was digged many small holes. Amongst those stakes was ranged his footmen, that upon the charge was to retire, as there was occasion. The Tartar having ordered his 40000, for his best advantage, appointed Mustapha Bashaw to beginne the battell, with a generall shout, all their Ensignes displaying, Drummes beating, Trumpets and Howboyes sounding. Nederspolt and Mavazo with their Regiments of horse most valiantly encountred, and forced them to retire; the Tartar Begolgi with his Squadrons, darkening the skies with their flights of numberless arrowes, who was as bravely encountred by Veltus and Oberwin, which bloudie slaughter continued more than an hoire, till the matchlesse multitude of the Tartars so increased, that they retired within their Squadrons of stakes as was directed. The bloudy Tartar, as scorning he should stay so long for the victorie, with his massie troopes prosecuted the charge: but it was a wonder to see how horse and man came to the ground among the stakes, whose disordered troopes were so mangled, that the Christians with a loud shout cryed Victoria; and with five or six fieldpieces, planted upon the rising of a mountaine, did much hurt to the enemy that still continued the battell with that furie, that Meldritch seeing there was no possibilitie long to prevaile, joyned his small troopes in one body, resolved directly to make his passage or die in the conclusion: and thus in grosse gave a general charge, and for more than half an houre made his way plaine before him, till the maine battel of the Crym-Tartar with two Regiments of Turkes and Janizaries so overmatched them, that they were overthrowen. The night approaching, the Earle, with some thirteene or fourteene hundred horse, swamme the River, some were drowned, all the rest slaine or taken prisoners: And thus in this bloudy field, neere 30000. lay, some headlesse, armlesse, and leglesse, all cut and mangled; where breathing their last, they gave this knowledge to the world, that for the lives of so few, the Crym-Tartar never paid dearer. But now the Countreyes of Transilvania and Wallachia, (subjected to the Emperour) and Sigismundus that brave Prince his subject and Pensioner, the most of his Nobilitie, brave Captaines and Souldiers, became a prey to the

cruell devouring Turke: where had the Emperour been as ready to have assisted him, and those three Armies led by three such worthy Captaines, as Michael, Busca, and Himselfe, and had those three Armies joyned together against the Turke, let all men judge, how happie it might have beene for all Christendome: and have either regained Bulgaria, or at least have beat him out of Hungaria, where hee hath taken much more from the Emperour, than hath the Emperour from Transilvania.

In this dismall battell, where Nederspolt, Veltus, Zarvana, Mavazo, Bavell, and many other Earles, Barons, Colonels, Captaines, brave gentlemen, and Souldiers were slaine. . . . Give mee leave to remember the names of our owne Countrymen with him in those exploits, that as resolutely as the best in the defence of Christ and his Gospell, ended their dayes, as Baskerfield, Hardwicke, Thomas Milemer, Robert Mullineux, Thomas Bishop, Francis Compton, George Davison, Nicholas Williams, and one John a Scot, did what men could doe, and when they could doe no more, left their bodies in testimonie of their mindes; only Ensigne Carleton and Sergeant Robinson escaped: but Smith among the slaughtered dead bodies, and many a gasping soule, with toile and wounds lay groaning among the rest, till being found by the Pillagers hee was able to live, and perceiving by his armor and habit, his ransome might be better to them than his death, they led him prisoner with many others; well they used him till his wounds were cured, and at Axopolis they were all sold for slaves, like beasts in a market-place, where everie Merchant, viewing their limbs and wounds, caused other slaves to struggle with them, to trie their strength, hee fell to the share of Bashaw Bogall, who sent him forthwith to Adrinopolis, so for Constantinople to his faire Mistresse for a slave. By twentie and twentie chained by the neckes, they marched in file to this great Citie, where they were delivered to their several Masters, and he to the young Charatza Tragabigzanda.

How Captaine Smith was sent prisoner thorow the Blacke and Dissabacca Sea in Tartaria; the description of those Seas, and his usage.

This Noble Gentlewoman tooke sometime occasion to shew him to some friends, or rather to speake with him, because shee

could speake Italian, would feigne her selfe sick when she should goe to the Banians, or weepe over the graves, to know how Bogall tooke him prisoner; and if he were as the Bashaw writ to her, a Bohemian Lord conquered by his hand, as hee had many others, which ere long hee would present her, whose ransomes should adorne her with the glorie of his conquests.

But when she heard him protest he knew no such matter, nor ever saw Bogall till he bought him at Axopolis, and that hee was an English-man, onely by his adventures made a Captaine in those Countreyes. To trie the truth, shee found means to finde out many could speake English, French, Dutch, and Italian, to whom relating most part of these former passages he thought necessarie, which they so honestly reported to her, she tooke (as it seemed) much compassion on him; but having no use for him, lest her mother should sell him, she sent him to her brother, the Tymor Bashaw of Nalbrits, in the Countrey of Cambia, a Province in Tartaria.

Here now let us remember his passing in this speculative course from Constantinople by Sander, Screwe, Panassa, Musa, Lastilla, to Varna, an ancient Citie upon the Blacke Dea. In all which journey, having little more libertie, than his eyes judgment since his captivitie, he might see the Townes with their short Towers, and a most plaine, fertile, and delicate Countrey, especially that most admired place of Greece, now called Romania, but from Varna, nothing but the Blacke Sea water, till he came to the two Capes of Taur and Pergilos, where hee passed the Straight of Niger, which (as he conjectured) is some ten leagues long, and three broad, betwixt two low lands, the Channell is deepe, but at the entrance of the Sea Dissabacca, there are many great Osieshoulds, and many great blacke rockes, which the Turkes said were trees, weeds, and mud, throwen from the in-land Countryes, by the inundations and violence of the Current, and cast there by the Eddy. They sayled by many low Iles, and saw many more of those muddy rockes, and nothing else, but salt water, till they came betwixt Susax and Curuske, only two white townes at the entrance of the river Bruapo appeared: In six or seven dayes saile, he saw foure or five seeming strong castles of stone, with flat tops and battlements about them, but arriving at Cambia, he was (according to their custome) well used. The river was there more than halfe a mile broad. The Castle was of a large circumference, fourteene or fifteene foot thick, in the

foundation some six foot from the wall, is a Pallizado, and then a ditch of about fortie foot broad full of water. On the west side of it is a Towne all of low flat houses, which as he conceived could bee of no great strength, yet it keepes all them barbarous Countreyes about it in admiration and subjection. After he had stayed there three days, it was two dayes more before his guides brought him to Nalbrits, where the Tymor then was resident, in a great vast stonie Castle with many great Courts about it, environed with high stone wals, where was quartered their Armes, when they first subjected those Countreyes, which only live to labour for those tyrannicall Turkes.

To her unkinde brother, this kinde ladie writ so much for his good usage, that hee halfe suspected, as much as she intended; for shee told him, he should there but sojourne to learne the language, and what it was to be a Turke, till time made her Master of her selfe. But the Tymor her brother diverted all this to the worst of crueltie, for within an houre after his arrivall, he caused his Drub-man to strip him naked, and shave his head and beard so bare as his hand, a great ring of iron, with a long stalke bowed like a sickle, rivetted about his neckle, and a coat made of Vlgries haire, guarded about with a peece of undrest skinne. There were many more Christian slaves, and neere an hundred Forsados of Turkes and Moores, and he being the last, was slave of slaves to them all. Among these slavish fortunes there was no great choice; for the best was so bad, a dog could hardly have lived to endure, and yet for all their paines and labours no more regarded than a beast.

THE TURKES DIET; THE SLAVES DIET; THE ATTIRE OF THE TARTARS; AND MANNER OF WARRES AND RELIGIONS, ETC.

The Tymor and his friends fed upon Pillaw, which is boiled Rice and Garnances, with little bits of mutton or Buckones, which is rosted peeces of Horse, Bull, Vlgrie, or any beasts. Samboyses and Muselbits are great dainties, and yet but round pies, full of all sorts of flesh they can get chopped with variety of herbs. Their best drink is Coffa, of a graine they call Coava, boiled with water; and Sherbecke, which is only honey and water; Mares milke, or the milke of any beast, they hold restorative: but all the Comminaltie drinke pure water. Their bread is made of this Coava, which is kinde of blacke wheat, and

Cuskus a small white seed like Millia in Biskay: but our common victuall, the entrailes of Horse and Vlgries; of this cut in small peeces, they will fill a great Cauldron, and being boiled with Cuskus, and put in great bowles in the forme of chaffing-dishes, they sit round about it on the ground, after they have raked it thorow so oft as they please with their foule fists, the remainder was for the Christian slaves. Some of this broth they would temper with Cuskus pounded, and putting the fire off from the hearth, powre there a bowle full, then cover it with coales till it be baked, which stewed with the remainder of the broth, and some small peeces of flesh, was an extraordinary daintie.

The better sort are attired like Turkes, but the plaine Tartar hath a blacke sheepe skinne over his backe, and two of the legs tied about his necke; the other two about his middle, with another over his belly, and the legs tied in the like manner behinde him: then two more made like a paire of bases, serveth him for breeches; with a little close cap to his skull of blacke felt, and they use exceeding much of this felt, for carpets, for bedding, for Coats, and Idols. Their houses are much worse than your Irish, but the In-land Countreyes have none but Carts and Tents, which they ever remove from Countrey to Countrey, as they see occasion, driving with them infinite troopes of blacke sheepe, Cattell and Vlgries, eating all up before them, as they goe.

For the Tartars of Nagi, they have neither Towne, nor house, corne, nor drinke; but flesh and milke. The milke they keep in great skinnes like Burracho's, which though it be never so sower, it agreeth well with their strong stomackes. They live all in Hordias, as doth the Crim-Tartars, three or foure hundred in a company, in great Carts fifteene or sixteene foot broad, which is covered with small rods, wattled together in the forme of a birds nest turned upwards, and with the ashes of bones tempered with oile, Camels haire, and a clay they have, they lome them so well, that no weather will pierce them, and yet verie light. Each Hordia hath a Murse, which they obey as their King. Their Gods are infinite. One or two thousand of those glittering white Carts drawen with Camels, Deere, Buls, and Vlgries, they bring round in a ring, where they pitch their Campe; and the Murse, with his chiefe alliances, are placed in the midst.—They doe much hurt when they can get any Stroggs, which are great boats used upon the

river Volga, (which they call Edle) to them that dwell in the Countrey of Perolog, and would doe much more, were it not for the Muscovites Garrisons that there inhabit.

How captaine Smith escaped captivity; slew the Bashaw of Nalbrits in Cambia; his passage to Russia, Transilvania, and the middest of Europe to Affrica.

All the hope he had ever to be delivered from this thraldome was only the love of Tragabigzanda, who surely was ignorant of his bad usage; for although he had often debated the matter with some Christians, that had beene there a long time slaves, they could not finde how to make an escape, by any reason of possibility; but God beyond mans expectation or imagination helpeth his servants, when they least thinke of helpe, as it hapned to him. So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from the Tymois house; the Bashaw as he oft used to visit his granges, visited him, and tooke occasion so to beat, spurne, and revile him, that forgetting all reason, he beat out the Tymors braines with his threshing bat, for they have no flailes; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himselfe in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knapsacke with corne, shut the doores, mounted his horse, and ranne into the desart at all adventure; two or three dayes thus fearfully wandring he knew not whither, and well it was he met not any to aske the way; being even as taking leave of this miserable world, Gid did direct him to the great way or Castragan, as they call it, which doth crosse these large territories, and generally knowne among them by these marks.

In every crossing of this great way is planted a post, and in it so many bobs with broad ends, as there be wayes, and every bob the figure painted on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth; as that which pointeth towards the Cryms Country, is marked with a halfe Moone, if towards the Georgians and Persia, a blacke man, full of white spots, if towards China, the picture of the Sunne, if towards Muscovia, the signe of a Crosse, if towards the habitation of any other Prince, the figure whereby his standard is knowne.—To his dying spirits thus God added some comfort in this melancholy



MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS

From a painting by Henry Brueckner

journey, wherein if he had met any of that wilde generation, they had made him their slave, or knowing the figure engraven in the iron about his necke, (as all slaves have) he had beene sent backe againe to his master; sixteene dayes he travelled in this feare and torment, after the Crosse, till he arrived at Æcopolis, upon the river Don, a garrison of the Muscovites. The governour after due examination of those his hard events, tooke off his irons, and so kindly used him, he thought himselfe new risen from death, and the good Lady Callamata largely supplied all his wants.

Smith and the Virginia Indians.

The Salvages having drawne from George Cassen whether Captaine Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with 300. bowmen, conducted by the King of Pamavnkee, who in divisions searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fire side, those they shot full of arrowes and slew. Then finding the Captaine, as is said, they used the Salvage that was his guide as his sheld (three of them being slaine and divers other so gauld) all the rest would not come neere him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more then his way, slipped up to the middle in an oasie creeke and his Salvage with him, yet durst they not come to him till being neere dead with cold, he threw away his armes. Then according to their composition they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slaine. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs. He demanding for their Captaine, they shewed him Opechankanough, King of Pamavnkee, to whom he gave a round Ivory double compass Dyall. Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and Needle, which they could see so plainely, and yet not touch it, because of the glasse that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that Globe-like Jewell, the roundnesse of the earth, and skies, the spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatnesse of the Land and Sea, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of complexions, and how we were to them Antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration. Notwithstanding, within an houre after they tyed him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him pre-

pared to shoot him, but the King holding up the Compass in his hand, they all laid downe their Bowes and Arrowes, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well used.

Their order in conducting him was this; Drawing themselves all in fyle, the King in the middest had all their Peeces and Swords borne before him. Captaine Smith was led after him by three great Salvages, holding him fast by each arme: and on each side six went in fyle with their Arrowes nocked. But arriving at the Towne (which was but onely thirtie or fortie hunting houses made of Mats, which they remove as they please, as we our tents) all the women and children staring to behold him, the souldiers first all in fyle performed the forme of a Bissom so well as could be; and on each flanke, officers as Serieants to see them keepe their orders. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dauncing in such severall Postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of Arrowes, and at his backe a club; on his arme a Fox or an Otters skinne, or some such matter for his vambrace; their heads and shoulders painted red, with Oyle and Pocones mingled together, which Scarlet-like colour made an exceeding handsome shew, his Bow in his hand, and the skinne of a Bird with her wings abroad dryed, tyed on his head, a peece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tayles of their snaks tyed to it, or some such like toy. All this while Smith and the King stood in the middest guarded, as before is said, and after three dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirtie or fortie tall fellowes did guard him, and ere long more bread and venison was brought him then would have served twentie men, I thinke his stomacke at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tyed over his head. About midnight they set the meate againe before him, all this time not one of them would eate a bit with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more, and then did they eate all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him thinke they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gowne, in requitall of some beads and toyes Smith had given him at his first arrivall in Virginia.

Two dayes after a man would have slaine him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his sonne, to whom they condicted him to recover the poore man then breathing his last. Smith told them that at James towne he had a water would doe it, if they would let him fetch it, but they would not permit that; but made all the preparations they could to assault James towne, craving his advice, and for recompence he should have life, libertie, land, and women. In part of a Table booke he writ his minde to them at the Fort, what intended, how they should follow that direction to affright the messengers, and without fayle send him such things as he writ for. And an Inventory with them. The difficultie and danger, he told the Salvages, of the Mines, great gunnes, and other Engins exceedingly affrighted them, yet according to his request they went to James towne, in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three dayes returned with an answer.

But when they came to James towne, seeing men sally out as he had told them they would, they fled; yet in the night they came againe to the same place where he had told them they should receive an answer, and such things as he had promised them, which they found accordingly, and with which they returned with no small expedition, to the wonder of them all that heard it, that he could either divine, or the paper could speake: then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattapanients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Onawmanients, upon the rivers of Rapahanick, and Patawomek, over all those rivers, and backe againe by divers other severall Nations, to the Kings habitation at Pamavnkee, where they entertained him with most strange and fearefull Coniurations;

As if neare led to hell,
Amongst the Devils to dwell.

Not long after, early in a morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many Snakes and Wesels skins stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell; and round about the tassell was as a Coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, backe, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce and a

rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meale; which done, three more such like devils came rushing in with the like antique tricks, painted halfe blacke, halfe red: but all their eyes were painted white, and some red stroakes like Mutchato's, along their cheekes: round about him those fiends daunced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest; with red eyes, and white stroakes over their blacke faces, at last they all sat downe right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chiefe Priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chiefe Priest layd downe five wheat cornes: then strayning his armes and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veynes swelled, he began a short Oration: at the conclusion they all gave a short groane; and then layd downe three graines more. After that, began their song againe, and then another Oration, ever laying downe so many cornes as before, til they had twice incirculed the fire; that done, they tooke a bunch of little stickes prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and Oration, they layd downe a sticke betwixt the divisions of Corne. Till night, neither he nor they did either eate or drinke, and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three dayes they used this Ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meale signified their Country, the circles of corne the bounds of the Sea; and the stickes his Country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher, and they in the middest. After this they brought him a bagge of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corne; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seede. Opitchapam the Kings brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, foule, and wild beasts as did inviron him, he bid him wellcome; but not any of them would eate a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in Baskets. At his returne to Opechancanoughs, all the Kings women, and their children, flocked about him for their parts, as a due by Custome, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hydeous dreames did oft see wondrous shapes
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendious makes.

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedsted, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Rarowcun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 18 or 19 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her arms, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in feare and dread.
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two dayes after, Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Capt. Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devill then a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came

unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to James towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he should give him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud. So to James towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne Barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having used the Salvages with what kindnesse he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a mill-stone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Salvages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, and gave them in generall full content. Now in James Towne they were all in combustion, the strongest preparing once more to run away with the Pinnace; which with the hazzard of his life, with Sakre falcon and musket shot, Smith forced now the third time to stay or sinke. Some no better then they should be, had plotted with the President, the next day to have put him to death by the Leviticall law, for the lives of Robinson and Emry, pretending the fault was his that had led them to their ends: but he quickly tooke such order with such Lawyers, that he layd them by the heeles till he sent some of them prisoners for England. Now ever once in foure or five dayes, Pocahontas with her attendants brought him so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that els for all this had starved with hunger.

The next night being lodged at Kecoughtan; six or seaven dayes the extreame winde, rayne, frost and snow caused us to keepe Christmas among the Salvages, where we were never more merry, nor fed on more plentie of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, Wild foule, and good bread; nor never had better fires in England, then in the dry smoaky houses of Kecoughtan: but departing thence, when we found no houses we were not curi-

ous in any weather to lye three or foure nights together under the trees by a fire, as formerly is sayd. An hundred fortie eight foules the President, Anthony Bagnall, and Serieant Pising did kill at three shoots. At Kiskiack the frost and contrary winds forced us three or foure dayes also (to suppresse the insolency of those proud Salvages) to quarter in their houses, yet guard our Barge, and cause them give us what we wanted; though we were but twelve and himselfe, yet we never wanted shelter where we found any houses. The 12 of January we arrived at Werowocomoco, where the river was frozen neare halfe a myle from the shore; but to neglect no time, the President with his Barge so far had approached by breaking the ice, as the ebbe left him amongst those oasie shoules, yet rather then to lye there frozen to death, by his owne example he taught them to march neere middle deepe, a flight shot through this muddy frozen oase. When the Barge floated, he appoynted two or three to returne her aboord the Pinnace. — Where for want of water in melting the ice, they made fresh water, for the river there was salt. But in this march Mr. Russell, (whom none could perswade to stay behinde) being somewhat ill, and exceeding heavie, so overtoyled himselfe as the rest had much adoe (ere he got ashore) to regaine life into his dead benummed spirits. Quartering in the next houses we found, we sent to Powhatan for provision, who sent us plentie of bread, Turkies, and Venison; the next day having feasted us after his ordinary manner, he began to aske us when we would be gone: fayning he sent not for us, neither had he any corne; and his people much lesse: yet for fortie swords he would procure us fortie Baskets. The President shewing him the men there present that brought him the message and conditions, asked Powhatan how it chanced he became so forgetfull; thereat the King concluded the matter with a merry laughter, asking for our Commodities, but none he liked without gunnes and swords, valuing a Basket of Corne more precious than a Basket of Copper; saying he could rate his Corne, but not the Copper.

Captaine Smith seeing the intent of this subtill Salvage began to deale with him after this manner. "Powhatan, though I had many courses to have made my provision, yet beleeving your promises to supply my wants, I neglected all to satisfie your desire: and to testifie my love, I sent you my men for your building, neglecting mine owne. What your people had you have ingrossed, forbidding them our trade: and now

you thinke by consuming the time, we shall consume for want, not having to fulfill your strange demands. As for swords and gunns, I told you long agoe I had none to spare, and you must know those I have can keepe me from want: yet steale or wrong you I will not, nor dissolve that friendship we have mutually promised, except you constraine me by our bad usage."

The King having attentively listened to this Discourse, promised that both he and his Country would spare him what he could, the which within two dayes they should receive. "Yet Captaine Smith," sayth the King, "some doubt I have of your comming hither, that makes me not so kindly seeke to relieve you as I would; for many doe informe me, your coming hither is not for trade, but to invade my people, and possesse my Country, who dare not come to bring you Corne, seeing you thus armed with your men. To free us of this feare, leave aboord your weapons, for here they are needlesse, we being all friends, and forever Powhatans."

With many such discourses they spent the day, quartering that night in the Kings houses. The next day he renewed his building, which hee little intended should proceede. For the Dutch men finding his plentie, and knowing our want, and perceiving his preparations to surprise us, little thinking we could escape both him and famine; (to obtaine his favour) revealed to him so much as they knew of our estates and projects, and how to prevent them. One of them being of so great a spirit, judgement, and resolution, and a hireling that was certaine of his wages for his labour, and ever well used both he and his Countrymen; that the President knew not whom better to trust; and not knowing any fitter for that imployment, had sent him as a spy to discover Powhatans intent, then little doubting his honestie, nor could ever be certaine of his villany till neare halfe a yeare after.

Whilst we expected the coming in of the Country, we wrangled out of the King ten quarters of Corne for a copper Kettell, the which the President perceiving him much to affect, valued it at a much greater rate; but in regard of his scarcity he would accept it, provided we should have as much more the next yeare, or els the Country of Monacan. — Wherein each seemed well contented, and Powhatan began to expostulate the difference of Peace and Warre after his manner: —

"Captaine Smith, you may understand that I having seene the death of all my people thrice, and not any one living of

those three generations but my selfe, I know the difference of Peace and Warre better then any in my Country. But now I am old and ere long must die, my brethren, namely Opitchapam, Opechancanough, and Kekataugh, my two sisters, and their two daughters, are distinctly each others successors. I wish their experience no lesse than mine, and your love to them no lesse then mine to you. But this bruit from Nandsamund, that you are come to destroy my Country, so much affrighteth all my people as they dare not visit you. What will it availe you to take that by force you may quickly have by love, or to destroy them that provide you food. What can you get by warre, when we can hide our provisions and fly to the woods? whereby you must famish by wronging us your friends. And why are you thus jealous of our loves seeing us unarmed, and both doe, and are willing still to feede you, with that you cannot get but by our labours? Thinke you I am so simple, not to know it is better to eate good meate, lye well, and sleepe quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, or what I want being your friend: then be forced to flie from all, to lie cold in the woods, feede upon Acornes, rootes, and such trash, and be so hunted by you, that I can neither rest, eate, nor sleepe; but my tyred men must watch, and if a twig but breake, every one cryeth there commeth Captaine Smith: then must I fly I know not whether: and thus with miserable feare end my miserable life, leaving my pleasures to such youths as you, which through your rash unaduisednesse may quickly as miserably end, for want of that you never know where to finde. Let this, therefore, assure you of our loves, and every yeare our friendly trade shall furnish you with Corne; and now also if you would come in friendly manner to see us, and not thus with your guns and swords as to invade your foes." To this subtill discourse, the President thus replyed:—

"Seeing you will not rightly conceive of our words, we strive to make you know our thoughts by our deeds; the vow I made you of my love, both my selfe and my men have kept. As for your promise I find it every day violated by some of your subjects: yet we finding your love and kindnesse, our custome is so far from being ungratefull, that for your sake onely we have curbed our thirsting desire for revenge; els had they knowne as well the crueltie we use to our enemies, as our true love and courtesie to our friends. And I thinke your judgement

sufficient to conceive, as well by the adventures we have undertaken, as by the advantage we have (by our Armes) of yours: that had we intended you any hurt, long ere this we could have effected it. Your people comming to James Towne are entertained with their Bowes and Arrowes without any exceptions; we esteeming it with you as it is with us, to wear our armes as our apparell. As for the danger of our enemies, in such warres consist our chiefest pleasure: for your riches we have no use: as for the hiding your provision, or by your flying to the woods, we shall not so unadvisedly starve as you conclude, your friendly care in that behalfe is needlesse, for we have a rule to finde beyond your knowledge."

Many other discourses they had, till at last they began to trade. But the King seeing his will would not be admitted as a law, our guard dispersed, nor our men disarmed, he (sighing) breathed his minde once more in this matter.

"Captaine Smith, I never use any Werowance so kindely as your selfe, yet from you I receive the least kindnesse of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, towels, or what I desired; ever taking what I offered him, and would send away his gunnes when I intreated him: none doth deny to lye at my feet, or refuse to doe what I desire, but onely you; of whom I can have nothing but what you regard not, and yet you will have whatsoever you demand. Captaine Newport you call father, and so you call me; but I see for all us both you will doe what you list, and we must both seeke to content you. But if you intend so friendly as you say, send hence your armes, that I may beleeve you; for you see the love I beare you doth cause me thus nakedly to forget myselfe."

Smith seeing this Salvage but trifle the time to cut his throat, procured the salvages to breake the ice, that his Boate might come to fetch his corne and him; and gave order for more men to come on shore, to surprise the King, with whom also he but trifled the time till his men were landed: and to keepe him from suspicion, entertained the time with this reply.

"Powhatan, you must know, as I have but one God, I honour but one King; and I live not here as your subject, but as your friend to pleasure you with what I can. By the gifts you bestow on me, you gaine more then by trade: yet would you visit mee as I doe you, you should know it is not our custome, to sell our curtesies as a vendible commodity. Bring all your countrey with you for your guard, I will not dislike it as being

over jealous. But to content you, to morrow I will leave my armes, and trust to your promise. I call you father indeed, and as a father you shall see I will love you: but the small care you have of such a childe caused my men perswade me to looke to myselfe."

By this time Powhatan having knowledge his men were ready whilest the ice was a breaking, with his luggage, women, and children, fled. Yet to avoyd suspicion, left two or three of the women talking with the Captaine, whilest hee secretly ran away, and his men that secretly beset the house. Which being presently discovered to Captaine Smith, with his pistoll, sword, and target hee made such a passage among these naked Divels, that at his first shoot, they next him tumbled one over another: and the rest quickly fled some one way some another: so that without any hurt, onely accompanied with John Russell, hee obtained the corps du guard. When they perceived him so well escaped, and with his eighteene men (for he had no more with him a shore) to the uttermost of their skill they sought excuses to dissemble the matter: and Powhatan to excuse his flight and the sudden comming of this multitude, sent our Captaine a great bracelet and a chaine of pearle, by an ancient Oratour that bespoke us to this purpose, perceiving even then from our Pinnace, a Barge and men departing and comming unto us.

"Captaine Smith, our Werowance is fled, fearing your gunnes, and knowing when the ice was broken there would come more men, sent these numbers but to guard his corne from stealing, that might happen without your knowledge: now though some bee hurt by your misprision, yet Powhatan is your friend and so will for ever continue. Now since the ice is open, he would have you send away your corne, and if you would have his company, send away also your gunnes, which so affrighteth his people, that they dare not come to you as he promised they should."

Then having provided baskets for our men to carry our corne to the boats, they kindly offered their service to guard our Armes, that none should steale them. A great many they were of goodly well proportioned fellowes, as grim as Divels; yet the very sight of cocking our matches, and being to let fly, a few wordes caused them to leave their bowes and arrowes to our guard, and beare downe our corne on their backes; wee needed not importune them to make dispatch. But our Barges

being left on the oase by the ebbe, caused us stay till the next high-water, so that wee returned againe to our old quarter. Powhatan and his Dutch-men bursting with desire to have the head of Captaine Smith, for if they could but kill him, they thought all was theirs, neglected not any opportunity to effect his purpose. The Indians, with all the merry sports they could devise, spent the time till night: then they all returned to Powhatan, who all this time was making ready his forces to surprise the house and him at supper. Notwithstanding the eternall all-seeing God did prevent him, and by a strange meanes. For Pocahontas, his dearest jewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent us by and by: but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after come kill us all, if they that brought it could not kill us with our owne weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would live shee wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in he would have given her: but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to have any: for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, and so shee ranne away by her selfe as she came. Within lesse then an houre came eight or ten lusty fellowes, with great platters of venison and other victuall, very importunate to have us put out our matches (whose smoke made them sicke) and sit down to our victuall. But the Captaine made them taste every dish, which done he sent some of them backe to Powhatan, to bid him make haste for hee was prepared for his comming. As for them hee knew they came to betray him at his supper: but hee would prevent them and their other intended villanies: so that they might be gone. Not long after came more messengers to see what newes; not long after them others. Thus wee spent the night as vigilantly as they, till it was high-water, yet seemed to the salvages as friendly as they to us: and that we were so desirous to give Powhatan content, as he requested, wee did leave him Edward Brynton to kill him foule, and the Dutch-men to finish his house; thinking at our returne from Pamavnkee the frost would be gone, and then we might finde a better opportunity if necessity did occasion it, little dreaming yet of the Dutch-mens treachery, whose humor well suted this verse:—

Is any free, that may not live as freely as he list?
Let us live so, then we're as free, and bruitish as the best.

When the Ships departed, all the provisions of the Store (but that the President had gotten) was so rotten with the last Summers rayne, and eaten with Rats and Wormes, as the Hogges would scarcely eate it. Yet it was the Souldiers dyet till our returnes, so that we found nothing done, but our victuals spent, and the most part of our tooles, and a good part of our Armes conveyed to the Salvages. But now casting up the Store, and finding sufficient till the next harvest, the feare of starving was abandoned, and the company divided into tens, fifteens, or as the businesse required; six houres each day was spent in worke, the rest in Pastime and merry exercises, but the untowardnesse of the greatest number caused the President advise as followeth.

"Countrymen, the long experience of our late miseries, I hope is sufficient to perswade every one to a present correction of himselfe, and thinke not that either my pains, nor the Adventurers purses, will ever maintaine you in idlenesse and sloath. I speake not this to you all, for divers of you I know deserve both honour and reward, better then is yet here to be had: but the greater part must be more industrious, or starve, how ever you have beene heretofore tollerated by the authoritie of the Councell, from that I have often commanded you. You see now that power resteth wholly in my selfe: you must obey this now for a Law, that he that will not worke shall not eate (except by sicknesse he be disabled:) for the labours of thirtie or fortie honest and industrious men shall not be consumed to maintaine an hundred and fiftie idle loyterers. And though you presume the authoritie here is but a shadow, and that I dare not touch the lives of any but my owne must answer it: the Letters patents shall each weeke be read to you, whose Contents will tell you the Contrary.—I would wish you therefore without contempt seeke to observe these orders set downe, for there are now no more Councellers to protect you, nor curbe my endeavours. Therefore he that offendeth, let him assuredly expect his due punishment."

He made also a Table, as a publicke memoriall of every mans deserts, to incourage the good, and with shame to spurre on the rest to amendment. By this many became very industrious, yet more by punishment performed their businesse, for all were so tasked, that there was no excuse could prevaile to deceive him: yet the Dutch-mens consorts so closely convayed them powder, shot, swords, and tooles, that though we could

find the defect, we could not finde by whom till it was too late.

All this time the Dutch men remaining with Powhatan (who kindly entertained them to instruct the Salvages the use of our Armes) and their consorts not following them as they expected; to know the cause, they sent Francis their companion, a stout young fellow, disguised like a Salvage, to the Glasse-house, a place in the woods neare a myle from James Towne; where was their Rendezvous for all their unsuspected villany. Fortie men they procured to lie in Ambuscado for Captaine Smith, who no sooner heard of this Dutch-man, but he sent to apprehend him (but he was gone) yet to crosse his returne to Powhatan, the Captaine presently dispatched 20. shot after him, himselfe returning from the Glasse-house alone. By the way he incountred the King of Paspahegh, a most strong stout Salvage, whose perswasions not being able to perswade him to his Ambush, seeing him onely armed but with a faucheon, attempted to have shot him, but the President prevented his shooting by grapling with him, and the Salvages as well prevented him from drawing his faucheon, and perforce bore him into the River to have drowned him. Long they strugled in the water, till the President got such a hold on his throat, he had neare strangled the King; but having drawne his faucheon to cut off his head, seeing how pitifully he begged his life, he led him prisoner to James Towne and put him in chaynes.

The Dutch-man ere long was also brought in, whose villany though all this time it was suspected, yet he fayned such a formall excuse, that for want of language Captaine Winne understood him not rightly, and for their dealings with Powhatan, that to save their lives they were constrained to accommodate his armes, of whom he extreamely complained to have detained them perforce, and that he made this escape with the hazard of his life, and meant not to have returned, but was onely walking into the woods to gather Walnuts. Yet for all this faire tale, there was so small appearance of truth, and the plaine confession of Paspahegh of his trechery, he went by the heeles, Smith purposing to regaine the Dutch-men by the saving his life. The poore Salvage did his best by his daily messengers to Powhatan, but all returned that the Dutch-men would not returne, neither did Powhatan stay them; and to bring them fiftie myles on his mens backes they were not able. Daily this Kings wives, children, and people came to visit him with pres-

ents, which he liberally bestowed to make his peace. Much trust they had in the Presidents promise: but the King finding his guard negligent, though fettered yet escaped. Captaine Winne thinking to pursue him found such troupes of Salvages to hinder his passage, as they exchanged many vollies of shot for flights of Arrowes: Captaine Smith, hearing of this in returning to the Fort, tooke two Salvages prisoners, called Kemps and Tussore, the two most exact villaines in all the Country. With these he sent Captaine Winne, and fiftie choise men, and Lieutenant Percie, to have regained the King, and revenged this injury, and so had done, if they had followed his directions, and beene advised with those two villaines, that would have betrayed both King and kindred for a peece of Copper; but he trifling away the night, the Salvages the next morning by the rising of the Sunne braved him to come ashore to fight, a good time both sides let fly at other, but we heard of no hurt, onely they tooke two Canowes, burnt the Kings house, and so returned to James towne.

The President fearing those Bravado's would but incourage the Salvages, began againe himselfe to try his conclusions, whereby six or seaven were slaine, as many made prisoners. He burnt their houses, tooke their Boats, with all their fishing wires, and planted some of them at James towne for his owne use, and now resolved not to cease till he had revenged himselfe of all them had injured him. But in his journey passing by Paspahegh towards Chickahamania, the Salvages did their best to draw him to their Ambuscadoes; but seeing him regardlesly passe their Country, all shewed themselves in their bravest manner. To try their valours he could not but let fly, and ere he could land, they no sooner knew him, but they threw downe their armes and desired peace. Their Orator was a lustie young fellow called Okaning, whose worthy discoure deserveth to be remembered. And thus it was: —

"Captaine Smith, my Master is here present in the company, thinking it Capt. Winne, and not you, (of him he intended to have been revenged) having never offended him. If he hath offended you in escaping your imprisonment, the fishes swim, the foules fly, and the very beasts strive to escape the snare and live. Then blame not him being a man. He would intreat you remember, you being a prisoner, what paines he tooke to save your life. If since he hath injured you he was compelled to it: but howsoever, you have revenged it with our too great

losse. We perceive and well know you intend to destroy us, that are here to intreat and desire your friendship, and to enjoy our houses and plant our fields, of whose fruit you shall participate: otherwise you will have the worse by our absence; for we can plant any where, though with more labour, and we know you cannot live if you want our harvest, and that reliefe we bring you. If you promise us peace, we will beleeve you; if you proceed in revenge we will abandon the Country."

Upon these tearmes the President promised them peace till they did us injury, upon condition they should bring in provision. Thus all departed good friends, and so continued till Smith left the Countrey.

Arriving at James Towne, complaint was made to the President that the Chickahamanians, who all this while continued trade and seemed our friends, by colour thereof were the onely theeves. And amongst other things a Pistoll being stolne and the theefe fled, there was apprehended two proper young fellowes, that were brothers, knowne to be his confederates. Now to regaine this Pistoll, the one was imprisoned, the other was sent to returne the Pistoll againe within twelve houres, or his brother to be hanged. Yet the President pittying the poore naked Salvage in the dungeon, sent him victuall and some Char-coale for a fire: ere midnight his brother returned with the Pistoll, but the poore Salvage in the dungeon was so smoothered with the smoake he had made and so pittiously burnt, that wee found him dead. The other most lamentably bewayled his death, and broke forth into such bitter agonies, that the President to quiet him, told him that if hereafter they would not steale, he would make him alive againe: but he little thought he could be recovered.—Yet we doing our best with Aqua vitæ and Vineger, it pleased God to restore him againe to life, but so drunke and affrighted, that he seemed Lunaticke, the which as much tormented and grieved the other, as before to see him dead.—Of which maladie upon promise of their good behavour, the President promised to recover him: and so caused him to be layd by a fire to sleepe, who in the morning having well slept, had recovered his perfect senses, and then being dressed of his burning, and each a peece of Copper given them, they went away so well contented, that this was spread among all the Salvages for a miracle, that Captaine Smith could make a man alove that was dead.

Another ingenuous Salvage of Powhatans, having gotten

a great bag of Powder, and the backe of an Armour, at Werowocomoco amongst a many of his companions, to shew his extraordinary skill, he did dry it on the backe as he had seene the Souldiers at James Towne. But he dried it so long, they peeping over it to see his skill, it tooke fire, and blew him to death, and one or two more, and the rest so scorched, they had little pleasure to meddle any more with powder.

These and many other such pretty Accidents so amazed and affrighted both Powhatan and all his people, that from all parts with presents they desired peace: returning many stolne things which we never demanded nor thought of; and after that, those that were taken stealing, both Powhatan and his people have sent them backe to James towne, to receive their punishment; and all the Countrey became absolute as free for us as for themselves.



BETTY ALDEN AND HER COMPANIONS.[1]

By JANE G. AUSTIN.

[JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN, American novelist, was born in Worcester, Mass., February 25, 1831, died in Boston, March 30, 1894 Her books are "Fairy Dreams" (1860), "Moonfolk" (1874), "Mrs Beauchamp Brown" (1880), "A Nameless Nobleman" (1881), "The Desmond Hundred" (1882), "Nantucket Scraps" (1882), "Standish of Standish" (1889), "Betty Alden" (1891), "David Alden's Daughter and Other Stories" (1892)]

HOW MISTRESS ALICE BRADFORD INTRODUCED HER SISTER PRISCILLA CARPENTER TO PLYMOUTH SOCIETY.

"GOODMAN, I've heavy news for you; so set your mind to bear it as best you may."

"Nay, goodwife, your winsome face is no herald of bad news, and certes, I'll not cross the bridge until it comes in sight."

"Well, then, since words won't daunt you, here's a fact, sir! We are to have a merrymaking, and gather all the *young folk of the village, and Master Bradford* will have to lay off the governor's mantle of thought and worry, that he may be jocund with the rest."

"Nay, then, Alice, 'tis indeed heavy news!" And the governor pulled a long face, and looked mock miserable with all his might. "And is it a dispensation not to be gainsaid? Is there good cause that we should submit ourselves to an affliction that might, as it would seem, be spared?"

"Well, dear, you know that my sister Pris has come——"

"Do you tell me so! Now *there* is news in very deed! And how did Mistress Priscilla Carpenter reach these parts?"

"Now, Will! if you torment me so, I'll e'en call in Priscilla Alden to take my part. *She'll* give you quip or crank, I'll warrant me."

"Nay, nay, wife, I'll be meek and good as your cosset lamb, so you'll keep me under your own hand. Come now, let us meet this enemy face to face. What is it all?"

Alice, who, tender soul that she was, loved not even playful and mock contention, sighed a little, and folding her hands in her lap gently said:—

"It is all just as thou pleasest, Will, but my thought was to call together all the young people and make a little feast to bring those acquainted with Pris, who, poor maid, has found it a trifle dull and straitened here, after leaving her merry young friends in England."

"Ever thinking of giving pleasure to others even at cost of much toil to thyself, sweetheart!" And the governor, placing a hand under his wife's round chin, raised her face and kissed it tenderly again and again, until the soft pink flushed to the roots of the fair hair.

"Do as thou wilt, darling, in this and everything, and call upon me for what thy men and maids cannot accomplish."

"Nay, I've help enough. Christian Penn is equal to two women, and sister Pris herself is very notable. Then Priscilla Alden will kindly put her hand to some of the dainty dishes, and she is a wonder at cooking, as you know."

"Yes, she proved it in—early days," interrupted Bradford, the smile fading off his face. "Had it not been for her skill in putting a savory touch to the coarsest food, I believe some of our sick folk would have died,—I am sure Dame Brewster would."

"Oh, you poor souls! How you suffered, and I there in England eating and drinking of the best, and—oh, Will, you should have married good dear Priscilla to reward her care of what I held so carelessly."

"Wonderful logic, madam! I should, to reward Mistress Molines for her care, have married her, when she loved another man, and I another woman, which latter was to thus be punished for carelessness in a matter she knew naught about!"

And with a tender little laugh, the governor pressed another kiss upon his wife's smooth cheek, before he went out to his fields, while she flew at once to her kitchen and set the domestic engine throbbing at double quick time. Then she stepped up the hill to John Alden's house, and found Priscilla, her morning work already done, washing and dressing her little Betty, while John and Jo watched the operation with unflagging interest.

"Come and help you, Alice? I shall be gay and glad to do it, dear, just as soon as Betty is in her cradle, and I have told Mary-à-Becket what to do about the noon meat. John, you and Jo run up the hill to the captain's, and ask Mistress Standish if Alick and Myles may come down and play with you in front of the governor's house so I may keep an eye on you."

"Two fine boys, those of Barbara's," said the governor's wife, and then affectionately, "yet no finer than your sturdy little knaves."

"Oh, ours are well enough for little yeomen, but the captain says his Alick is heir to a great estate, and is a gentleman born!" And the two young women laughed good-naturedly, while Priscilla laid her baby in the cradle, and Alice turned toward the door saying, "Well, I must be at home to mind the maids."

"And I'll be there anon. I trust you've good store of milk and cream. We did well enow without it for four years, but now we've had it for a while, one might as well be dead as lack it."

"I've plenty, and butter beside, both Dutch and fresh," replied Alice from outside the door, and in another ten minutes the wide kitchen recently added to William Bradford's house on the corner of Leyden Street and the King's Highway, now called Main Street, hummed again with the merry sounds of youthful voices, of the whisking of eggs, and grinding of spices, and stirring of golden compounds in wooden bowls, and chopping suet, and stoning raisins, and slicing citron, and the clatter of pewter dishes, which, by the way, with wooden ware were nearly all the "pottery" the Pilgrims possessed, hypothetical teapots and china cups to the contrary; for,

since we all know that tea and coffee were never heard of in England until about the year 1666, and the former herb was sold for many years after at from ten to fifteen dollars per pound (Pepys in 1671 mentions it as a strange and barbaric beverage just introduced), it is improbable that either tea, teapot, or teacups ever reached America until after Mary Allerton, the last survivor of the "Mayflower," rested upon Burying Hill.

All that day and part of the next the battle raged in the Bradford kitchen, for delicate appetites were in those times rather a defect than a grace, and hospitality largely consisted in first providing great quantities and many varieties of food, and then overpressing the guests to partake of it. An "afternoon tea" with diaphanous bread and butter, wafer cakes, and Cambridge salts, as the only solid refreshment, would have seemed to Alice Bradford and her guests either a comic pretense or a niggardly insult; and very different was the feast to which as many as could sat down at a very early hour of the evening of the second day.

The company was large, for in the good Old Colony fashion it included both married and single persons, and would, if possible, have made no distinctions of age or position; but this catholicity had in the growth of the colony become impossible, and Mistress Bradford's invitations were, with much searching of spirit and desire to avoid offense, confined principally to young persons, married and unmarried, likely to become associates of her sister Priscilla, a fair-haired, sweet-lipped, and daintily colored lass, reproducing Dame Alice's own early charms.

"The Brewster girls must come, although I cannot yet be reconciled to Fear's having married Isaac Allerton, and calling herself mother to Bart, and Mary and Remember — great grown girls!" exclaimed the hostess in consultation with her husband, and he pleasantly replied: —

"Oh, well, dame, we must not hope to guide all the world by our own wisdom; and certes, if Fear's marriage is a little incongruous, her sister Patience is well and fitly mated with Thomas Prence. It does one good to see such a comely and contented pair of wedded sweethearts."

"True enough, Will, and your thought is a rebuke to mine."

"Nay, wife, 'tis you that teach me to be charitable."

And the two, come together to reap in the glorious St.

Martin's summer of their days the harvest sown amid the chill tears of spring, looked in each other's eyes with a smile of deep content. The woman was the first to set self aside, and cried: —

"Come, come, Sir Governor! To business! Mistress Allerton, and her *daughters*, Mary and Remember, Bartholomew, and the Prences, Constance Hopkins with Nicholas Snow, whom she will marry, the Aldens, the captain and his wife ——"

"He is hardly to be ranked with the young folk, is he?"

"No, dear, no more than Master Allerton, or, for that matter, the governor and his old wife; but there, there, no more waste of time, sir! Who else is to come, and who to be left at home?"

"Nay, wife, I'm out of my depth already and will e'en get back to firm land, which means I leave all to your discretion. Call Barbara and Priscilla Alden to council, and let me know in time to put on my new green doublet and hose, for I suppose I am to don them."

"Indeed you are, and your ruffles and your silk stockings that I brought over. I will not let you live altogether in hodden gray, since even the Elder goes soberly fine on holidays."

"Well, well, I leave it all to you, and must betake myself to the woods. Good-by for a little."

"Good-by, dear."

And as the governor with an ax on his shoulder strode away down Market Street and across the brook to Watson's Hill, Dame Alice, a kerchief over her head, once more ran up the hill to Priscilla Alden's.

As the great gun upon the hill boomed out the sunset hour, and Captain Standish himself carefully covered it from the dews of night, Alice Bradford stood in the great lower room of her house and looked about her. All was done that could be done to put the place in festal array, and although the fair dame sighed a little at the remembrance of her stately home in Duke's Place, London, with its tapestries and carvings and carpets and pictures, she bravely put aside the regret, and affectionately smoothed and patted the fine damask "cubboard cloth" covering the lower shelf of the sideboard, or, as she called it, the "buffet," at one side of the room, and placed and replaced the precious properties set out thereon: —

A silver wine cup, a porringer that had been her mother's, nine silver teaspoons, and, crown of all, four genuine Venetian

wineglasses, tall and twisted of stem, gold-threaded and translucent of bowl, fragile and dainty of shape, and yet, like their as dainty owner, brave to make the pilgrimage from the home of luxury and art to the wilderness, where a shelter from the weather and a scant supply of the coarsest food was all to be hoped for.

But Dame Bradford, fingering her Venice glasses, and softly smiling at the touch, murmured to herself and to them, "'Tis our exceeding gain."

"What, Elsie, not dressed!" cried Priscilla Carpenter's blithe voice, as that young lady, running down the stairs leading to her little loft chamber, presented herself to her sister's inspection with a smile of conscious deserving.

"My word, Pris, but you are fine!" exclaimed Dame Alice, examining with an air of unwilling admiration the young girl's gay apparel and ornaments. It was indeed a pretty dress, consisting of a petticoat of cramoisie satin, quilted in an elaborate pattern of flowers, leaves, and birds; an open skirt of brocade turned back from the front, and caught high upon the hips with great bunches of cramoisie ribbons; a "waistcoat" of the satin, and a little open jacket of the brocade. Around the soft white throat of the wearer was loosely knotted a satin cravat of the same dull red tint with the skirt, edged with a deep lace, upon which Alice Bradford at once laid a practiced finger.

"Pris, that *jabot* is of Venice point! Where did you get it?"

"Ah! That was a present from ——"

"Well, from whom?"

"Nay, never look so cross on't, my lady sister! Might not I have a sweetheart as well as you?"

"Priscilla, I'm glad you're here rather than with those gay friends of yours in London. I suppose Lady Judith Carr or her daughters gave you these clothes, did they not?"

"Well, I earned them hard enough putting up with all my lady's humors and the girls' jealous fancies," pouted Pris. "I was glad enough when you and brother Will wrote and offered me a home, — not but what Lady Judith was good to me and called me her daughter; but, Elsie, 'twas not they who gave me the laced cravat, 'twas — 'twas ——"

"Well, out with it, little sister! Who was it, if not our mother's old friend?"

"Why, Elsie, 'twas a noble gentleman that I met with them

down at Bath, and — sister — he is coming over here to marry me right soon."

"Nay, then, but that's news indeed! And what may be his name, pet?"

"Sir Christopher Gardiner, and he's a Knight of the Holy Sepulcher."

And Pris, fondling the lace of her cravat, smiled proudly into her sister's astonished face; but before either could speak, Barbara Standish and Priscilla Alden appeared at the open door, the latter exclaiming in her blithe voice: —

"What, Alice, still in your workaday kirtle! Barbara and I came thus betimes to see if aught remained that we might do before the folk gather."

"Thank you, both; I — I — nay, then, I'm a little put about, dear friends; I hardly know, — well, well! Priscilla Carpenter, come you into my bedroom and help me do on my clothes, and if you two will look about and see what is ready and what is lacking, I shall be more than grateful. Come, Pris!"

"Something has chanced more than we know about!" suggested Priscilla Alden, as the bedroom door closed behind the sisters.

"Likely. But 'tis their affair and not ours," replied Barbara, quietly. "Now let us see. Would you set open the case holding the twelve ivory-handled knives?"

"Yes, they're a rarity, and some of the folk may not have seen them. Alice says that in London they put a knife to every man's trencher now, and nobody uses his own sheath knife as has been the wont."

"You tell me so! Well, one knife's enough for Myles and me, yes, and the boys to boot. But then I cut the meat in morsels, and spread the bread with butter, or ever it goes on the table."

"Of course; so we all do, I suppose. Well there, all is ready now, and here come the folk; there's Patty Brewster, or Patience Prence as she must now be called, and along with her Fear Allerton and Remember and Mary — her daughters indeed! Marry come up! *I* might have had Isaac Allerton for myself, but ——"

"And there is Constance Hopkins, and Nicholas Snow," interrupted Barbara, who was a deadly foe to gossip, "and John and Elizabeth Howland; then there's Stephen Dean with

Betsey Ring, and Edward Bangs and Lyddy Hicks, and Mary Warren and Robert Bartlett, three pair of sweethearts together, and here they all are at the door."

But as the more lively Priscilla ran to open it, the governor's hearty voice was heard without, crying: —

"Welcome! Welcome, friends! I was called out for a moment, but have come home just in the nick of time and brought the captain with me."

"Now I do hope Myles has put on his ruff, and his other doublet that I laid out," murmured Barbara in Priscilla's ear. "When the governor and he get together, the world's well lost for both of them."

"Nay, he's all right, and a right proper man, as he always was," returned Priscilla, with a quick glance at the square figure and commanding head of the Captain of Plymouth, as he entered the room and smiled in courtly fashion at Dame Bradford's greeting.

"And here's your John, a head and shoulders above all the rest," added Barbara, good-naturedly, as Alden, the Saxon giant, strode into the room and looked fondly across it at his wife.

Another half hour and all were gathered about the three long tables improvised from boards and barrels, a small [illegible] of the same dull red [illegible] with the [illegible], but all covered with the fine napery brought from Holland by Alice Bradford, who had the true housewife's love of elegant damask, and during Edward Southworth's life was able to indulge it, laying up such store of table damask, of fine Holland "pillowbers," and "cubboard cloths," towels of Holland, of dowlas, and of lockorum, and sheets of various qualities from "fine Holland" to tow (the latter probably spun and woven at home), that the inventory of her personal estate is as good reading to her descendants as a cookery book to a hungry man.

Plenty of trenchers both of pewter and wood lined the table, and by each lay a napkin and a spoon, but neither knives nor forks, the latter implements not having yet been invented, except in the shape of a powerful trident to lift the boiled beef from the kettle, while table knives, as Priscilla Alden had intimated, were still regarded as curious implements of extreme luxury. A knife of a different order, sometimes a clash knife, sometimes a sheath knife, or even a dagger, was generally carried by each man, and used upon certain *pièces de resistance*, such as boar's head, a roasted peacock, a shape of brawn, a

powdered and cloved and browned ham, or such other triumphs of the culinary art as must be served whole.

Such dishes were carried around the table, and every guest, taking hold of the morsel he coveted with his napkin, sliced it off with his own knife, displaying the elegance of his table manners by the skill with which he did it. But as saffron was a favorite condiment of the day, and pearline was not yet invented, one sighs in contemplating the condition of these napkins, and ceases to wonder at the store of them laid up by thrifty housekeepers.

Ordinarily, however, the meat was divided into morsels before appearing on the table, and thus was easily managed with the spoon,—*or* with the fingers.

Between each two plates stood a pewter or wooden basin of clam chowder, prepared by Priscilla Alden, who was held in Plymouth to possess a magic touch for this and several other dishes.

From these each guest transferred a portion to his own plate, except when two supped merrily from the same bowl in token of friendly intimacy. This first course finished and the bowls removed, all eyes turned upon the governor, who rose in his place at the head of the principal table, where were gathered the more important guests, and, looking affectionately up and down the board, said: —

"Friends, it hardly needs that I should say that you are welcome, for I see none that are ever less than welcome beneath this roof; but I well may thank you for the cheer your friendly faces bring to my heart to-night, and I well may pray you, of your goodness, to bestow upon my young sister here the same hearty kindness you have ever shown to me and mine." A murmur of eager assent went round the board, and the governor smiled cordially, as he grasped in both hands the great two-handled loving cup standing before him,—a grand cup, a noble cup, of the measure of two quarts, of purest silver, beautifully fashioned, and richly carved, as tradition said, by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini himself; so precious a property that Katharine White, daughter of an English bishop, was proud to bring it as almost her sole dowry to John Carver, her husband. With him it came to the New World, and was used at the Feast of Treaty between the colonists and Massasoit, chief of the native owners of the soil. Katharine Carver, dying broken-hearted six weeks after her husband, bequeathed

the cup to William Bradford, his successor in the arduous post of Governor of the Colony, and from him it passed down into that Hades of lost and all but forgotten treasures, which may, for aught we know, become the recreation ground for the spirits of antiquarians.

Filled to the brim with generous Canary, a pure and fine wine in those days, it crowned the table, and William Bradford, steadily raising it to his lips, smiled gravely upon his guests, adding to his little speech of welcome: —

"I pledge you my hearty good will, friends!" then drank sincerely yet modestly, and giving one handle to Myles Standish, who sat at his left hand, he retained his hold at the other side while the captain drank, and in turn gave one handle to Mistress Winslow, who came next; and so, all standing to honor the pledge of love and good will, the cup passed round the board and came to Elder Brewster, at the governor's right hand; but he, having drunk, looked around with his paternal smile and said: —

"There is yet enough in the loving cup, friends, for each one to wet his lips, if nothing more, and I propose that we do so with our hearty welcome and best wishes to Mistress Priscilla Carpenter."

Once more the cup went gayly round, and reached the Elder so dry that he smiled, as he placed it to his lips, with a bow toward Pris savoring more of his early days in the court of Queen Bess than of New England's solitudes.

"And now to work, my friends, to work!" cried the governor. "I for one am famished, sith my dame was so busy at noontide with that wonderful structure yonder that she gave me naught but bread and cheese."

Everybody laughed, and Alice Bradford colored like a red, red rose, yet bravely answered: —

"The governor will have his jest, but I hope my raised pie will suffer roundly for its interference with his dinner."

"Faith, dame, but we'll all help to punish it," exclaimed Stephen Hopkins, gazing fondly at the elaborate mass of pastry representing, not inartistically, a castle with battlements and towers, and a floating banner of silk bearing an heraldic device. "Standish! we call upon you to lead us to the assault!"

"Nay, if Captain Standish is summoned to the field, my fortress surrenders without even a parley," said Alice Bradford, as she gracefully drew the little banner from its place,

and, laying it aside, removed a tower, a bastion, and a section of the battlement from the doomed fortress, and, loading a plate with the spoils of its treasury, planted the banner upon the top, and sent it to the captain, who received it with a bow and a smile, but never a word.

"Speak up, man!" cried Hopkins, boisterously. "Make a gallant speech in return for the courtesy of so fair a castellaine."

"Mistress Bradford needs no speech to assure her of my devoir," replied the captain, simply, and the governor added: —

"Our captain speaks more by deeds than words, and Gideon is his most eloquent interpreter. You have not brought him to-day, Captain."

"No; Gideon sulks in these days of peace, and seldom stirs abroad."

"Long may he be idle!" exclaimed the Elder, and a gentle murmur around the board told that the women at least echoed *the prayer*.

But Hopkins, seated next to Mistress Bradford, and watching her distribution of the pie, cared naught for war or peace until he secured a trencher of its contents, and presently cried: —

"Now, by my faith, I did not know such a pye as this could be concocted out of Yorkshire! 'Tis perfect in all its parts: fowl, and game, and pork, and forcemeat, and yolks of eggs, and curious art of spicery, and melting bits of pastry within, and stout-built walls without; in fact, there is naught lacking to such a pye as my mother used to make before I had the wit to know such pyes sing not on every bush."

"You're Yorkshire, then, Master Hopkins?" asked John Howland, who with his young wife, once Elizabeth Tilley, sat opposite.

"Yes, I'm Yorkshire, root and branch, and you're Essex, and the captain and the governor Lancashire, but all shaken up in a bag now, and turned into New Englanders, and since the Yorkshire pye has come over along with us I'm content for one."

A general laugh indorsed this patriotic speech, but Myles Standish, toying with the silken banner of the now sacked and ruined fortress, said in Bradford's ear: —

"All very well for a man who has naught to lose in the old country. But for my part I mean to place at least my oldest son in the seat of his fathers."

The governor smiled, and then sighed. "Nor can I quite forget the lands of Austerfield held by Bradfords and Hansons for more than one century, and the path beside the Idle, where Brewster and I walked and talked in the days of my first awakening to the real things of life——"

"Real things of life, say you, Governor?" broke in Hopkins' strident voice; "well, if there is aught more real in its merit than this roasted suckling, I wish that I might meet with it."

And seizing with his napkin the hind leg of the little roasted pig presented to him by Christian Penn, the old campaigner deftly sliced it off with his sheath knife and devoured it in the most inartificial manner possible.

It was probably about this epoch that our popular saying, "Fingers were made before forks," took shape and force.

To the chowder, and the "pye," and the roasted suckling succeeded a mighty dish of succotash, that compound of dried beans, hulled corn, salted beef, pork, and chicken which may be called the charter dish of Plymouth; then came wild fowl dressed in various ways, a great bowl of "sallet," of Priscilla Alden's composition, and at last various sweet dishes, still served at the end of a meal, although soon after it was the mode to take them first.

"Oh, dear, when will the dignitaries stop eating and drinking and making compliments to each other?" murmured Priscilla Carpenter to Mary Warren at the side table where the girls and lads were grouped together, enjoying themselves as much as their elders, albeit in less ceremonious fashion.

"There! Your sister has laid down her napkin, and is gazing steadfastly at the governor, with 'Get up and say Grace' in her eye," replied Mary, nudging Jane Cooke to enforce silence; whereat that merry maid burst into a giggle, joined by Sarah and Elizabeth Warren, and Mary Allerton, and Betsey Ring, while Edward Bangs, and Robert Bartlett, and Sam Jenney, and Philip De la Noye, and Thomas Clarke, and John Cooke chuckled in sympathy, yet knew not what at.

A warning yet very gentle glance from Dame Bradford's eyes stifled the noise, and nearly did as much for its authors, who barely managed to preserve sobriety, while the governor returned thanks to the Giver of all good; so soon, however, as the elder party moved away, the painfully suppressed giggle burst into a storm of merriment, which as it subsided was renewed in fullest vigor by Sarah Warren's bewildered inquiry,—



J T TROWBRIDGE

"What *are* we all laughing at?"

"Never mind, we'll laugh first, and find the wherefore at our leisure," suggested Jane Cooke, and so the dear old foolish fun that seems to spring up in spontaneous growth where young folk are gathered together, and is sometimes scorned and sometimes coveted by their elders, went on, and, after the tables were cleared, took form in all sorts of old English games, not very intellectual, not even very refined, but as satisfactory to those who played as Buried Cities, and Twenty Questions, and Intellectual Salad, and capping Browning quotations are to the children of culture and æsthetics.

The elders, meanwhile, retiring to the smaller room at the other side of the front door, seated themselves to certain sober games of draughts, of backgammon, of loo, and beggar-my-neighbor, or piquet, while Elder Brewster challenged the governor to a game of chess, which was not finished when, at ten o'clock, the company broke up, and with many a blithe good night, and assurance of the pleasure they had enjoyed, betook themselves to their own homes.

Thus, then, was Priscilla Carpenter introduced into Plymouth society.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

BY J T. TROWBRIDGE.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old maid Dorothy goes a groping
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel, hung on its nail amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long d[illegible]
Stands the o[illegible] loom,
wheel

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
  A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching,
  Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled,
With many a click; on her little stool
  She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
  Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
  To her waking sense, the first sweet warning
Of daylight come, is the cheerful song
  To the hum of the wheel, in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
  On his way to school, peeps in at the gate:
In neat, white pinafore, pleased and coy,
  She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
  Together they go, through glimmer and gloom —
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
  In the low-raftered garret room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
  The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
  And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
  Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle tip,
  Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
  Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
  Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
  Puffing his pipe by the chimney side;
Through curling clouds, his kindly face
  Glows upon her with love and pride
Lulled by the wheel, in the old armchair
  Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
  Whitening under her snow-white cap

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
  They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol—
  It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
  The wheel is set by the shadowy wall—
A hand at the latch—'tis lifted lightly,
  And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed. the old man tips
  The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
  And tells his story, and joints his flute.
Oh, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!
  They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
  When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part;
  Oh, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
  Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
  She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
  And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? Oh, Benjie! and could you steel
  Your thoughts toward one who loved you so?
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
  In duty and love, that lighten woe,
Striving with labor, not in vain,
  To drive away the dull day's dreariness;
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
  Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud, and petted, and spoiled was she;
  A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
  In the great, gay city grows estranged.
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
  A rustle, a murmur—oh, Dorothy, hide
Your face, and shut from your soul the view!
  'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
  And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man, with grizzled head,
  Walks up the long, dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
  Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
  That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
  Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
  Shining an endless vista before her!
Old maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
  Groping under the farmhouse eaves,
And life is a brief November day,
  That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
  Is better at last than proud success;
And patience and love in a chastened heart
  Are pearls more precious than happiness.
And in that morning when she shall wake
  To the springtime freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
  And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.